THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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1776

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Grant Reynard—James B. Connolly—Sidney F. Lazarus—Henry Milner Rideout

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[4] To be suitable for general daily use, a soap should be pure, mild and neutral.

[5] If the medicinal content of a soap is sufficient to have an effect upon the skin, the soap should be used only upon the advice of a physician.

[6] In all cases of real trouble, a physician's advice should be obtained before a treatment is attempted.

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Summer Comes to the Ranch

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

News Item: Mrs. Rinehart has gone to her ranch in Wyoming to spend the summer.

IT HAS a fine sound, that. I like to read it; I can see myself getting off the train and being whisked to my broad ancestral acres. And later, in riding garb, calling for my horse and going over the property; looking at the ditches, inspecting the beef and dairy herds, then conferring with my foreman and the corral boss, going over the books and generally taking stock.

But, as it happens, I haven't any ranch. All I have out here, in this country where men are men and all Easterners are dudes, is a two-roomed log cabin. And even this only by grace of repeated occupancy, not ownership.

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The Horses are Coming Back From Wild Horse Creek

It is a very little log cabin indeed. Not enough, one would think, to draw one all the way from the Eastern seaboard. And yet, from the time I cross the Mississippi I begin to feel the preliminary welcome it extends. The very atmosphere of the train service commences to change at Omaha; the conductors cease to be haughty persons who do heavy bookkeeping in unoccupied drawing-rooms, and by the time we start up north are pointing out a herd of antelope which has wintered near the line. The dining-car stewards wander in to say that they have picked up some fresh mountain trout. And in the observation car men with broad-brimmed hats break through the frozen reserve of the Easterners, and conversation becomes general.

The Open Door

FOR the Northwest still believes that proud statement of our Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal. We are moving, at something like twenty miles an hour, into the land of the open door and the homely greeting:

"Tie up your horse, stranger, and come right in."

The Door is Opened and Out Shoots a Twisting, Roaring, Rearing Devil

The cabin is unchanged, after two years of absence.

The horseshoe is still fastened to the front door in the proper position, which is of course open side up, so the luck cannot run out. It is loose-hung to two staples, and is our door knocker; not, naturally, that one really requires a door knocker, because in this country it is the custom to walk in and then raise your voice in a sort of view halloo. Nor is the interior altered save in one particular, which I shall come to later on.

My Empire

THIS is a great relief. I had had a terrible fear, for instance, that they might have put a new floor in the porch, and thus shut away forever the treasure-trove beneath it. The lost knitting needles which had slipped between its weathered boards; the letters, which one had no time to answer anyhow; the trout flies and fishhooks, the scissors and nail files, the penknives and camera pictures. And especially the ground squirrels that came up for crumbs, and the small baby garter snakes that once in a while crept up to sun themselves on the warm old planks.

But no, there has been no change, outside or in. Except the one which I am coming to later. I am not sure I like it. It reeks of civilization. No, not a bathroom. The pipe in the ceiling of the side porch is still there, ready at the turning of a lever to deluge us with icy water from the creek; even the battered sail cloth still hangs there, an inadequate protection at the best of times, and on windy days none at all unless weighted down with heavy stones. No, not a bathroom.

The creek still roars beneath the sleeping-porch at the rear, after its fall of three thousand feet down the mountain; the steep path still leads to it, down which once, brought here to recover from a grave operation, I crawled feebly on my

hands and knees with a fishing rod in my teeth, to surprise the family almost into hysterics later by producing a small limp trout.

The mountains still rise beyond it, so near that I can gaze up and watch the deer overhead come down from the snow mountains of the interior of the range for the spring grass of the upland meadows.

Mine, too, for the looking are the straight cliffs, towering thousands of feet in the air; the more gradual slopes, up which mount evergreen forests, thick at the base, but gradually attenuating until at last only a few venturesome firs have climbed to the upper reaches; the thin and temporary cascades, sunborn children of the winter snow which still lies stirrup-deep at the top; and the cañon, down which in a series of leaps dashes the creek.

One Male Deer With Horns, Per Person

A two-roomed log cabin! What nonsense! A kingdom. An empire.

Still, one must have the cabin.

First, the living room. It is perhaps thirty by fifteen feet. The logs of the cottage form its walls, but where on the outside the bark has been left on, here they are roughly skinned and the interstices filled with mortar. It extends across the entire front of the cottage, and opposite the door is a great fireplace, built of field stone.

The Sleeping Porch Over the Creek

IN THIS all day long burns a huge fire, for the spring days are still cold, although the sun is brilliant. But so large is the fireplace that most of the heat escapes up the flue. Sometimes I think the only way to utilize that fire would be to climb the roof and sit on the chimney. However, it has its uses; a white-enameled pitcher sits on the hearth, an automatic water-heating plant of my own devising, in which I have an inventor's pride. Of course there is hot water—hot water and bathrooms—at the main ranch house, but it is the essence of being a cabin dweller to be on one's own.

There is an active pioneer streak in most of us; we number our ancestral log cabins as the overlords of the Old World list their family castles, and that individual is clearly *parvenu* who does not thrill at the sight of one. He has no family and no traditions.

The living room has not been changed; it still contains the wicker rocking-chair of tender memory, and the solid-oak-and-leather one which has been here from time immemorial, and which seems so magnificent in its humble surroundings. On the table is still that piece of petrified wood which has been my paper weight for many a bit of writing, and the log bookshelves are still filled with their miscellaneous collection of books; Vergil's Æneid, a chemistry, and a 1918 Social Register among them! Rag rugs on the floor, a log wood box in the corner, a framed photograph of Sitting Bull and one of Wolf Creek Falls on the wall, and hung about on various nails our fancy bridles, our fishing rods in their cases, and two Zulu war shields and lances.

Strange and incomprehensible, these latter, until one learns that they once played a part in a moving picture of mine; that they have been no nearer to Africa than Hollywood, and that they were brought here to help two young Rineharts to be savages for a fancy-dress party.

In the one bedroom, two white iron beds, now smothered under their weight of bedding. At night I crawl down into one of them with a hot-water bottle and defy the winds from the snow fields above. But getting out in the morning is still a sad story. However, at seven-thirty comes Charley, who builds the living-room fire, so that dressing becomes a matter of a mad dash for the front room, garments in hand. One dresses first and washes afterward in May on "my ranch" in Wyoming.

But two beds, you say, and five Rineharts? Not to mention their sisters and their cousins and their aunts? Ah, but we have not come to the back porch, that high log structure just over the creek. Time was when five white beds stood in a row there, for all the world like a hospital ward, and early deer coming to drink might have heard four different varieties of sleeping noises. The author firmly refuses to make the fifth. And when the early sun used to strike through the evergreens, the cottonwoods and box elder, onto a medley of old cowboy boots and breeches, sombreros and spurs, scattered on the floor of the old porch just over the creek. And when, later on, around the corner of the porch wild shrieks were heard as the cold shower was turned on.

"For heaven's sake, somebody, come out and fasten this sail cloth. It's blowing straight out!"

"Fasten it yourself."

"How can I, you dumbbell? And bring some soap. The pack rats have carried it off again."

The pack rats had done it. They were always doing it. Perhaps they were really trade rats, for they would bring something else in its place; acorns, perhaps, or a little heap of sticks. Polite thieves, these. I have known them to strip every button off a riding coat in one night, and leave a tribute of moth balls, stolen somewhere else, on the floor beneath as a peace offering.

But life does queer things to us. Like the trade rats, it takes away certain things and brings us something else in their stead. So now there are but two beds on the back porch that hangs over the creek, and they are not often occupied. Now and then comes one of the boys, but hardly again, I think, will there be five beds on that shabby porch, and four varieties of sleeping noises in the dawn when the deer come down to drink.

It is strange to be here so early. Strange, and a little lonely. The spring has been early, in spite of the snow above, and already the wild flowers are out in the mountain meadows. Lupin is already blooming; flat pink and white flowering mosses, violets and bluebells. There are dandelions on the lawn over at the main house, and early larkspur and star of Bethlehem along the creek. Already the calves have mostly been branded.

Red Tape and the Cattle Business

UP BEHIND the corral a great prize bull surveys the world haughtily. But the big herd has been sold. There is still no money in cattle. All the mountain meadows and the lower ones, too, are filled with rich young grass, but there are few cows to eat it. A small herd, less than three hundred, is all that is left of the mighty horde which once went up the cattle trail in summer to be turned loose in the mountain meadows. There is something wrong somewhere. The packers claim it is high wages, and shipping rates have been high also. But nothing has been done to encourage the cattleman. In spite of the Farm Loan Act, his banks still charge him as high as twelve per cent for short-time money, and have hardly managed to keep going at that.

The Government will let them have money at half that rate, but so full of red tape is the procedure that the man who needs money in a hurry prefers to pay the higher rate. By the time his stock has been appraised and the necessary formalities gone through, it is often too late in a business that is filled with emergencies.

The fact is that the cattle business as conducted by the cowmen for so many years was based on conditions that could not last, on free grass and the open range. The great herds were left to shift for themselves in the long hard winters, and that so many survived was due only to the grace of Providence and the winds which swept the ridges bare of snow. There the cattle fed, slowly drifting

(Continued on Page 66)

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Bruce, "Wrangling" in the Mists of Early Dawn

THE JAMAICA ROAD

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

YOUNG Robert Bidwell Jessup Stacey shifted from one to the other of his custom-made dancing shoes and emitted a wild, melancholy sound out of keeping with the music and festivity which surrounded him. He had suddenly concluded that his friend Francis Hunnewell was a bonehead; in fact sickeningly bovine and devoid of all decent emotion. Francis' broad, placid features appeared to Robert in his disgust to have the resilience and expressiveness of a section of cheese upon a salad plate, or, better still, of an ice-cream image from the caterer's.

"You can't go home," said Francis, "and you know it."

Robert leaned forward belligerently, with the light of revolt in his thoughtful pale-gray eyes.

"Why can't I?" he asked. "I've got my car outside."

"Because you're going to sit at Elsie's table for supper," said Francis. "Don't forget it's her party, and you don't want everybody to talk."

It is strange, the smallness of the sticks and stones that deflect life's current. Robert was so straightforward and, up to then, so docile and correct as to be astounded at the turn his thoughts took. Secretly, in his heart of hearts, Robert knew that everyone was talking, but the unexpected statement of the fact was like the sound of the hunting horn which drives the hart from cover.

"Why should anyone talk?" he inquired coldly. Yet he moistened his lips as he asked, and he listened for the answer with dread deep in his soul, because he knew the answer, conceal it as he might try.

"Are you dumb?" said Francis. "Or what is it? Of course it's none of my business; but aren't you as good as engaged to Elsie?"

"As a Matter of Fact, I've Spent Most of the Evening in the Ladies' Dressing Room, Doing My Hair Nearly All the Time"

Robert's forehead felt moist; his hands were clammy. Though he must have known where all was leading, the curt summary of Francis was a light which cast a backward gleam. Words and acts of the past flashed before his memory in a new and startlingly logical sequence. What once had been a combination of amiable nothings loomed up in broad significance, and his heart gave a furtive leap almost as in terror. He was no longer a careless young man in evening clothes, with an independent spirit and an adequate income. A minute back he had experienced only a vague sort of discontent, but now—the buoyancy of youth and everything was gone. He was only the male hounded by the relentless strength of woman.

Out on the ballroom floor of the country club, Elsie Demarr was dancing, possibly dancing purposely right where Robert could see. He felt a faint premonitory quiver as his eye encountered Elsie's slender whirling figure in the vortex of black coats and bright dresses. He even felt a weakness and a wondering fascination.

"Well, don't be so upstagy about it," said Francis with asperity. "Maybe I shouldn't have said it right out loud, but aren't you?"

A desire seized Robert to grasp Francis Hunnewell's neck, but he refrained—he was always refraining from things—and only an inkling of his intention remained in his voice.

"No!" he answered hastily. They were standing alone near a florist's palm beside a gilded mirror. It was like Mrs. Demarr to have palms at her daughter's dance. "What damned rubbish are you talking about? Of course I'm not. What—what confounded nonsense!"

Yet Robert's forehead still was moist. His very denial lacked the manly straightforward force which he had meant to put in it, and with a crude and elephantine sort of humor, Francis slapped him on the shoulder.

"Ha-ha!" said Francis. "That's what they all say."

"Would you mind," said Robert, pulling violently at his white vest, "talking sense, Francis, if you can manage it? What in heaven's name could make you or anyone suspect I have the slightest marital intention in—in any direction? Simply because I appear in polite society and act with a decent politeness ——"

A loud and uncontrollable noise from Francis broke off Robert's discourse.

"Ha-ha!" said Francis. "I'll remember that one."

"Francis," expostulated Robert, "do you mean—you don't believe me?"

Though there was not the slightest danger, a net seemed to be all about him, pulling him—pulling him like the gladiator's net in the arena, where every struggle made the meshes tighter.

"Come off it," said Francis crudely. "I know a thing or two. I've seen it all before. When anybody gets as sore as you do, there's always something in it."

"I'm not sore," said Robert.

"Oh, yes, you are."

"I tell you I'm not. I'm perfectly calm. Angry? Why, it's funny!"

But Francis only grinned in stolid disbelief.

"Haven't you been there to tea every day this fall?"

"Well, what of it?" demanded Robert.

"And Sunday night supper —— Good Lord, you spend the day there."

"And why shouldn't I?" cried Robert. "They ask me."

"And what about the swimming party? And the time you and Elsie got lost?"

"I didn't get lost," said Robert. "Elsie did. Haven't I explained it to you again and again?"

"And why did you go down to Aiken?"

"I tell you," said Robert, more loudly, "because they asked me."

"Well," said Francis genially, "that's all."

"And what of it?" cried Robert. "Don't other people ——"

Francis chuckled in stupid satisfaction.

"Come off it," he suggested. "You're as good as engaged, that's all. And if you don't know it, I'll bet Elsie does."

Robert reached sideways and grasped the insecure frond of the florist's palm and made a meaningless noise.

"What's that?" said Francis.

"Nothing," said Robert.

"Didn't you say something?"

"No," said Robert. An emptiness surrounded him. Friendless, unsympathetic space hemmed his soul into a helpless solitude.

"By thunder!" muttered Robert, unconscious that he spoke. "I wonder—is everyone working me around to it?"

"What?" said Francis.

"Oh," said Robert, "nothing."

For it all was nothing—a sequence of nothing which had worked into an affirmative, for it seemed to him that his deeds were coming home to roost, flying through the syncopated melody of the music and clustering about him. Once several years ago Robert's mother had drawn him into an intimate conversation.

"Oh, Robert," she had said, "do—do look out for the girls."

It occurred to Robert that until the evening of Mrs. Demarr's dance he had never understood the significance of that maternal admonition. Elsie was dancing, a whirling red figure with dark misty hair, a wholesome-faced, clear-eyed girl—a dear girl, the mothers called her. It must have been because he was fond of outdoor things that he had first noticed her—of tennis and golf and skating, and because Elsie could do them all. Elsie always had time to do them. Robert remembered that there had never been any bother about it; Elsie was always ready. And he had said—his spirit wilted within him at this fatuous innocence, for he had made the same blind statement so often.

He remembered once when he had said it with a depth of gratitude and a relief which set his spirit soaring. It was September on the smooth concrete of the road to Jamaica, on a late afternoon when the air had an Olympian chill. They had been playing golf, and as he sat in the front seat of Elsie's car he had felt tired, but not unpleasantly tired, and the obvious beauty of day and night and sky mingled with his satisfaction at the course of life. Elsie was beside him, cool and fresh. Indeed, the clearness of her skin and

"Thaddeus! What are You Doing?" It Was a Stupid Question. They Had Both Seen What Thaddeus Was Doing

the steady brightness of her eye gave him the impression of a male athlete in training rather than a girl, and he had the illusion which Elsie always gave him that she had just bathed, perhaps five minutes previously, and still bore the glow of cold water.

"Elsie," he had said, "I've never had a better time. Hasn't it been ——"

He had groped for an adjective, he remembered, because poetic similes seemed inappropriate where Elsie was concerned, and finally he had lapsed into polite profanity.

"Hasn't it been damn nice?"

Though an indelicate and perhaps ungentlemanly question, surely there was no ground for breach of promise.

"Yes," said Elsie, "you're dashed well right it has."

Out of doors, in the slant sun, the softness of Elsie's voice and the smooth candor of her youth made the lack of allure in her speech singularly appropriate. He had laughed in sheer relief at her frank vitality, for she was as plain and aboveboard as her buckskin shoes and crisscross woolen stockings, patently without appeal and devoid of all insidious feminine traits. He had laughed as she turned toward him, and she had laughed; and then he had made that old remark which he had resorted to so often.

"That's right," he said. "Thank heaven, we're just friends. It's a relief to talk like a friend without any—you know what."

Elsie laughed again, and had pulled at the neck of her geometrically decorated sweater.

"Yes," she said a second time, "you're dashed well right it is."

Surely there was nothing tender in anything he said, except a vague uneasiness crept over him as he recalled what he had done next. It was only a gesture of good will, but he had placed his hand on her hand where it rested on her soft tweed dress. He had laughed and she had laughed as the car sped down the road; and then she had moved her hand quite suddenly and her fingers had closed over his with a surprising strength.

"Bob," she said. They were rounding a curve, and Elsie's shoulder touched his, and he had felt—it perturbed him as he thought of it now—he had felt her breath on his cheek. "I'm awfully glad you like me, Bob, just the way I am."

She was still dancing. He saw her red dress across the room against another row of palms, a bright flash of color in a room of color. She was holding a bunch of orchids, the ones he had sent because it was her party, although she had hundreds of other flowers. For Robert the beat of the music was growing faster. It was tantamount to a declaration or an announcement, or his frayed nerves deceived him, and worse and more racking still, his conscience affirmed it.

Why had he not sheered off long ago? Was it indolence or plain inertia which had carried him along? His mouth felt dry. His soul felt empty with remorse, for nothing had been said, but he had memories.

"What's the matter with you anyway? Don't you hear me?" He discovered that Francis was tugging at his arm in a vulgar fashion. "Don't you see Mrs. Demarr waving at you?"

On the other side of the room, Robert perceived Mrs. Demarr seated on a beflowered platform such as sprouts only from a ballroom floor, like some huge and not wholly attractive tropical growth. Mrs. Demarr sat firmly in her chair. She was slightly gray, and worn to a sleek smoothness of indeterminate age; and as she beckoned to Robert, there was an impelling suaveness in the crook of her finger which confirmed his worst suspicions.

"Robert," said Mrs. Demarr, "who is that dark, unpleasant man who keeps dancing with Elsie?"

Robert examined the dancers and at the same time concealed a faint smile. Mrs. Demarr's remark revealed a straightforwardness and placid acceptance of fact which probably had placed him where he was. Everything in the world had its label for Mrs. Demarr, acquired in youth and still existing uncompromised by time. Memories of early fiction made all dark men invariably unpleasant, and logic made every man Elsie's admirer on the verge of declaring his love.

"He may be unpleasant," said Robert, "but the girls don't think so. His name is Thaddeus Rice, and they're all crazy about him. Look how well he dances."

"I have been looking," said Mrs. Demarr. "What common men come to parties nowadays! Do you think he's intoxicated? Why do you let Elsie dance with him?"

There it was again—that confusing, panic-inspiring belief that everything was over. He suddenly grew frightened of Mrs. Demarr's calm sureness, for it masked a hypnotic power which stirred him to rebellion. It was time to assert the independence of a free-born man, high time.

"But what right," he asked, glancing straight into Mrs. Demarr's wrinkled face, and as he did so his breath quickened with a deep desire for freedom, "honestly, what right have I to stop Elsie dancing with any man she wants?"

"Why, Robert!" What had he said that was wrong? Why did Mrs. Demarr appear so pleased? "What a silly boy you are! You know very well Herbert and I like you better than any of the others."

She hadn't understood him in the least. What on earth had he done? Robert wondered. Had some charm been cast upon him so that no one would believe him? His throat felt dry and his voice had a slight quaver.

"Mrs. Demarr," he began, "I'm afraid I—perhaps I haven't made myself exactly clear."

Mrs. Demarr only smiled at Robert tenderly and proudly.

"Nonsense, nonsense, you silly boy," she answered before he could continue. "You'll never be a mother, Robert, or you'd know. Now run and dance with Elsie, you silly boy."

Robert left Mrs. Demarr and walked across the polished floor.

"Clumsy!" someone exclaimed. Robert had collided with a couple, head-on, and the jar of the impact made him blush. There was nothing for it but bluntness. He would dance with Elsie and tell her out and out—but what exactly could he tell her? He only knew the time had come to tell her something.

It was very obvious that Mr. Thaddeus Rice was reluctant to leave Elsie. He had a technic which Robert secretly admired, and a life and pleasing grace which made him an ornament at the club. He was one of those persons who is always at a club, and never elsewhere, one of the sunburned, unattached males who encumber the locker rooms and call cheerfully beneath the showers, apparently homeless, roving and free, completely and wonderfully untroubled by responsibility or occupation. Up to then Robert had looked upon Thaddeus Rice more as a piece of furniture than as a living, sentient being, but now he discovered a wistful envy of him as of a paragon. Thaddeus Rice had danced and had played and played, and yet he had kept his head above the turbulent waters. He could whisper in Elsie's ear with no one thinking of it. He could dance and dance with Elsie, and yet still retain only the potentialities of a chorus man, and how? Robert yearned to ask him, to take this figure of discretion and skill by the

arm and demand his whole life's story as self-conscious failures do in advertisements of improving books, but there was no immediate chance of doing it.

Thaddeus Rice faded into the background like a thought or a well-trained servant, and Robert's arm was about Elsie's waist.

As Elsie tossed back her head and smiled at him, Robert's heart beat with a mingling of emotions like strands in a snarl of silk. In spite of his best judgment, a guilty pleasure possessed him as Elsie pressed his hand. Robert told himself that it was purely the æsthetic pleasure of rhythmic motion, but, nevertheless, a sadness and regret assailed him when he thought that they might never dance again.

"Bob," said Elsie, "are you having a good time?"

He had not counted on the sureness of Elsie's intuition.

"Of course I am. I always do when I dance with you."

"You're not having a good time," said Elsie, "and you know you're not."

Robert flushed and missed the music's beat. He wished that Elsie would stop looking straight at him, and instead adopt a conventional coyness.

"Gosh," said Elsie suddenly, "is anything the matter with me? Is my hair coming down, or something?"

She puckered up her mouth and forehead into an inquiring frown, for when she wanted she could look so childishly and joyously innocent that you could not help but smile.

"Then why is everybody looking at us? Can't you just feel them?" And Elsie pressed his hand tighter. "Let's get out of it, Bob. Do let's get away."

It was exactly what Robert had meant to ask, but curiously enough he was sorry that she had asked first. He was uncomfortably aware there was more to it than the actual asking, and that more was going on between them than words. A silent conversation was taking place between them, unasked questions, mute answers.

"You look awfully nice tonight, Bob," said Elsie. "It's a funny thing about dress suits, but when a man gets one on, you can tell right away whether he's a mucker—or a gentleman."

The slow, lazy confidence of Elsie's voice caused Robert to straighten his shoulders with a painful twinge of conscience. They were seated on a leather sofa in the hall that led to the trophy room upstairs, and Elsie was leaning back in a light airy way, not coyly but in frank repose.

"Cheap to say it, isn't it," she added, "but you are a gentleman, you know."

He could not meet her glance, for a violent resurgence of self-pity and embarrassed doubt completely shook his poise.

"Elsie," he said, "I wouldn't be too sure."

Elsie sighed and nodded a weary acquiescence.

"Someone said something to you," she said. "I know they have." And as she said "I know," it seemed to Robert that perhaps Elsie knew everything, or at any rate, a great deal too much.

"Elsie," he began wretchedly, "it isn't—I don't want you to think ——"

"I know," said Elsie, still watching him, "I know. Isn't it a mess? Why can't everyone let you and me alone?"

Elsie raised her thin white arms wearily, and let them drop back on her knees so emphatically that Robert was startled.

"It makes me sick and tired. We're being worked—we're being worked right into a situation."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Robert stupidly, staring at her uncertainly. He had become aware of a not wholly pleasant surprise which was startlingly like disappointment.

"Don't camouflage," said Elsie with a wave of her hand. "Don't beat about the bush—and don't be an idiot and say you haven't noticed."

"I have, as a matter of fact," said Robert slowly, "but—well, it's queer—I never thought you'd have noticed too."

Elsie stared at him incredulously, and suddenly sat up so straight that Robert knew that he had said something wrong and tactless.

"You—you bonehead!" she said softly.

It all went through, but one can never tell the direction women may jump. She was actually angry. Her lower lip trembled childishly, and she brushed fiercely at a strand of hair which fell over her forehead. She was angry, for Robert himself could feel the contagion of her wrath. He knew she was hurt, and somehow he was hurt also, and disappointed, and so confused that he entirely forgot what he had started to say.

"I'll bet that man Rice has been talking to you. I've never liked that bird. He's a snake in the grass and ——"

"I didn't know you could possibly be so stupid," said Elsie tensely. "I—I don't like to be gossiped about any more than you. Do you think it gives me any pleasure to be forced into something? He did talk, if you want to know. He said he thought we were as good as engaged, and I'll tell you right off the griddle ——"

She had leaned so close to him that her face was not a foot away from his, and in his stupefaction Robert became aware of a violent unlooked-for force in Elsie.

"I don't want to be engaged any more than you do—not one little bit!"

Robert bit his lower lip. Why was it he felt annoyed? He could think of no possible reason.

"Elsie," he began, "this isn't like you. Why do you want to lose your temper?"

"I don't want to," said Elsie, "and I haven't lost my temper."

"You have," said Robert coldly, dazedly aware that he was losing his.

"I haven't," retorted Elsie. "But I'm not going to have you think—not for a stack of blue chips—that you've got a corner on being annoyed. I don't like being talked about one bit better than you, and I don't like to feel I'm being—forced into anything. I know what mother's saying—because I try to be pleasant and friendly, but I don't like that either, and don't you think I do. You're not the only one."

"But I didn't say anything," began Robert.

"Didn't you?" inquired Elsie with flaming cheeks. "Well, you as good as said it, and I know why you're angry now too. You hate to think that anyone you look at hasn't fallen for you flat."

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"Then Why is Everybody Looking at Us? Can't You Just Feel Them? Let's Get Out of It, Bob. Do Let's Get Away"

TEN CENTS A CONE YET

By OMA ALMONA DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

She Pressed His Arm Warmly. Elisha Thereupon All But Steered Her Into a Tree

IT WAS not because Elisha Maice loved darkness rather than light that he rushed from the church the instant the evening benediction was pronounced and clamped himself to the wall in the darkest corner of the porch. On the contrary by this act Elisha was expressing what Preacher Plapp continually exhorted his hearers to express. Elisha was expressing love.

Moreover, it was as necessary to him as the breath of life itself, that one evening in the week when he dared from his covert to gaze full-eyed upon Miss Katie Klemmer as she stepped across the sacred threshold.

The fact that she invariably stepped with one Gustifer Holzappel awoke no envy in Elisha's breast. It was enough to hear her easy laugh and her lilting voice, to see the gold of her hair against the pink of her cheeks, and her eyes, gold-brown, sometimes turned so that he could see them. Elisha expected nothing more. One does not ask from life the impossible.

But sometimes, in this life so astonishing, the impossible asks for him. And when that happens the proper procedure is to step forward quickly, for Fate, that trickstress, that owner of a thousand aliases, shows her face, if at all, in a flash, and is gone.

The night upon which Elisha Maice stepped forward quickly he did not see her face at all, unless it was that she had donned for the nonce the face of Mr. Gustifer Holzappel as he came stumbling forth from the church door. It was a scowling face, and Mr. Holzappel made way for it through the outbound worshipers with the splay gestures of an inexpert swimmer.

With his free hand he pushed Miss Katie Klemmer toward Elisha's shadowed covert.

"Leave loose of me!" she flashed and wrenched from him. "You—you sinful gambler!"

"But I ain't gambled nothing—only onto chewing gums!" A black lock like an angry exclamation point hurtled from the abundant pompadour of Gustifer as he lunged after her. "Listen on me oncet ——"

But the lady had whirled out of reach, shaking as from contamination the arm which he had touched.

Holzappel stared after her, shook a baffled leg, then snorted toward the steps. Elisha, taut as a trigger, loosed his pent breath and whanged after him. Upon the top step he balanced, straining incredulous eyes after the vanishing Gustifer; then he turned about and found himself face to face with Katie Klemmer.

Now even so earthly a luminary as a kerosene chandelier may produce the effect of a nimbus if the eye of the beholder has been startled out of focus. Elisha in his remembrance of that moment never disassociated the little figure fronting him from a halo of golden light out of which she seemed to be stepping toward him.

"It's Elisha Maice, ain't it?" she eased the moment in her pleasant way. And as Elisha failed to indentify himself though he still earnestly barred her passage, she added: "We was made acquainted on the strawberry social a good while back a'ready, ain't we?"

Elisha clawed off his hat. But he could not move his feet. They stanched him firmly to the spot. Only his throat moved. It belched a series of deep croaks.

She tilted her head questioningly. Then she smiled in some embarrassment and placed her hand within his arm.

"All right. I guess you kin oncet."

Elisha did not know when they had reached the bottom of the steps. He continued to make downward gestures with his toes as one pursuing an indefinite descent, and was not conscious that his stubbing toes were somewhat impeding his progress.

For two blocks he said nothing. It was not necessary. Katie was one of those little persons who can both smile and talk at the same time and who smile and talk a great deal.

The third block brought them to the plague spot of Heitville. This was an open cigar booth operated by one sportive Samuel Feltbinder. A single red light winked wickedly toward a glass bowl filled with varicolored spheres of chewing gum and quivered toward the announcement:

POOLS AND BILLIARDS
ON THE REAR

The pleasant prattle in Elisha's ear ceased. The fingers upon his arm trembled slightly. After a moment his companion observed with something of desperation, "That there place had ought to be shut and closed up. Pop says oncet where if it ain't it might mebbe git all the boys in Heitwille into sinful gambles."

For the first time Elisha spoke. "Well, it ain't gittin' me," he corrected. "I don't give my countenance to gamblin' in no form. It ain't nothing could produce me to gamble. Not nobody now nowheres."

"Yes, and that now I do believe. Listen and leave me tell youse what pop says about youse. He says still if it was any boy in his Band of Hope where was a Bible Christian, it was Elisha Maice a'ready."

She pressed his arm warmly. Elisha thereupon all but steered her into a tree.

"Yes, not two hours behind he is saying it. So it seemed so funny that way when you up and ast me fur my company right on the top of it. It did now seem too funny."

Elisha stopped stock-still as though something huge had confronted him. His eyes, deeply blue, gazed down with intensity upon his companion. In the starlight her inquiring face with the smile still upon it seemed to be floating up—floating up—to him.

"It was just, now, meant to be that way," the words throbbed from him.

"Mebbe it was anyhow," murmured Katie Klemmer vaguely and a little frightened.

But she was immediately her own buoyant self once more as they went on down the street. She talked and smiled, smiled and talked of her former home in Yingstown.

"But I ain't sorry we had a flittin' and come here ower," she confided as she paused at her gate. "It has more lively here toward what it has in Yingstown. All them socials and parties with their ice creams that way. Och, my, the cones yet! They do go that good with me that it is somepun wonderful now. And then here if it ain't coming next week the county fair. And they say, still, some such calf with two tails at is going to be exhibitioned. Think oncet, the funny! Two tails at it!"

Elisha grasped a picket between two huge palms. "Was you goin' on the fair?" he queried hoarsely. And before she could answer he rushed on desperately, "I got a good wide buggy seat and such a horse where would thank youse fur your company." The picket cracked. "To be sure if you're promised a'ready it don't make me no diffrunce."

She sobered and her eyes brooded from him into the darkness. Then she turned resolutely. "Well, I ain't. I was, but I ain't no more. So I say my thanks and give you yes."

Heat swept Elisha and melted him down over the fence. Even his lips ran out of shape. It was a moment before he got them under control. Miss Klemmer absently plucked at a syringa bush. Then she looked up at the motherless Elisha kindly.

"This is how I am making a thought. Youse needn't worry your head ower the picnic wittles. We kin start early afternoon and then youse kin set and eat a lap supper with us onto the fair grounds. Thenwekinmebbe go on the tent rewiwal in the evening."

Footsteps approached. Parents. Mr. Klemmer himself—a militant Christian of whom Elisha was enormously in awe. Elisha found himself tacking rapidly toward a neighboring osage-orange hedge, croaking formless farewells over his shoulder.

But, after all, Elisha would have fared better had he chosen to bear those ills he had, rather than fly to others that he knew not of. From the thither end of the hedge pounced a figure. Its foot made a pawing motion toward the earth. It uttered a hollow laugh. Now Elisha had never been bellowed at before. But he knew that laugh for what it was.

"A-taggin' my girl, huh?" The figure doubled in size as its voice deepened. "Well, you ain't gittin' off with it. I'll learn youse oncet how to tag my girl!"

Elisha's muscles were sixteen years old and they were large muscles. But they were still growing; they hadn't yet learned to coördinate. Now they began to fall apart. Even as the creature before him shot to the height of the hedge and advanced flailing windmills, Elisha's chest collapsed, his feet tattooed backward and his mouth woppered: "Youse lea' me be! I ain't taggin' no girl. Youse lea' me be."

The earth rose and struck him. Or had he struck the earth? At any rate, there was Elisha staggering to his feet, barely escaping a dozen windmills flailing at his ears. There was Elisha lengthening the stride of every jump down the middle of the road. And behind him the air grated into merciless shreds of laughter: "Wouldn't fight, huh? Look at um go! Scared to fight! Scared!"

Scared, yes. Leaping upon his horse there behind the church, scared. Digging knees into the sorrel sides, scared.

Winning from the village, scared And then the stars and the fields and the long peaceful road, humiliation. And then the familiar barn, the pleasant stalls, the odorous feed bins, triumph.

Oh, yes, triumph for Elisha, doubled upon the hay there for delirious minutes, hugging his knees to his chin, trying to believe that Miss Katie Klemmer's hand had rested upon his arm. What mattered Gustifer Holzappel? What mattered anything? Some day he'd twist Holzappel's neck. Let him come monkeyin' around the fair now, and he'd beat him like a—like a rag carpet. He cracked his heels and made for the house.

Hotly he threw off his clothes, hotly he dived under the sheets beside his brother Adam—the thriftless Adam who hadn't saved enough to take his girl to the fair. Elisha had no such financial embarrassment. A full half dollar had he, garnered from chill abstinence of weeks. Everything at five cents—cones, peanuts, lemonade, popcorn—and still a dime left for something else—a cone, perhaps. In phantom rustle of paper bags Elisha drooled to sleep.

Upon the momentous day Elisha drew rein without the Klemmer gate at two minutes after twelve. Had she not said early afternoon? The sight of the Klemmer household absorbedly loading a spring wagon in the side yard, however, restrained him, breathing heavily, to his seat. In reality only Mr. Klemmer was tugging and pulling, but as usual it was Mrs. Klemmer who gave the appearance of so doing. Mr. Klemmer was a thin upright gentleman surmounted by a round face with small neat features symmetrically distanced; when you looked at him you naturally expected to tell the time. Mrs. Klemmer, on the contrary, would have done violence to any ordinary scales, and she gave the impression of being even larger than she was, so actively did she bounce about upon her surprisingly short feet.

Now, although it was Mr. Klemmer who was disposing in the vehicle a bulging zinc tub, a water pail, a sack of horse feed, a split basket and a pair of rotund male twins, it was Mrs. Klemmer who was bunting about, waving a palm-leaf fan and shrilling: "Don't do it to put the tub Helmer's feet under! He'll git them into the cheesecake. Look a little out now, Belmer! Och, elend! If he ain't went and near kicked the kraut pot! Where's Katie at? Katie! Mind now, your feller'll be here —— Och, my souls, and if here he ain't! Katie! Katie! Make hurry once!"

There he was; and there beside him within three minutes was divinity itself, divinity enrobed in pink haze, surmounted by white halo encircled with blue. Blue, pink and white—oh, but dazzling white!

High upon airway of the universe rode Elisha, with the world trotting along beside. Nothing was real; that which roiled about them was not dust, but gold-spangled clouds; that which enfolded them was not one hundred degrees of September heat, but tender warmth, mysterious and perfumed.

Even the revival tent opposite the entrance of the fair seemed to bounce upward, then settle lightly, like a huge bubble.

"That there was an awful amart notion from your pop," Elisha proffered gallantly, "to uphist a tent fur to ketch the worldly sinners from the fair."

"Ain't?" agreed the soft voice by his side. "But pop he says oncet where somepun's got to be did to coun'ract all them gambling dewices where follers up a fair nowadays. And preacher he got dare to uphist it by the gate, so everybody can't help fur to see the banner at."

The fair itself, as they billowed into it, savored even more of unreality; for now to Elisha's personal rapture was added the fervor of Buthouse County—the cumulative pride of a year erupting now in this carnival city sprung up within the beech grove overnight. Where yesterday was silent solemnity of tree and open space now bloomed amorphous colorful shapes of booths, tents and awnings; now shouted, whinnied, grunted and crowed humans, horses, pigs and chickens.

Elisha unharnessed his horse and hitched him to a wheel of his buggy. Then, whip in hand, linen laprobe neatly folded upon one arm, a little hand neatly clamped upon the other, he strode toward the milling crowd where some thousand other young men, identically equipped, were surging endlessly hour upon hour from tent to booth, from booth to tent.

Elisha knew that the only inviolable rule of etiquette for the county fair prescribed that the lady should cling to the gent's arm with one hand while with the other she supported some article of food value, public token of his chivalry. He accordingly led the way at once toward a small booth where an earnest, fuchsia-colored gentleman was flourishing a metal scoop.

"Oh, strawberry!" beamed Katie. "It ain't nothing more elegant towards what a strawberry cone is."

Elisha, of course, chose strawberry. But delightful as was this form of refreshment to his young, sweet-loving tongue, he well-nigh forgot to eat it. He had never seen anything so entrancing as the little pink tongue curling about the pink ice, the gold-brown eyes above it matching in hue the cornucopia. A momentous thought smote him: He—he—was feeding that perfect little body!

"Youse kin have all you feel fur"—he swung his arm solemnly—"all youse feel fur anywheres."

"It does make awful hot," sighed Katie rapturously.

With this slight encouragement the fuchsia gentleman again delved with his scoop. This was not according to the preconceived menu; but Elisha flung down his half dollar with a reckless air, gallantly presented the second cone and reached for the change. He reached for the change. He reached for the change ——

His fingers went limp as his eyes lifted from the dime upon the plank in mute, startled question.

"Well! Ten apiece. Four tens is forty in my old arithmetic." The scoop flourisher eyed Elisha with a cold implacability which argued that he was, after all, not merchant but pirate.

Elisha placed the small dime in his large pocket. "Let's git aways," he husked.

"Let's!" Katie's sharp teeth edged expertly about the crisp confection. "That there calf with two tails at is here somewheres. But look oncet! Your cone's all upmelting!"

Elisha beheld with horror a pink stream which was trickling thinly upon his shoe a moment since glorious with stove polish. He cast the perfidious cone from him with swift, backward gesture of loathing. A second later a hollow roar of masculine rage to his rear appraised him that his random shot had made a bull's-eye. He seized his companion by the arm and rocketed slantwise through the

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Elisha Turned Slow Horrified Eyes Downward. "'Bet'?" She Was Repeating. "Then it's—it's Gambling!"

TOO MUCH EXERCISE

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

SPEAKING from the dais of Youth, it is a regrettable but inescapable fact that the entire scheme of things is all cluttered up with old birds of fifty and more who hold control of the big jobs, own the profitable businesses, hang onto the important places, direct the financial distributions, horn in on the sports and pastimes, and, in general, make senile nuisances of themselves, and refuse, profanely, to admit the truth of the adolescent adage that the place for the aged is on the back seats.

Age is the one perfectly relative phase of life. Who is old? The best answer to that question ever devised is this: An old person is a person who is twenty years older than you are. That goes from the cradle to the grave. Chauncey Depew, at ninety-one, undoubtedly will concede that a citizen of one hundred and eleven fairly may be said to be getting on in years, but will claim that a lad of nine decades is just coming into his prime. To the boy of sixteen the man of thirty-six is doddering to his dotage.

Not long ago I saw this newspaper headline: "Aged Resident Dies Suddenly." I read the item, thinking: "Ha, here is some near-centenarian who is gone." I discovered that the highly esteemed dead man was a merchant, aged fifty-four, who had been too busy at his business to watch out for his heart, and had keeled over at a social function. The reason for that headline, of course, was that it was written by a boy on the copy desk of that newspaper—a chap in his twenties, to whom fifty-four seemed the extreme limit of senility.

When is a Man Really Old?

THAT is the overweening vanity of life—the refusal to admit that one is, or is getting old. The stock joke since Adam is the concealment of age by the women, but that is a joke made by men and for their own camouflage. They jape the women about it, and they use as many dodges as the women to conceal their advance in years; often more. The great tragedy of life is this personal knowledge that time is taking its toll, because of all the gifts that life gives, youth is the most precious. There has been vast philosophical reflection on that subject, and reams of thought along those lines ranging from lamentations that the days of youth are almost invariably wasted by those who have the boon of them, to preachments that oncoming age must be accepted with calm and dignified spirit, welcomed and enjoyed in the modified manner of maturity.

Of course all that calm and dignified and philosophical stuff is spurious. It is literary, or oratorical, or conversational, or epistolary applesauce. Suggest to any of these preachers of the sweetness and light and joys of age that he himself is getting a bit shopworn, and he will beat his chest and exclaim: "Who? Me? Nonsense! I am as young as I ever was! Don't feel my age a bit! Why, last week ——"

Still speaking from the dais of Youth, it does seem strange that these ancients do cleave so closely to the moneybags, the fleshpots, the preferments and the prerogatives of life—drat 'em! Don't they know what is happening to them, or has happened? Do they not realize that the younger generations would be crowding on their heels if they were not so craftily expert in keeping their heels out of the way? What is the sense of a ruin who is fifty-five thinking he is as good as a giant of twenty-five at anything that may be mentioned from Wall Street to the first tee? Where do they get off, either in refusing to stand aside or, worse yet, in butting in where youth is so capable fearlessly to tread, and clogging up the paths that lead to fortune and to fame? Speaking from the dais of Youth, I ask you.

Chas. G. Blake, the "Skip" of the Chicago Team
Above—Measuring for Shot, Chicago-Michigan Game

Then, moving over to the rostrum of Middle Age, unwillingly escorted by a jeering and a fleering birthday that has caught up with me as I write these lines, and where I reluctantly admit I belong, I ask you again, and submit this answer: The hardest, most humiliating, most nauseating assignment that comes to man from life is the admission that he is no longer as good as he was once in any vital particular, or all. That admission is what everybody fights against hopelessly, but courageously. That realization is the great tragedy. That truth is what no one will concede, even to himself.

That is the basis of incredible quantities of bunk, of unmeasurable areas of alibi, of unlimited degrees of self-deception, of debilitating and disastrous strivings to be what one is not. It is why the heart-disease death percentages, to mention just one phase of it, are so calamitously high in this country. And that reminds me, speaking to my brethren in the middle stage of life: What do you know about your hearts? But of that later. The purpose of this discussion is to put down what everybody knows—to wit, that all we men of fifty and over hate—loathe—to acknowledge that the years have slowed us down, and that inexorable time is inexorably operating on our vitality, often with bad—very bad—results if we persist in claiming that time cannot thus infringe on us because our vanity and our self-esteem will not accept the inevitable fact; to advocate as much frankness in the matter as possible; and to show how desired results can be obtained without undue expenditure of reserves needed for future use.

The Three Essentials to Health

HEALTH is naturally the first consideration of all sensible people. One of the three fundamentals in the preservation of health is exercise in the open air. The two others are proper food and drink and sufficient rest. This thesis has to do with exercise, because exercise is now coming to be a major concern in the lives of the American people, and because there is overwhelming evidence that a great many Americans, of middle age or beyond, are exercising too much in the usual active, nervous, strenuous, but ill-considered American manner.

This thesis is addressed to the great number of Americans, beyond fifty, who are playing golf when they should not be playing golf, or, in any event, should not be playing as much golf as they do play, and who are, variously, exerting themselves beyond the safety line in any form of exercise, whether they are the foolish radicals in exercise who think they can continue to play tennis, or the mild conservatives who contort themselves in their bathrooms of a morning and imagine they are thereby lengthening their lives. It is addressed to men who were not college athletes or amateur athletes in their younger days, who never rowed or played football or sprinted or did high jumping or hurdling. Those are beyond the scope of these remarks for two reasons. The first of these reasons is that so great is the athletic obsession that a man who was an athlete in early life thinks he continues as such until he finds otherwise in a usually decisive manner and notwithstanding all evidence to the contrary; and the second reason is that most of these have overtaxed and weakened hearts anyhow and are moving on to their sudden ends inevitably.

Suspense. Will the Bowl Reach the Jack? Chicago Team

I have no criticism of athletics to make, college or non-college. The right sort of exercise in youth makes the right sort of man in maturity. The only just criticism that can rest against youthful athletics is the excess of them. In moderation they are all right. However, I have known a good many men who were college athletes in their youth who died of heart disease in their forties and fifties and just beyond, when, by all the alleged laws and benefits of their early training, they should have been virile and useful men and continued as such for years. There is just so much vitality in every human heart. It will go so long, do so much work. If you draw on it for an excess of that work in your youth it will quit on you when it reaches its limit, and that time is usually between forty-five and sixty-five, when a man should be at his mental best, and in a healthy and capable physical condition.

It is like drawing money from a fixed account in the bank. You have a certain sum to start with. If you make reasonable drafts the capital continues to be useful for a long period, but if you make great drafts the time comes when the capital is exhausted. The comparison is awkward. The defect in it is that you can replenish your bank account if you are lucky, but there is no way to replenish your heart. You can stimulate it, but you cannot put back into it any of the exhausted vitality, and when the draft comes for sickness that needs heart support, or a strain is necessary from some sudden cause, it is the callous and unfriendly wont of the heart to refuse to honor that draft, and the rest is immaterial. It is time for the floral offerings and the epitaph.

Taking Your Heart Into Partnership

THE heart is a modest and unostentatious organ. It goes about its job efficiently and pumps steadily and continuously from the moment its owner is born until the moment the heart decides to call it a day and quit. Few persons, in the mass, know anything about their hearts, and no person thinks anything of it, but accepts it as a matter of course until it begins to protest. It must be evident to anyone with the power of connected thought that a heart that has pumped oftener than once a second for fifty years or more, has done considerable pumping, but that thought is rarely given until the heart falters or pains or skips or fattens or inflames or does something out of the ordinary. Usually, the heart is accepted as a kindly and superserviceable agent of the body, a sweet-running and non-stop motor, a gratuity from Nature, and no more concern taken over it.

Now the truth of it is that after fifty, even before, every man should spend a lot of thought and make a lot of sensible effort to conserve his heart, to help it, to coddle it, to make things easy for it, to be a partner with it in the business of maintaining life instead of a careless beneficiary of its labors.

Any man over fifty, or forty, for that matter, and especially the man in the late fifties and on, who persists in putting unnecessary strains on his heart is fixing to make the acquaintance of the undertaker, and the meeting will be a one-sided affair. The undertaker will, presently, be pleased to meet him, but the party of the second part will be neither glad nor sorry. He will be indifferent. In fine, he will be dead—dead as a herring, as a doornail, as a Pharaoh, as Julius Cæsar. He will be very dead.

And he will not necessarily die of any one of the precise heart affections either. He may die of any sort of disease that happens along, but one of the main contributing reasons for his death will be because his heart, having been overworked and overstrained, will not be able to stand the gaff of the inroading disease, and will be forced to capitulate.

No man of fifty or over needs half as much exercise as he thinks he does, and not many men over fifty in the habit of taking any exercise need as much exercise as they take. I have known a number of men of high intelligence and culture who have maintained that no man of fifty or over—two of them put the age down to forty—one started it at birth—needs any exercise at all, save what he gets in his ordinary and lawful occasions.

I know one man who never stood up when he could sit down, never walked when he could ride, never climbed a flight of stairs when he could possibly stay on the ground floor, never sat down when he could recline at full length, and he lived to be eighty-five, years old and was a leader in his profession to the end. However, he was cheating some because he understood the science of proper foods. He was informed about diet. I knew another who had the same theory, and he got pneumonia and was dead in three days at forty-seven.

There is no precise rule about it of course. Every individual is a law, in a general way, unto himself. But, by and large, the rational man who exercises rationally in the open air has an edge on the man who does not. Rationally. That is the secret of it. But when it comes to such things, we Americans are irrational, not rational. We always do too much, or almost always.

When the Athletes Drop Out

THE truth is so evident that one wonders that all Americans do not absorb and understand it. Man after man of us has seen athletic young fellows cut down in no time when pneumonia or some other disease that makes great demands on the heart hits them. It is a gruesome bit of advice, but note what happens to some habitual tennis player of your acquaintance who is past his youth, when a sickness like typhoid or pneumonia or the real flu engages him in a serious grapple. Note the numerous athletes who contract tuberculosis, and have little in reserve to fight it with. And, most of all, recall the increasingly large number of men, not at all athletic, but seeking exercise, who drop dead while playing golf, who fall off their horses when riding, who collapse after a run upstairs, or after a car, or following any untoward exertion.

Thus, having put forth my premise, which is that we fellows of over fifty should use our utmost intelligence and our greatest and most sedulous concern

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Eight Members of the St. Petersburg, Florida, Lawn Bowling Club, Some of Whom Have Reached the Discreet Age of 80 Years

POWERS OF DARKNESS

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

About Four o'Clock of a Wretched Evening Supernaturally Dark in a Missle of Rain, the Chairs That Bore the Guests Arrived

RAIN splashed round the house, dripped white as tallow from the eaves, and darkened all outdoors but a mist of acacia flowering like green-gold fire through smoke, all indoors but the brass that Yi Tao bent over to polish, near a window.

Rain, darkness, untimely twilight beneath garden trees, and their sallow murk reflected through the kitchen, may have been what brought his talk round to mystery. Though afternoon, it was a good hour for a winter's tale of midnight murder and dreary ghosts wandering in storm to no purpose.

"Wedder jixy lek deffil." Yi Tao smeared an old Chinese bowl with some new Yankee liquid, vile smelling, that became at once a coat of sage-gray powder. He rubbed it hard with a frizzed calfskin rag. "Lartchee deffil com' out on black day allo same now. Hart to say what they meaning. One tam, near my willitch where I am born, one man farmer he going home in dark befo' efening lek now, badt wedder, awfu' wet——"

The brass bowl grew clear, shone like gold, and on its rotund curve mirrored a little convex warping network of windowpanes, with a little human face bulging to the same curve among their bars. Yi Tao's own face, kindly, patient, bright with good sense and good humor, looked for a moment down toward its caricature as if gazing into a yellow crystal ball. Perhaps he did look deep into years, boyhood, the family, the village and the past.

"Littoo while 'go," said he, "one man wuk fo' de jotchee, in Kwangtung."

This man, a man of law named King, had so great knowledge and ability as counselor that a much more famous person, a prefect, could not have got on without him. Yet he worked in silence like a shadow. Two or three close friends, nobody else, knew how large a portion of the world wagged exactly as King's forefinger bade it. These two or three, who enjoyed the keeping of their secret, unwrapped a corner of his greatness now and again at some warm convivial table, when they called him by nicknames demurely—Wisdom Unseen, or the Golden Back-Scratcher, Curtained One, Decapitator of Nonsense, or Power-in-a-Box.

"You are witty," was King's answer. As time went on, he made this retort with a sigh, they remembered afterward. "You are foolish as boys. It is no joke to live and die as the hollow behind a mask."

Yet they had good ground for their wit, because King's forefinger wagged the world in a peculiar mode, after all. Thus, for example, his work might go.

The prefect sat and rendered judgment, a burly magistrate with wattled jaw, upright, severe, smooth, behind a dull brown plateau of teakwood. Behind him a fourfold screen rose, exhibiting four pictures, the only bright color—except red hats, like fluted candle shades, on the court officers—in his gloomy stone room. Behind the screen, again, there was nothing but shadow and damp mason work, a bare wall.

"My opinion," declared the prefect roundly, "is that no reasonable man can doubt the truth of the complaint, the truth which I have now elicited—ha—expiscated—h'm —— However ——"

Something checked the tide of eloquence. He leaned back, coughed, leaned forward, ruffled the pages of a book, scowled hard at no one, and cried peevishly, "However, I am not quite convinced. The court will adjourn till tomorrow."

Or else, with a face like yellow flint and a voice even harder, the prefect might be upbraiding some poor devil who moaned from the rack below him, unconscious of all but agony on the bamboo seesaw tilting up and down.

"Your guilt is plainer than my thumb. Confess. You did it. I hear you saying so —— That is, however, I mean, let us not hurry a few minutes of life or death. Remove the prisoner. Bring him back tomorrow morning."

In this way the prefect won his title of Judge However, or Justice Tomorrow. Afterthought, patience, careful weighing of things until the next day and blunt contradiction of himself in midcareer of sentence, made the man famous, honorable, well-nigh beloved. Tomorrow's justice, the afterthought which turned a smiling plaintiff into a defendant with the goose flesh of terror where it belonged, or freed a wretch from torture with encomium, rolled, sounding bravely, over the teak plateau and fell pat, right as inspiration.

"Wonderful! Yet out of court," his acquaintance agreed, "we call him stupid and pompous. The workings of heaven are unknown."

What worked, what made this change behind the good prefect's back, was a faint scratch or tap no louder than the pricking of a hornet on paper, the love song of a beetle by night in rotten wainscot. It was King's forefinger nail rubbing the back of the painted screen.

"Hold on, judge," said King's nail, to the orator alone. "Out of your depth. Come home. I know this case better. You're going wrong."

The prefect did not so much as cock an ear.

"But, however," he would cry to his throng in the somber hall, "court is adjourned till tomorrow!"

Now you may sit darkling behind a picture many years, rule the ruler, judge the judge, redress wrong, with a crook of your knuckle exchange life for death or death for life, confound victorious evil and dispatch it to Execution Yard, where its head will be snicked off, or lift a good man right up from despair to the arms of a wife crying with joy like a sun shower; you may do all that and more, yet never be suspected. Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil. The prefect, a worthy old chap, got all the broad rumor and praise. He shone with the rainbow surface of bubble reputation. As for Mr. King, he got pale cheeks, rheumatism off the wet wall behind him, stiff joints in youth, a limping gait, and from cronies the nickname of Power-in-a-Box.

"It is better thus," he told them. "If known, I could not go about hunting peculiar information, gathering truth from gossip."

At odd hours he limped hither and yon. Everywhere men found him a lazy, vague, harmless wanderer who could listen better than he could talk and had the most engaging sympathy with a neighbor's grief.

"An outlander," people observed. "He belongs to no family here. Some government clerk, born far off with an ink brush in his mouth. A kindly fellow, and lonesome." Meantime he might be sitting late, brooding, extracting from their neighborhood words one tiny point which, tomorrow, being rubbed on the back of the screen at a right moment, would alter the course of their destiny like a match in gunpowder.

"I cannot afford," he said once, "to become too well known."

At the gate of the prefect's courtyard there began to sit, daily, a small hard-bitten rogue with countenance wrinkled like the skin of a baked yam, whose eyes never missed one movement, look or feature in the passing crowd. He kept before him on his table a handful of gear—bamboo slivers upright in a dirty half joint of bamboo, paper, two divining blocks like a wooden banana halved lengthwise, a cake of ink, a brush and a book—the ordinary tools of a fortune teller. He remained on watch, nodding, bowing, dodging, and if he caught half a glance from anyone, calling aloud with greedy politeness, "Good morning, sir. How is your health?"

One day he contrived to hail King so, and delay him in the gate.

"Well enough, thank you," replied King. "And your own?"

"My heart is heavy, heavy," sighed the peddler of fortune; "heavy with your future."

"You take too benevolent a burden on you, sir." The counselor paused for a moment, smiling. "I find the past quite impossible enough to uncoil."

The weather-worn prophet's eyes were gleaming up at him as points of fire gleam reflected in jet.

"Nothing is impossible to be unwound, sir. For example, you live in a mystery; you shall die in one."

King laughed.

"That is true of us all. What then? Do we pay a duck for quacking?"

The eyes did not change at his retort. Steady fire, true or false, they held him.

"No; the voice of Nature in any kind is free. You pay me nothing, never a cash. But hearken. Sir, you were not born in this our City of Rama, but westward. Thirty-five

years ago, far away from here, you saw the light. Ten days before your mother heard your first cry, what happened?"

Mr. King said nothing, but waited.

"Do you know what? I do. Ten days before you came into the world, your father nearly met death on the point of the horn of a unicorn."

It was true. In a western swamp of Yunnan, thirty-five years before, King's father, while journeying, had been charged, knocked from a sedan chair into mud, gored at, missed, but trampled and lamed for life by that monster of fable, the unicorn, rhinoceros, or sword-nosed cow.

"So you were born lucky. No disease will ever breed in you or do you harm which the powder of unicorn's horn may cure. True? Your mother had the girl name Salah. True? You were but a child with the hives when for an exercise upon the Eight-Legged Essay you wrote a perfect work that made old scholars marvel. Did they not call you the Penetrating Babe? You wrote near a sunny bowl where goldfish were swimming till a white cat leaped and broke it, but you never lifted your head at the crash. Am I wrong?"

The counselor stared. No mortal in this province could have drawn such a picture of his boyhood or overheard such family tattle.

"What are you, priest of Tao or fox? You cajole me with a broken end from west-country tales, when your speech is Broad East. It would not fool a child."

The fortune teller wagged his head as though despondingly. He had a foxy visage, too sly, too acute round the nose and mouth; yet otherwise he looked quite humdrum, an everyday figure of the street, respectable in his dull blue cotton gown.

"Sir, you force me to draw proof of my art more deeply," he groaned, "like water from a secret well. Pardon me if the bucket comes up." He stared on the table, and whispered, as if conjuring a vision through the board. "Your wife, who is young, who is plump, who looks down and laughs when she ends a saying in talk, has her eyes rimmed black on white clear as the edge of coin. Yet when coaxing you, they will shine almost orange, like the eyes of a bass newly caught and frightened; so that in play once you called her Sunset Fish by the Willow Pool of ——"

"Enough!" shouted King, with horror. "Impudent unholy one!"

He silenced the magician by a wave of his arm and hurried into the courtyard.

A lazy fat man, who happened at the moment to pass and to see King's back wrathfully switching beyond the gate, saw likewise and remembered afterward how the fortune teller glanced up, smirked and threw a nod across the way.

"Right!" said the nod.

He who returned it and strolled on was an elegant young silken creature, a rich man's pet son, of polished face and raiment, called by local slang Hwa-Hwa, or Fa-Ga Gung Ju, the Flower-Sniffing Waster.

In court that day, men remarked how the prefect made an ass of himself, gaping and boggling and waiting as for help from on high or from roundabout, when there was none. His guardian angel, the Beheader of Nonsense, gave not so much as a tap to their screen.

"That vile wizard at the gate"—King thought of nothing else—"can hear and see through a wall; through my wall, into my house, the very chamber of my wife. A name I never called her but once—once only! He is preposterous! He is damnable!"

The judge floundered and blustered and hacked the day's work somehow to pieces. At last King, slipping away from his reproach, could hurry through the courtyard, back to the table by the gate. There sat the fortune teller, as plausible and cringing as before.

"You, who lay bare the past so well, give me a few trifles of the present."

"Yes, sir; anything. But it must concern you, your own affairs. For example?"

"How many then," said King, "are all my children, and how old?"

The man gave a discreet laugh.

"That is too easy, plain as the Toad in the Moon. You have one child, sir, a baby boy, who has now lived a year, two months, five days, and about—let me see; by the sun on those tiles, over the way—about fourteen hours."

Reckoning in his head, King found the computation right.

"Is my child well or sickly?"

"Quite well, though of a timid nature; very well, round and opulent of stomach, for he weighs nineteen catties and a half. Nineteen and a half *gun*, I mean to say."

Again the answer had come glib and correct.

For his third question King bent low to murmur, "You propounded that I live in a mystery. Of what kind, pray?"

The fortune teller squinted right and left, to see that none of those who passed might be watching. He did not speak out, but grinned, every wrinkle in the sunburned face tightening like the mesh of a net, as he lifted from the table his book, set it on end, open, and scratched its cover with a long blue finger nail.

"However," he whispered, "tomorrow ——"

Mr. King came upright with a bounce, angry and awestruck. Glaring at this human fox whose eyes could pierce darkness too deeply, he began some incoherent threat, but stopped, held his tongue, waited, then tossed a coin toward the mimic, and with an air as if no longer in the vein for foolery, walked limping on.

At home, that night, his wife marked a change in him.

"Is anything wrong? Are you ill?"

"No—yes," he replied. "A thing which rankles in the bosom like an arrow." And with that he told her every syllable. "A portent, an evil. Some hanger-on, some river-mud rascal mouthing such a half-breed hong word as 'catty' when he meant *kin*, and calling it *gun*, at that! His very speech betrayed him for a Broad East man, yet he saw clear into the West, a generation ago. It is not canny. He saw too far; but what is worse, he saw too near, inside our privacy of this room, yours and mine, which nobody on earth has the right to guess at."

A girlish little woman with hair like black glass, cheeks delicately round as eggshell, and wide pointed eyes that when laughing drooped with elfin humor askance, King's wife was prettier than most pictures, and therefore seldom grew animated. But now she turned pale.

"How could the wretch dare? How could he know?" she cried. "This is devil work!"

"Yes," grunted her husband. Then he woke out of his own trouble to pity hers. "What—you are frightened? There, there, my child, it's nothing; a bit of rubbish from the gutter that I ought not bring home. A joke, I dare say."

Her face was cold, her body trembling.

"Did you," she stammered—"did you ask him of the future?"

King wondered; for a chill, a vague sleepwalking terror, crept between them.

"No," said he, "I never thought of it."

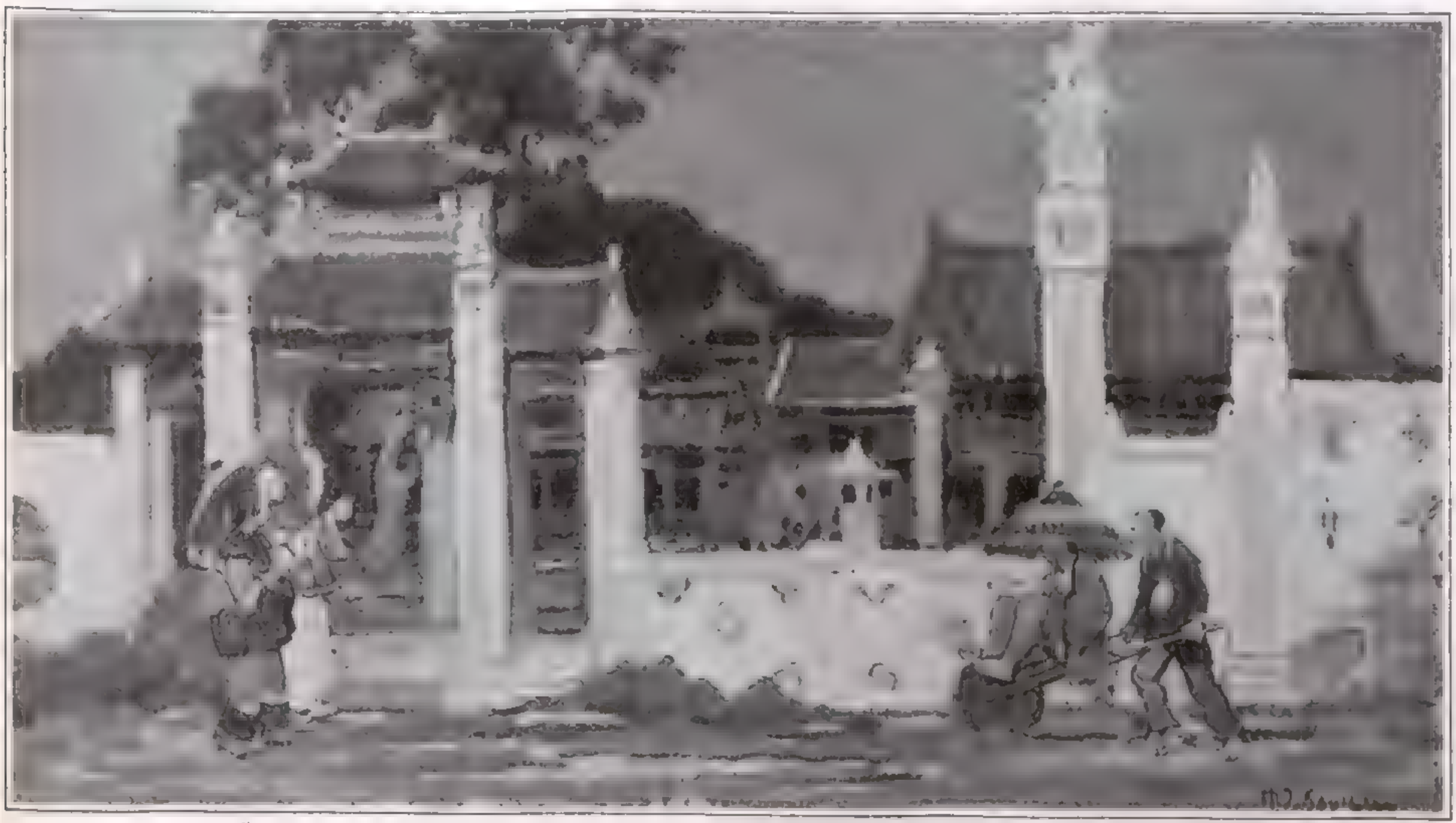
He crossed the room to hang his black silk robe on one of the pegs lining the corner.

From that time forward his little ring of cronies began to perceive alteration in the man; at first he appeared silent, glum, touchy as though offended, putting a sly word here and there like a trap to catch his nearest friend in some disloyalty, some backbiting or broken promise or mysterious bad faith; later, at the point of estrangement, he dropped this vile habit.

"Why do you act so? Why stick an eyebrow at us round the corner of a doubt? Have we sold one of your long hairs to the rope walk, or what?"

His oldest friend, a corpulent creature known as Chubby Little Plum, was also the bluntest. A man without a nickname, says the proverb, will never thrive. Little Plum, with his, rolled through life like a pudding bag, a hogshead, a man-mountain of coarse good luck; his only affliction being, he said, that his skin was made too short, so if he winked an eye his mouth flew open and let noises out. An uproarious talker he was, indeed; a reckless, tongue-protruding laugher; but not everyone guessed how tight that mouth could remain, how still the tongue and how open the eyes drowsing in fatness.

(Continued on Page 104)



"Oh, By the Bye, Right Here in Your Way! At Hand Lives a Good and Wise Woman Who Will Comfort You Like a Mother"

FATHER'S DAY

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

THERE was an air of tragedy about Katherine the Great. Doug Calder was conscious of it from the moment he came into the nursery. Even while he was performing a riotous, post-tub ceremony known as roll mops, which consisted in tumbling the babies on a warm bath sheet spread on Lena's bed and tossing them in the air until they were dry, he could feel its depressive influence.

And yet there was scarcely a sign, just a certain distraught way in which Katherine the Great thrust back her hair, and an indefinable expression. Though himself occasionally subject to what they called the Westford blues, it always annoyed Doug a little when Katherine had them; and this evening, in particular, he felt that they were uncalled for.

"All set for tomorrow?" he rebuked her by implication as he gave Patty her final bounce.

Katherine the Great looked up from the buttons of Katherine the Small's nightgown.

"Oh, I can't go," she said.

She said it with a brave smile, which he had seen her employ before when he knew she was disappointed, and which he, never having been treated to tears, imagined was far more irritating than they would have been.

"Now why the deuce can't you?" he asked. "The children certainly have never been healthier in their lives than they are now."

"Oh, it isn't that; I just can't." And Katherine the Great, hearing Lena on the back stairs with the babies' supper tray, shook her head at her husband to discourage further inquisition.

"Why not?" Doug persisted.

"Reasons," Katherine replied; and then, as Doug asked "What reasons?" and Lena was there, she said significantly, "I've got something in our room to show you."

The babes, being still at an age of credulity, cried "What? What?" jumping up and down; but Doug at last grasped the situation and followed Katherine the Great unquestioningly.

As Lena said, "Good evening, Mr. Calder," he saw from her eyes that she had been crying.

"Lena's mother is worse," Katherine the Great said, when they were closed in out of earshot. "I'm afraid she's really sick, and I can't ask Lena to stay here away from her all tomorrow while I'm off on a pleasure jaunt. I've had the children all day, anyway, and I'm dead, and wouldn't feel like starting off so early."

Once Katherine the Great started giving reasons, she could give dozens of them for anything.

"Oh, the devil!" Doug said. "Why can't Sarah keep an eye on the children for one day?"

"I Spent the Rest of the Afternoon Scouring Patty's Craw, or Maw, or Whatever You Call It"

"And have her walk out the door the minute I suggest it? No, thank you. It doesn't matter, anyway. I don't care."

Doug knew just how true that was. Katherine the Great had been looking forward to Mary Pynchon's luncheon for weeks. The plan had been for her to take an early interurban to Buckington, where Mary's limousine would meet her and take her the sixty additional miles, and, after the party, bring her home.

"I don't know why you women all act as though those children were a pair of roaring lions," Doug remarked, "instead of two little girls who are more fun to be with than any eight adults on earth. Exactly what is there about taking care of them that makes Sarah dread it so?"

"Well, if you want her to go, just ask her."

"Have you let Mary Pynchon know you're not coming?"

"Incredible as it will undoubtedly seem to you, I haven't had time. I was starting to when I heard Katherine screaming because Patty was eating her paints. Katherine's paints, I mean, fortunately, too; because if they'd been Patty's, Katherine wouldn't have screamed; and Patty had chosen the green, which is supposed to be a delicious compound of arsenic. I spent the rest of the afternoon scouring Patty's craw, or maw, or whatever you call it, as far down toward her stomach as a tooth brush would reach."

"But why in the deuce do you give them things like that to play with?"

"My dear Doug, have you observed that it has been raining today? I am only a weak woman, and toward four o'clock in the afternoon of a rainy day, if those children set their hearts on playing house afire with matches and really truly kerosene, I probably should let them."

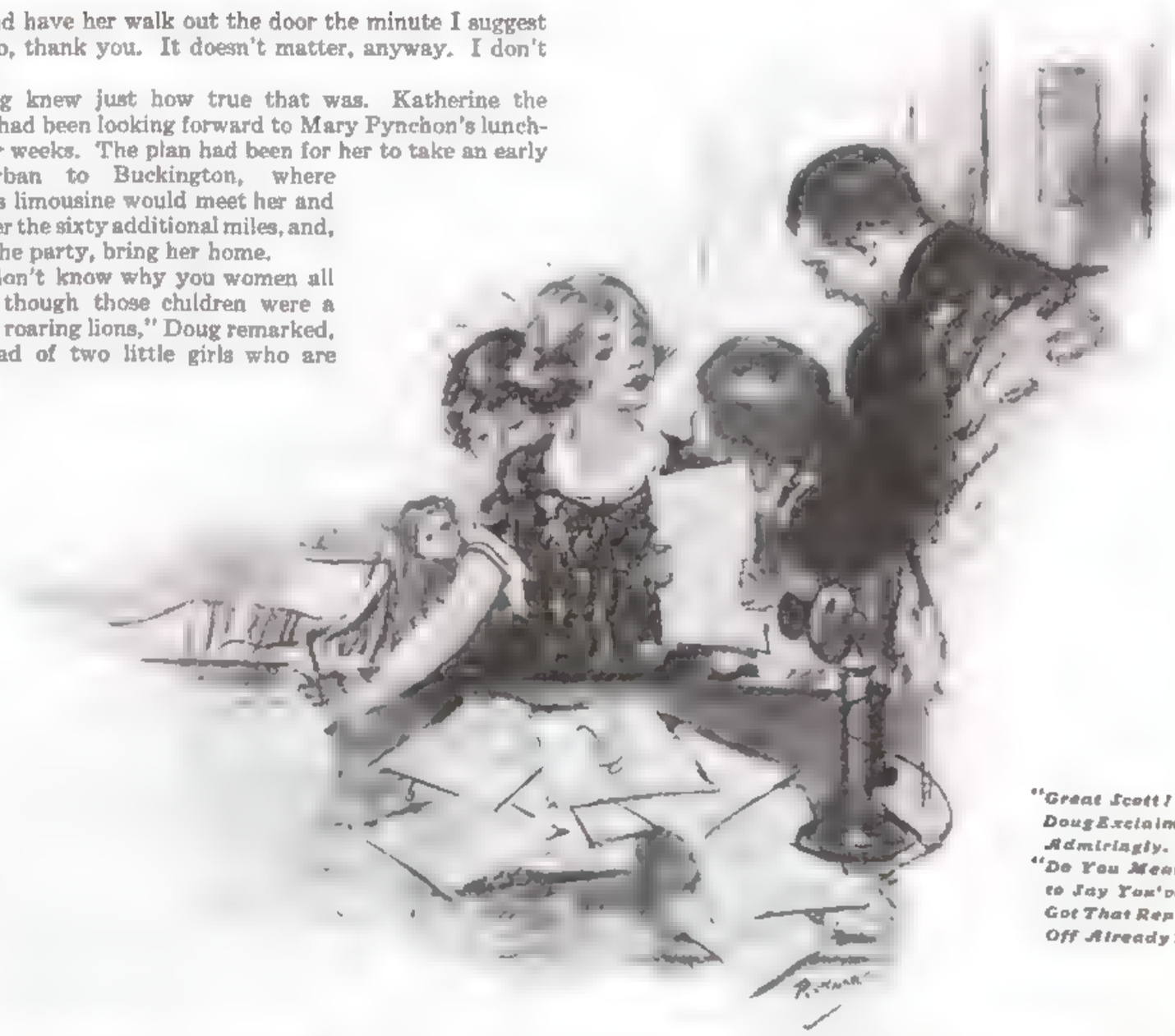
"Look here, Katherine," Doug challenged her, "will you do me a favor, just as a sporting proposition?"

"Ask Sarah to take care of them? I certainly will not."

"No; let me take care of them myself. I suppose Sarah can be bribed into getting their dinner for once, and you'll be back for their baths; but for the rest of the time, I offer to take full charge of them, and I bet I'll do it perfectly adequately at that."

"How about the Pasteboard Pail business?"

"You just leave that to me. I'll take them down to the factory, of course, but it won't do them any harm; and I bet I can manage them and get in a good day's work at the same time. Will you let me try?"



"Great Scott!" Doug Exclaimed Admiringly. "Do You Mean to Say You've Got That Report Off Already?"

Katherine the Great looked at him a long moment.

"Of course, you're wonderful with them," she said.

In her eyes Doug saw what was going to develop into a look of vast amusement. He put a stop to it with an abrupt repetition of his question:

"Well, will you let me try?"

"You're a temptation, Doug," Katherine the Great said enigmatically.

Just then Katherine the Small tapped on the door.

"You didn't finish buttoning my nightgoo, mummy," she explained.

Katherine the Great had been up some time; and through his half doze Doug had heard her move quietly about the room, dressing, when the nursery door opened and there were scampering and laughter in the corridor.

Katherine the Great kissed him and said, "There are our little hounds of spring. I'm afraid you'll have to get up."

The babies did sound like light-moving, gay, barking puppies.

"I didn't mean to sleep late," Doug reproached himself.

"I thought you'd need it," Katherine told him, and she thrust up a blind and let sunlight into the high-ceiled, flowery room.

"I'm all ready and I've got to fly down and gulp my coffee and run. Do I look nice?"

"Great!" Doug answered. "I'll put on a dressing gown."

"Good-by, if I don't see you again."

"Good-by. Don't worry about the youngsters."

"I won't. You're conscientious."

She gave him another kiss, but there was something absolutely diabolical about her smile. Doug was tempted to challenge it, but concluded that the only way to do so successfully would be to prove that he could do just what he had told her he would. In the evening he'd repay that smile in kind.

He went into the bathroom and was fixing his shaving things when he heard a sound from below and listened. It was both children roaring in full voice. Doug rushed downstairs.

They were at the breakfast table, and Katherine the Small's arms were about Katherine the Great's neck, and she was saying in anguished tones, "But I don't want you to go."

Patty sat wailing in her high chair, thick tears streaming down her little emotion-wrinkled face.

"You see?" Katherine the Great greeted him, as though the impossibility of her going was incontestably established.

Doug rose to the occasion.

"Go on," he commanded. "Make it a quick break. This is just nonsense. I'll attend to them."

"But I don't wan't ——" Katherine the Small began again.

"Mummy'll be back before tea," Katherine the Great promised pleadingly, "and bring you both presents ——"

She was going to say more, but Doug gestured her out with an imperious hand. She gave him a look with annoyance and protest and distress all mixed up in it, but she left. The children both continued to roar. Doug poured his coffee, ignoring the hullabaloo, his nerves fresh from nine hours' sleep. Seeing coffee poured always interested them, and their wails sank to mere bubblings.

"Who wants to put in the sugar?"

"I do," Katherine the Small admitted, though very mournfully.

"No, I want to," Patty insisted

"One for each then," Doug said; and Katherine the Small extracted a lump dexterously from the bowl with the tongs, while Patty plunged them about ineffectually, and finally said "I bettah use my fingahs," and put one buttery starfish of a hand in and dropped a captured lump from such a height that the coffee splashed on Doug and almost made him drop the cup, and on Patty herself enough to start her crying again.

"I can mux it." Katherine the Small took advantage of her sister's crisis; and while she poked at the drowned lumps with a slow thoughtful spoon she asked, "Can we have bacon for being good girls?"

"Well, I haven't seen much virtue about you," Doug replied, "but I guess you can have some bacon. Will that cheer you up, bean child?"

Patty was the bean child. The name was derived from *Bienchen*, which Lena called her when she was busy and golden among the flowers in midsummer.

"Yes," the bean child answered; and as though in answer to Doug's first statement, she also remarked, "I am a good girl"

That made Katherine the Small and Doug both laugh, and breakfast went beautifully thereafter; though prolonged, because bacon hadn't been prepared and because, when it was, the children nibbled it slowly between long, gasping draughts from their silver cups. Doug had always considered breakfast with the children as a brief meal, because, ordinarily, he shaved and dressed while they were beginning it and excused himself before they had finished.

"Here, how about getting a little speed into this?" he suggested once, but Katherine the Small merely held up her empty tankard.

"I want more hot milk, please."

The "please," without a suggestion, was so unusual as to amount to a command; and while Doug was marveling at it, Katherine the Small, as though realizing her success, repeated it with improvements.

"Please, daddy dear."

It was half past eight before Doug could swing Patty down and say, "Who wants to help me shave?"

"I do!"

"I do!"

They bounded their assents like little hobbyhorses. Attractive as the prospect was, however, they became absorbed in a game with the stair rail which made their ascent take about seven minutes.

"Come on," Doug stood at the top saying; "come on."

After a time, he went ahead and began lathering, and finally they bounded in on him.

"I want a poudit," Patty demanded.

Doug touched his brush to the end of her fingers and to Katherine the Small's.

They rubbed their pink jowls industriously.

"Look out!" Doug warned them, reciting a bit of American credo. "You'll grow hair on your faces."

Katherine the Small was enchanted with the prospect. "Then Lena will have to shave us every day," she said. "I'm afraid we will wriggle and twist."

"Are you going to take a baf?" the bean child wanted to know.

He'd be so late in getting to the factory now, anyway, that he might as well, Doug thought, so he answered, "Yes, I guess so."

"Can we see you?" Katherine the Small inquired. It was evidently going to be a far more entertaining morning than she had anticipated.

"I don't believe so."

"Why not?"

"People don't like to be watched in their baths."

"You see us."

"I mean grown-up people. You won't like it, either, when you get withered and old."

Doug was surprised to see, in the mirror, that he was quite red behind the lather.

"But you're not old," Katherine the Small said charmingly.

Doug kissed the top of her sleek blond head, leaving a white fleck on it.

"Can't you two find something to do in your mother's room? You're pretty much underfoot in here."

"Can we clean?" Patty's blue great eyes were all excitement.

"Yes, that's fine. Go on in and clean."

"And I will sing to you while I clean," Patty promised.

What a circus those youngsters were, Doug thought, as he soaped himself and listened to Patty's rendition of one of Katherine the Great's darky songs called Suli. Of course, this wasn't getting to the factory bright and early, but that didn't matter once in a way, particularly as Miss Gyngell, his secretary, had a report to check which should be off on the twelve o'clock mail; so he couldn't use her anyway.

Patty stopped. He could picture her scrubbing at something, her pink tongue out a little in indication of complete absorption. As for the women thinking their charge was so difficult if a person hadn't anything else to do, he couldn't imagine a more constantly amusing job.

It wasn't until Doug had on most of his clothes that the silence struck him as slightly ominous. He opened the door and thrust out his head. Both children were on the floor by the desk.

"What are you doing?" Doug sang out.

There was a moment of hesitation before Katherine the Small answered very brightly, "We're cleaning up ink."

"For the love of Mike!"

"Pats tipped it over while she was singing."

Katherine the Small had been dabbing at the pool quite daintily with a piece of blotter. Only her fingers were black, but Patty had flung her whole person into the task and practically every inch of her but her bright hair was smeared tattoo blue.

"I'se cleaning," she luxuriated.

"Sarah!" Doug bawled down the back stairs. Then he turned to the culprit, determined that she should realize the gravity of her offense.

"Now, Patty," he said, "that was bad." It was difficult not to use an adequate adverb. The smile under the cloud

(Continued on Page 113

"It's Not a Thing to Laugh About," Doug Said. "That Was Bad of You"

ONE MAN'S LIFE

By HERBERT QUICK

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

One of the Most Dreadful Experiences of My Life Was This of My Going With Stella and Entering This School

WHEN we lived on what we called the Widow Fuller Place, there were two houses at least within a few miles on our little frontier, which extended eastward from the Iowa River. One was the cabin of the Whalley family, and miles farther out was the farm of Bill Place. I suppose there were others which I do not remember. Seven or eight miles east of the Bill Place farm was the tiny village of Grundy Center, the founders of which had the temerity to locate it out in the middle of Grundy Prairie, as we called this expanse of country, though we were far west of the typical prairies of Wisconsin, which were open spaces in the forest, and each of which had a name, such as Spring Prairie, Rolling Prairie, and the like. There were some houses near Grundy Center on the west, and a sparse plantation of them east of it, which grew more and more noticeable as one approached the Cedar River and which condensed about the villages of Cedar Falls and Waterloo.

The house on the Fuller Place was a frame structure and seemed very large to me. It had two rooms below and two, as I remember it, in the second story. The siding was made of basswood, sawed at a mill on the Iowa River, at a place called Hardin City, I believe—one of the numerous lost metropolises of the real-estate booms of the 50's. This basswood was unpainted, and when we lived there one could almost poke his finger through it. No wood, so far as I know, decays so rapidly. At the head of my bed was a hole burned through this siding where someone had placed a candle on a girt of the frame and set the clapboards on fire. The second story, you note, was not lathed and plastered.

The Sale of Fine Combs Became Brisk in Our Stores

We moved there when I was three and a half years old, and I slept in this basswood-sided unplastered shell of a house at times when the mercury froze in the thermometer—or would have done so if we had had such a thing. In one of these winters the hides of cattle froze and fell off afterward, leaving great sores. When the northwesters blew in January going to bed was a great deed; but it was sometimes ameliorated by a hot board which my mother would lay between the sheets for a while beforehand. Getting up had no mitigation. Sometimes there would be snow on the bed and, worse still, on the floor. Into it I would step gingerly with my bare feet and scamper unclothed and shivering downstairs, where I would find my clothes and shoes where I had left them by the hot stove the night before.

Our greatest hardship as prairie pioneers in Iowa was bad housing for both the people and their livestock. We tried to build the same sort of houses that we had been accustomed to in the timber. When we pushed out on the prairies, log houses and sheds were not to be had. So we tried out the miserable lumber sawed from the basswood and oak of the fringe of a forest along the rivers. We did not yet know how to use the materials found on every new farm. We might have taken the sods made by our breaking plows, laid them up into walls, plastered them with mud outside and in, roofed the low houses with overhanging coverings of boards, and given ourselves houses as warm as any in the world; but we had not learned this. So it happened that, with no coal and only the wood hauled from the timber, the great cold waves and blizzards of every severe winter froze people to death in their beds and destroyed their livestock. I have heard my father relate that after one of these storms he saw hogs frozen to death, standing up in the snow. These were dreadful hardships peculiar to the settlement of the prairies.

The Fair-Haired Marvel of the School

I WAS four years and some months old when I started going to school in the Pine Creek schoolhouse, along the State Road between Waterloo and Steamboat Rock—this State Road being a wagon track across the prairie, without bridges or other improvement. My brother Charles thought I ought at least to know my letters before entering school, and tried to teach them to me; but I remember having a fit of stubbornness and refusing to look at the mysterious things. The teacher was a woman named Maggie Livingstone, who was known as a good teacher, but strict. She it was who whipped Mrs. Wade's little girl, whereof I have spoken.

I became immediately the fair-haired marvel of this little school. And "fair-haired" is correct. My hair was almost white until it grew mouse-colored in my teens. The alphabet lasted me less than a week, and I romped through the "a-b, abs" which followed it. I had the old-fashioned instruction which began with the a, b, c's and proceeded regularly to words of one, two and three syllables, without much reference to what the words meant. For some reason there had been no school in our district that winter, and so we had a six-month term beginning early in the spring and ending in the fall. Before it had closed I had finished the Fourth Reader, and could read anything in print, with due allowances for mispronunciations. I learned by heart the lessons of the classes in advance of me by listening. I knew Casabianca and Meddlesome Mattie and The Death of the Flowers and many of the old classics weeks before I was called upon to study them. I spelled like a younger Memorus Wordwell. The geographies were a delight to me. Now I had something of which to be proud. I had bad legs and feet, and I was always caught first when playing black man; but in this little domain of learning, I was the wonder of the school, and grew to be the possessor of something like celebrity.

I was not often the victim of Miss Livingstone's strictness as a disciplinarian; but I did not always escape, notwithstanding the fact that I was known as an awful good boy.

One day Miss Livingstone's beau came to see her, and she was unavoidably called out into the entry at the front. She appointed a monitor to report to her any disorder while she was settling something with her admirer. I was seated with a boy named Charley Robinson. We were studying our spelling lesson, and Charley began looking around and whispering the words as loudly as he could. I followed suit. When Miss Livingstone returned and called for a report the monitor told her that Charley Robinson and Herbie Quick had been talking out loud. Whips were sent for. I was selected to take the first lashes on my back, covered with a thin cotton shirt only. Now I was the greatest cry-baby in the school, and she must have expected me to burst into tears at the first blow. But no; I sat stolidly and took it—white-faced, I have no doubt. You see, I was incensed at the injustice of the thing. Not merely because I was being whipped but technically I had not talked out loud; I had only whispered my lesson audibly. I was naughty, but not guilty as charged. One switch after another was broken over me, and still I did not cry out or weep. If Charley was to have anything like his share, the teacher had to attend to him or send for more switches; and so she left me still unconquered. Charley broke into loud wails at the first stroke. He yelled and shed copious tears, and when she let up on his back he still made the welkin ring.

"Be still, Charley!" she commanded. "As big a boy as you are, you ought to be ashamed to cry so. I whipped Herbie much harder than I did you, and he isn't crying!"

At this speech of something like commendation I was broken. I did more than burst into tears—I exploded into spasms of weeping and moaning. I could not stop. Miss Livingstone tried to command a cessation, and then to

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Driving Home From Georges

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THIS Maurice Whalen of whom I have written was an old friend of my father and my uncle. I had heard my uncle, after forty years' experience at sea, say that in his opinion Maurice Whalen was the most desperate sail carrier who ever swung off with a trip of fish for the Gloucester or Boston market; which meant that he thought he was the most desperate sail carrier who ever put to sea

"Some day," I thought to myself, "you'll have to make a trip with Maurice."

So one day, hearing that he was in from a haddocking trip, I hunted him up. He was at this time market fishing out of Boston in a fine able vessel, the Arthur Binney, and I found him down on old T-Wharf, and he just ready to put off for Georges Bank. He invited me to go along.

It was a winter day, a cold February day, and a fresh northwesterly wind blowing as we put down Boston Harbor. The Binney was a deep vessel, and as Maurice headed her through Hypocrite Channel, some of the crew were doubtful of her making it at that stage of the tide. I remember Maurice's unhesitating answer to them: "She'll make it!"

She made it—with six inches to spare under her keel. It was a strong northwester, perfect for a run-off. Maurice eased her sheets and away she went, logging her twelve knots all that day and night for the shoals of Georges.

No one expects fine weather on Georges Shoals in winter, and very little fine weather did we get. We ran into a three-day northeaster, with plenty of snow, as soon as we arrived on the bank; then followed a day of moderate ease with a hard northwester—a dry cold northwest wind day and night—for five days after it. Just to listen to the ceaseless howl of it through the rigging was a strain. We got two more days of a northeaster and another two days of a hard westerly. It blew some at other times, of course; but these were the days on which it really blew.

One of the northwesters was very cold, making quickly into ice the spray which continually drenched her. The ice lay a foot thick all over her deck. Maurice meditated on whether to run her off to the Gulf Stream to melt it or have us all turn to pounding it. He turned us to; and that was not the only time we put in pounding the ice off her.

On the rough days Maurice would jog the vessel back and forth, or in a sort of triangle, usually under a jumbo and trysail. When it blew too hard altogether—and it blew eighty miles an hour at times during the hard northwester—he kept her under a two-reefed foresail.

The amazing thing is how he kept run of her during all this jogging. He had no log out and he took no observations while on the Bank; yet after two days, three days or five days of such jogging, he would haul out a chart, lay down a point of his dividers and say:

"We ought to be here. Heave the lead now and see if you don't get such-and-such a depth and such-and-such a bottom"—twenty-six fathoms of water and gray sand, or whatever it might be he said. It would always prove to be as he predicted.

The Binney was no new vessel at this time and Maurice had been driving her pretty hard. Things were coming loose on her. One day when the crew were out in the dories he decided to overhaul her steering gear.

"I've been hearing something rattlin'," he explained, and took the top off the wheel box; and when he looked in: "Didn't I tell you?" he announced, as though pleased; and getting a screw driver and wrench, began to take out screws and nuts and bolts. He took the whole thing apart.

Georges Shoals, in the opinion of our bank fishermen, is the roughest spot of fishing water in all the world; yet there we were, a winter day on Georges, a cloud-cast day with a hint of snow, the dories away from the vessel—miles away, some of them—yet here was this man dismantling his steering gear. I took a fresh peek at the sky.

"Suppose it comes on to blow or snow," I said, "before you have all that gear put together again?"

"It won't," he said calmly, from out of his nuts and bolts and other gadgets.

It did not; but late that night it came a howler.

We got in three days' good fishing in two weeks; one day eighty-five thousand pounds, a record-breaking haul. On the afternoon of the fourth good day Maurice said he'd swing her off for home as soon as the dories came aboard. The wind had been in the north, a head wind for clearing the shoals; but it was now promising to back into the south. Also he saw signs that Jem Carney, in the Juniata of the iron keel, was making ready to put for home; and Maurice had long been wanting to try the Binney out with Carney's vessel.

A snowstorm set in before the dorymen had time to haul their trawls. It was a great thing to see how he kept track of his eleven dories in the thickening snow, they scattered over every sector of the ocean. The strong tides had carried some of them miles from the vessel. He got them all safe alongside and they all pitched their fish aboard—all but one. Maurice stood down to the Arthur Storey, a hand-liner anchored near by, and hailed them to keep their foghorn going for the missing dory. The snow was then pretty thick.

It was eight o'clock that night when we picked up the missing dory. She loomed suddenly up from almost under our bow when the snowfall ended, the two men in her cheerful as could be, fish and gear nicely stowed, waiting to be picked up. After such an experience you may be thinking that they were hailed with cheers—oh, yes! Maurice gave them a fine bawling out. Hadn't he instructed them to set their trawls in such-and-such a direction across the tide, and why hadn't they followed his instructions? Their excuse was that they had thought to save time setting as they did set, and who could have guessed there would be a fall o' snow?

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It Was a Great Thing to See How He Kept Track of His Eleven Dories in the Thickening Snow, They Scattered Over Every Sector of the Ocean

ME AN' HERCULES

By Sidney F. Lazarus

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY B. DAVIS

I SEE in the papers where a college professor in Athens has dug up ruins an' statues thousands of years old," remarked Dorothy Arden to her friend Madeline Vancastle

"Let him dig," answered Madeline. "None of my ancestors never left me any buried castles, so what the prof unearths won't add no four per cents to my savings account."

"You nearly oxidized yourself with Egyptian bracelets an' earrings that time they fell into King Tut's tomb, so I thought maybe you'd like to get in on this Greek craze before the Palm Beach crowd made it too common."

"I ain't strong for nothing that's Greek," snapped Madeline, "specially statues an' help-yourself restaurants."

"Why has you declared war on 'em? Was your cantaloupe warm once or your Java too cold?"

"I found a ant in my baked apple—a dead ant."

"I know just how you feel, dearie," said Dorothy. "But Greeks is hard-working people an' maybe the ant is their trade-mark or something."

"Trade-marks, Dot, should ought to be printed on the tissue paper what fruit comes wrapped in, or stamped on the peeling – it ain't necessary to cook it in. Besides, that ant isn't the only grudge I got against the Greeks. Have you ever heard of a guy named Hercules?"

"Sure! He made rope or cheese. Which was it?"

"Dearie, when you don't know a thing, why don't you say so? You should ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why I betcha I could ast any twelve-year-old school girl who Hercules was an' she'd be able to tell me offhand, without even looking in a book or nothing. Rope or cheese! Where do you think Herk lived—on Bleecker Street?"

"Don't try to throw no bluffs with me, dearie, just 'cause you has made the first payment on a unrefined set of French histories. I betcha you didn't know who Herk was yourself at dinnertime last night. Whatcha do, read something about him in bed, to quiet your nerves, so you could go to sleep?"

"It wouldn't do you no good to read in bed," retorted Madeline. "You can't retain no literary nourishment sitting up, much less lying down. An' another bad fault of yours is you won't let nobody learn you nothing when they tries to."

"Well," said Dorothy, "I may not know nothing about your friend Hercules or the rest of them foreign kings, but I'm drawing down eight hundred berries in vaudeville every week, while a lotta school-teachers, what belongs to the same debating society Herk does, has to have a political pull to get a hundred a month."

"Dearie, why do you drag your ignorance out into the spotlight, instead a dimming down on it? Hercules wasn't no king, he was a Greek god."

"How do you know?" asked Dorothy. "You ain't been inside a church in ten years."

"I read about him in a dentist office once when I was waiting to have my teeth fixed."

"Oh, I see," said Dorothy; "this Hercules feller was a tooth driller; but he lost all his patients 'cause the fillings he put in fell out, so he wrote a book on how to succeed in the mining business an' sold it to the other dentists."

"Hercules wasn't no dentist, an' he didn't write no books."

"Well, what was he doing in that dentist's office with you then?"

"Instead of the Trapeze Going Out Straight, It Left His Hand, Jerking Sideways"

"He wasn't in the office. I read about him while I was there."

"Now I get you," said Dorothy. "This Hercules feller was the four outta every five what neglecta their chewing machines an' the doctor was using his picture for a horrible example."

"If I was as dumb as you," exclaimed Madeline, "I'd sue my own mother an' father for damages. Hercules wasn't no horrible example. He was the strongest an' best-built man in Greece."

"All except his teeth?" asked Dorothy.

"If you'd close up your teeth an' open up your ears," snapped Madeline, "maybe you'd understand something besides a song lyric. Hercules lived in ancient times, further back than East Lynne or The Old Homestead an' them kinda shows. In his days they had horses with men's faces, an' birds what knocked down houses by simply flapping their wings, an' snakes with nine heads."

"What a pleasant thing delirium tremens musta been then," remarked Dorothy.

"They didn't have no D.T.'s," said Madeline, "The gods lived on ambrosia an' light wines."

"Wines couldn't be no lighter than one-half of one per cent," said Dorothy, "an' you can't see no ten-headed dragons on that. It's a shame what we have to put in our stomachs nowadays. Yesterday I paid fifty cents for a bottle of what was supposed to be real beer, an' it was so weak it couldn't get up a foam without me helping it by shaking the bottle."

"I don't intend to get into no prohibition arguments with you," sneered Madeline. "Since they padlocked your favorite jazz parlor just 'cause somebody accidentally give a spotter a little Scotch in a demi-tasse cup, you ain't done nothing but call Mr. Volstead worse names than the French call Von Hinderberg."

"Well, where can a hard-working girl like me go for a little harmless amusement from midnight till daylight? I can't get no kick outta flannel cakes an' sweet milk."

"Don't you know," asked Madeline, "that it's considered impolite to interrupt anybody when they're speaking?"

"I was just thinking the same thing myself," said Dorothy. "What was it I was telling you when you butted in?"

"I have the floor, dearie, an' I'm gonna keep it. . . . Well, when Hercules was born he was the most wonderful baby in the world."

"All of 'em is, if you listen to their parents," said Dot.

"Hercules didn't need no proud father to press-agent him. What do you think he done when he was eight months old?"

"Recited Gunga Din without making no mistakes?" ventured Dot.

"He did something more wonderful than that even. One of his uncles was jealous of him 'cause he was smarter than his own kids, so he sicked two great big serpents on that little eight-month-old child, both at the same time. Well, Herk just grabbed them snakes, one in each chubby fist, an' squeezed 'em to death. That's how well developed he was."

"I wish I knew what kind of soothing sirup they give him," said Dot. "I'd like to buy a case of it."

"Oh, he didn't need no tonics or nothing like that to make him strong; he was born that way. Well, as Herk's parents was very rich, they hired private professors to learn him reading an' 'rithmatic an' grammer an' everything. One night when Herk wasn't more than fifteen months old he woke up 'cause a opened safety pin was puncturing one of his rear tires. Naturally he let out a few yells, an' while his ma an' pa was arguing as to which had done the most work that day, an' should ought to be allowed to get some rest, Herk woke up everybody in the twelve-story apartment house, including the janitor. The next day his parents heard so many comments about his vocal cords they went right out an' hired a voice teacher for him. The feller they engaged to teach him his sharps an' flats was named Linus. This bird had a lotta medals for making grand-opera singers outta home talent, but what he didn't know about roughnecks would fill the Fifth Avenue library, even after they get the annex up. Well, one day while Herk was running up an' down the scales, Linus told him that he was gonna make a great tenor singer outta him some day. Herk expressed his opinion of tenors by picking up a two-ton golden harp an' bringing it down on Linus' head so hard they had to bury him the next day."

"I don't blame him," said Dot. "He give him his just deserts."

"Well, after that, Herk's pa couldn't find no music teachers what was willing to coax sweet notes outta his voice, even for money. Every time Herk walked into one of them ten-by-twelve studios an' playfully picked up the grand piano with one hand to see if he could guess within five hundred pounds of how much it weighed, the teacher what run the noise factory would take sick with a nervous breakdown or something an' have to go to Atlantic City for a year's complete rest."

"Why didn't they make a prize fighter outta him?" asked Dot.

"Didn't I tell you Herk's folks was highbrows?" answered Madeline. "They would 'a' rather seen him dead or selling life insurance than that."

"I don't see why," commented Dorothy. "If anybody's more of a gentleman of leisure than Jack Dempsey, I don't know who it is."

"In them days, Dot, prize fighting hadn't been elevated like it is now. It was so rough some of the fighters actually got hurt. In Herk's time, when two fellers went into the ring together, one of 'em come out with pallbearers on each side of the stretcher. An' the winner didn't get no million iron men neither. His reward for a bloody afternoon's work was some lady's kid glove an' the other feller's sword, which he could hang over the mantelpiece in his living room."

"Ain't you mistaken?" asked Dorothy. "I thought that was where loving cups started."

"Loving cups wasn't appropriate for them kind of scraps," said Madeline. "They should ought to have given silver-handle coffins so a feller could use it the day after he lost the championship. Well, anyway, Herk's father couldn't find no more sparring pardners for him, so he sent him out to a farm where he could play around with wild bulls an' wolves an' other gentle animals like that till he grew up enough to take care of himself."

"If they had a-sent him to college," said Dorothy, "I betcha the football coach would 'a' been awfully glad to see him."

"That's what they did, Dot; an' after he graduated, I met him."

"Now looka here," said Dorothy, "just 'cause I pretends to believe what you tell me about wowing 'em in Poughkeepsie ain't no reason for you to expect me to swaller no tales regarding you an' a Greek strong man ten thousand years old."

"I guess I did kinda mix it up a little," explained Madeline. "What I meant to say was I met this Hercules feller's namesake. He was doing weight lifting an' trapeze work."

"Madeline Vancastle, I'm surprised at you. Sweet on a acrobat! I wouldn't 'a' believed it of you if you hadn't told me yourself."

"You're doing Hercules Jimmy Barrett a injustice, dearie. He wasn't no opening-the-show acrobat. Jimmy was a headliner an' the best-looking feller what ever displayed his build with a tiger-rug tunic. He had big brown eyes an' curly hair, an' skin so soft you almost had to handcuff the women to keep 'em from pinching him."

"I can imagine," said Dorothy, "that poor helpless boy surrounded by a lotta shy bashful janes like you backstage. He wasn't conceited none to speak of, was he?"

"No, sir. Jimmy wasn't a regular vaudevillian, dearie. You see, his father had died during Jimmy's sopmore year—I think that's what you call it—an' left all the money to his mother in trust or something. She waited just long enough to find out she didn't look good in black an' then married again. When Jimmy graduated from college, where they don't teach nothing practical what you can make a living with, his new father wanted him to come into the office an' answer buzzers an' run errands till he learned how many postponements you was entitled to before you had to try a lawsuit. Jimmy couldn't see himself stealing postage stamps for pocket money an' hiding his identity like that, especially after all the sis-boom-rahs his frat brothers had yelled at him every time he made a touchdown. He put a coat of black paint on his dumbbells, cleaned up his Indian clubs, bought himself a nickel-plated trapeze an' busted into vaudeville without even letting his family know he was gonna disgrace 'em."

"He mustta had a pull in the booking office or something," said Dorothy, "or them birds wouldn't 'a' bought the turn. Was he a cousin of a stockholder, or did he promise to introduce somebody into society?"

"Jimmy didn't need no pull. He framed himself a act that got a hand after each trick an' five bows at the finish. Even if his stuff hadn't been good, Jimmy would of clicked anyway. He was so good to look at, the women out front kept calling him back to ease their consciences for having got tired of their own husbands."

"Knowing you as I do," said Dot, "this Jimmy mustta been a bearcat. Somebody's got to go awful good before you admit that they has a spark of what little magnetism was left over after you was created."

"It was love at first sight," said Madeline. "Me an' Hercules Jimmy Barrett was on the same bill together every day for over four months, as we played the Marty Fleck circuit to the coast an' back. As for that magnetism remark of yours, you better think up boosts for yourself instead of me, as my press agent takes care of mine."

"Yes?" said Dorothy. "Well, whoever press-agented you into this business certainly ruined a good baking-powder introducer an' saleslady."

"Is that so?" sneered Madeline. "Well, then why does the office pay me twelve hundred berries a week?"

"Because trained monkeys dies so fast in captivity. Go on with your story. Greek gods is a new one on me; I didn't know you had rose above hoofers."

"The first day me an Jimmy was on the bill together I was doing a single with a piano player to give the act class. I went on fourth an' had to wake the audience up The acts which had played ahead of me mustta been put there to kill time till my entry, 'cause they didn't get even a ripple or nothing. My first number made 'em remember they had hands to applaud with, an' my second got more laughs than there is in a whole musical-comedy book. Then I exited to change costumes, my piano player filling in with something that slowed up the act simply awful, but give the audience a chance to let their hands cool off. When I came back dressed in one of them nifty shorts of mine, I could hear all the men draw in their breath as soon as they saw me. My third number got enough to satisfy the grouchiest house manager alive; an', dearie, when I sung the last note of my closing song an' held out my hands to bow, those pay customers applauded an' stomped so hard I begin to wonder if the joists in the theater was good so there wouldn't be no cave-in or nothing."

"An' the house not half filled neither, I guess," said Dorothy, "or you would of stopped the show cold."

"I did stop it," said Madeline.

"You always do," said Dot. "You've stopped more shows here in the Vaudeville Club lounge than anybody I know of. Tell me how many bows you took; it won't make me jealous, you an' me being such good friends."

"I took six an' then had to sing an encore. After that I went back to my dressing room while they was still clapping, 'cause I didn't want to delay the running time of the bill or nothing. One of the stage hands told me it was a tough town too."

"Yes," said Dorothy, "that's the way them birds get most of their tips, telling acts how chilly the audience is an' how good you went. I've fell for it lots of times myself."

"I can't be soft-soaped, dearie," said Madeline. "I know when I don't go good, 'cause the house is full of ignorant people what can't appreciate a high-class act when they see one. Well, as I said before, I went into my dressing room an' took off my make-up an' put on my street clothes. It mustta took me about twenty minutes, I guess, before I opened my door to let in a little air. I hadn't hardly turned the key in the lock when I heard that audience still applauding like they was crazy. I was so mad I could of killed somebody. I rushed right out to ast the stage manager why he hadn't called me back, an' then I decided I'd better go out an' tell the customers I couldn't do no more, 'cause my piano player had left."

"You was using your head, dearie," said Dot. "Always think of your audience first."

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Sometimes They'd Sit Backstage an' Discuss the Styles of Different Book Authors, Instead of Figuring How to Get More Laughs in Their Acts

SPANISH ACRES

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

VI

HOLLISTER, riding at a shuffling trot and leading two pack horses rapidly overhauled the plodding figure that moved along in the wake of two burros.

"Howdy, ol'-timer," he greeted, pulling alongside.

"Nice day, Stan," the old desert rat returned. He eyed the two pack horses. "Going into Rolavi Wells for supplies, I take it. Whyn't you send Alden or Farrel?"

"No reason in particular," Hollister said. "Only I thought I'd come myself."

"After this, I wouldn't," Whetzel counseled. "If I was in yore shoes, I'd be a mite apprehensive about sauntering into Rolavi Wells any oftener than was downright necessary."

"And for why?" Hollister inquired.

"I reckon you know; but that you'd like to hear why I think the same way as you do about it," Whetzel chuckled. "First off, the air in congested centers like Rolavi ain't noways so healthy as the nice fresh atmosphere out in the desert, where a man can breathe easier and see farther."

"There's something in that," Hollister conceded. "But the hills are clear full of Tasaos, and I do hear tell that they're real unfriendly to anyone who happens to be owning Spanish Acres."

"The hills are full of 'em for a fact," said Whetzel. "A man can't move without running across one—specially near where you're camped. If I was you I'd stay right out there amongst the ravens and the owls, son, where no man can come up on you."

"Sutanak and a parcel of twenty-odd Tasaos are in Rolavi Wells to do some trading," Hollister explained, "and I wanted special to see Sutanak."

Sutanak was head priest and high chief of the tribe of Tasao.

"You Know Now What My Plan Was," Hollister Greeted; "the One I Was Going to Outline to You. Do You Indorse It?"

"Then you turn back and I'll toddle along and tell Sutanak to meet you wherever you say out in Spanish Acres on his homeward way," the old prospector offered. "Sutanak is by all odds the shrewdest redskin of my widespread acquaintance, which extends from the Crees to the Yaquis north and south and upward of sixty years east and west. Better let me pack your message to Sutanak and you keep out of Rolavi Wells."

"This once I'll wander on in," Hollister said, "and if things are unpleasant I won't go back any more."

"I take it that even Farrel and Alden don't know that you sent me in here," Whetzel conjectured.

"No livin' soul," Hollister declared. "It's better to leave it that way."

"Um," Whetzel assented. "And now, since you've set a price they wouldn't consider, you're a logical candidate to get bushwhacked any minute."

Hollister nodded.

"There's good reasons why these parties should go at it just as they have. Down in this country there's never been any reason to kill folks in private, but these killings have been planned that way with a definite purpose. Eventually, whenever a range dispute runs out of bounds and results in a war of considerable dimensions, the Government steps in and takes up with one side or the other. They don't want that here; not yet. But if every succeeding owner of Spanish Acres meets an unhappy end, there comes a time when no man will pay a fair price for it with that string of mishaps behind, that Tasao death spell hanging over it at present, and facing the certainty of a feud with Langford in the immediate future. It would be a case of acquiring all the grief in the whole Southwest whenever you acquired Spanish Acres. Meanwhile they get free use of the range on a stretch forty miles by sixty, and there comes a time when some owner or his estate will have to sell cheap. In case of any investigation meanwhile, these stray killings would be checked up to the Tasaos, or to some range feud or other, and their hand has never showed. But the minute they get their hands on Spanish Acres, they'll make war, swift and sudden, on all the other outfits, kill off the owners and stir up such a ruckus that the Government steps in. It finds the law already in the saddle, a local sheriff and deputies, recently appointed from their own ranks, in full control of the situation and announcing that the fracas had been a cleaning-up process aimed at lawless outfits."

"Um," Whetzel assented again. "That has been done before. Brent worked it in the Rositalla country and made good. Slade almost put it over up Wyoming way; Balmore in Tanislaw Basin. Well, we'll see. But, son, you keep onder cover. I'm convinced Rolavi Wells ain't a fit place for you to be loitering round in. I'd keep one eye on the horizon and the other cast along my back track to make sure that coincidence don't come romping up on you unawares."

"Being so close, I'll dangle on in this once, and thenceforth remove Rolavi from my visiting list," Hollister promised.

"Then I won't hold you back just for company," said Whetzel. "My caravan travels on a somewhat tardier schedule than yourn. I'll be into Rolavi sometime between now and sunup tomorrow, accordin' to the vagaries of life and the temperament of two contrary-minded jackasses."

Hollister found the Tasaos camped on the flat back of the stage company's corrals. He held a consultation with Sutanak an hour after nightfall and repaired to Coulard's. The crowd had not yet forgathered. The gamekeepers were practicing idly. Coulard presided behind the bar serving three patrons. Slaven occupied his usual post against the wall. Garcon, the Indian agent, and Judge Sloane sat at a table, a bottle between them, both amiably intoxicated. The judge waxed ever more profound and Garcon's habitual air of pop-eyed astonishment seemed accentuated by every drink.

Coulard passed a towel along an already spotless bar and slid a bottle toward Hollister.

"I hear that you're owning Spanish Acres," he greeted.

"Anyway, I'm occupying it for a time," Hollister said.

"You know its history, I reckon."

"Yes; from the time of the Castinados on down. A bit stormy," Hollister returned.

Coulard moved his towel, polishing the bar, as if this activity was an aid to meditation.

"Stormy," he agreed. "Why don't you sell it?"

"Why?" Hollister asked. "I've just bought it."

"I'll tell you why. Every owner of Spanish Acres gets into a feud with Langford before he's half started up—before he's got a big outfit operating there. This wrangling is bad for my business. A big outfit operating Spanish Acres would put out a sizable pay roll."

"Which pay roll," said Hollister, "would revert to you?"

"Just that," Coulard frankly admitted.

"I see; but just what change would it bring about for me to sell? Whoever purchased it would be in the same shape I am now as regarding a feud with Langford."

"Sell it to Langford," Coulard said. "This deal will never be ironed out until Langford is owning Spanish Acres. On my own account, I'd like to see him get it, or see someone buy him out—someone who'd be satisfied with the Bar Z Bell and would leave off fighting whoever was running an outfit on Spanish Acres. It would be worth something to me. You set your price, and if it's within reason, I'll lend Langford the money to buy it. I've made money here. I'll make more when another big pay roll is turned loose in the Sink."

"Langford wouldn't meet my price," Hollister prophesied.

"What is your price?"

"A dollar an acre," Hollister announced.

Coulard whistled softly.

"No, it's safe to say that he wouldn't—him nor no other man. But he'll pay round a hundred and fifty dollars a section. I could stake him to about that figure, but no more."

"Any figure less'n what I stated wouldn't cause me to stop and consider it," Hollister declared. "I'll run it myself."

"What sort of a layout do you figure to start up with?" Coulard asked.

"I haven't just quite decided," Hollister admitted.

Langford entered later and took up his post at the wheel. A bunch of miners came down the trail from the mine. Hollister lingered till the crowd began to thin. Langford, quite drunk, had gone to bed in one of the long string of dobe structures that constituted the lodging facilities of Rolavi Wells. Slaven had gone into Coulard's inclosed office at the rear of the room and was conferring with the proprietor behind closed doors. Eventually Hollister left the room. The night was black and he stopped for a moment to allow his pupils to become readjusted to the change. The lights and the murmur of voices proclaimed the fact that the two Mexican fandango houses across the square were still doing business. A guitar twanged softly from out in the open square and several voices were lifted in the high falsetto of Mexican vocal effort. There was a sudden clamor of canine voices from the vicinity of the Indian camp. Hollister entered the room, midway of the chain, that had been allotted to him for the night.

He crossed to the back window and peered out. The dim outlines of sheds and corrals were vaguely discernible.

"In the interests of discretion, I'll just turn in without lighting the lamp," he decided. "It would be downright foolhardy to lay myself wide open to coincidence."

He turned toward the front of the room and scratched a match, shielding it with cupped hands to light a cigarette. There was a sudden shattering report, a red spurt of flame leaping toward him. He dropped flat to the floor, extinguishing the match with a single exhalation; but even as he dropped, he knew there would be no second shot.

The red splash had leaped at him from in front, yet the roar of the shot had come from behind. He divined exactly what had occurred. Against the front wall of the tiny room stood a rickety washstand surmounted by a grimy mirror. Standing as he was, at one side of the window with his back to it as he lighted his cigarette, the light from his cupped hands had been just dim enough and the mirror sufficiently dirty to make it appear to the man outside the rear window that Hollister was facing him and he had fired at the reflection in the mirror.

During the split second in which this solution was flashing through his mind, he had swerved to the window and, gun in hand, was crouching there. A dark shape, bulky in the gloom, yet moving with surprising agility, disappeared toward the rear of the Nugget. There was a single dim ray of light, then darkness again.

Hollister moved swiftly through the front door and headed for the Nugget. Sounds had suddenly ceased and all was dead quiet save for an added outburst from the clamoring dogs at the Indian camp.

"What's up?" a voice hailed from the open front door of the Nugget.

"Shot out behind somewhere," Hollister answered laconically.

Slaven and Coulard emerged from the latter's closed office in the rear end of the room.

"Wasn't that a shot?" Slaven asked. "Who fired it?"

"It came from out back somewhere," Hollister said.

Slaven saw him for the first time, and for a fraction of a second his sleepy eyes flipped open.

"We'll have a look," he announced. "You come with me, Hollister, and you Sloane. Rest of you stay here so's not to litter things up."

He detached one of the wall lights and led the way through the rear door. The space immediately behind the Nugget was floored with flat stones upon which a track would not show, but the area in the rear of the string of adobe rooms was carpeted with an inch of white dust that revealed every print as clearly as if made in new snow. This stretch was littered with both boot prints and moccasin tracks.

Slaven grunted.

"Looks like every man in Rolavi, and every one o' them miscreants from over at the Tasao camp, had been shuffling round back here."

He moved along the rear of the string of buildings, holding the smoky lantern aloft.

"Here," said Hollister, pointing. A window glass revealed a round hole with fine lines radiating from it. "Wherever it came from, it ended up here."

"Huh!" Slaven grunted. "We'll step in and see if the occupant stopped it."

"Why, this is my room!" Hollister exclaimed. "These here are my personal effects scattered round. I heard that shot just as I was leaving to go back to the Nugget, but I didn't have no notion that it come flitting in here."

"Then there's no need to look for a corpse," Slaven said, regarding Hollister. "Who do you think would be making a try for you?"

"Nary a surmise," Hollister declared.

"Them moccasin tracks with you owning Spanish Acres," Slaven said meditatively. "I wonder now. It might have been one of them."

"So it might," Judge Sloane agreed impressively. "That's the logical conclusion."

"Yes, it might be that," Hollister agreed.

"The dogs started raising hell over at the Injun camp about then," Slaven said.

"Yes, I recall the fact perfectly," Judge Sloane testified. "I made a mental note of the commotion. Then came the shot."

"Now let's see," Slaven pondered aloud as they returned toward the rear of the Nugget. "Where's Langford? You and him has had words."

"Nothing to speak of," Hollister dissented. "Noways serious enough to call for that. And besides, Langford, I reckon, wouldn't be up to that sort of thing. He'd come a-boiling and shoot it out with a man from in front."

Slaven nodded.

"That would be Langford's method. But ravin' drunk, like he was tonight—no telling how a man will perform with his innards stoked with two quarts of licker. Anyway, it won't hurt to step into his room."

Sloane remained outside the door and the two others entered.

Langford, half dressed, was sprawled on the bed. His boots, chaps and gun belt reposed on the floor. Slaven shook the man and he muttered thickly, as if in a drunken stupor, then sat up on the edge of the bed and peered about him blankly, apparently unaware of the intruders.

Slaven stooped and extracted Langford's gun from its holster.

"I'll have a look at it," he said. He placed the lantern on a chair and examined the weapon. "There's one empty shell in it," he said; then to Langford, "I wonder if you're quite as inundated as you make out to be."

Langford mumbled a few unintelligible words and swayed unsteadily. Slaven turned back to Hollister

"You act mighty unconcerned about it all," he remarked. "I wonder now. You wouldn't put over that shot yourself, just to frame somebody else?"

Hollister laughed easily

"I hadn't thought of it," he confessed. "I suppose now you'll want to inspect my gun, just to make sure"

"It won't hurt to take a look at it," Slaven said.

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They Resolved Themselves Into a Group of Squaws, Some of Them Leading Horses That Were Burdened With Packs

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1925

Modern Poverty

ONCE the poor of England rose against the Corn Laws. There are those yet living who remember it. The iniquity of the Corn Laws was that they laid a tax upon the import of grain, thereby, it was supposed, causing the landowners to become richer, the poor to be more wretched, and the loaf to be dear. Who then could have imagined that in the year 1925 a tax on the import of silk would be denounced in the name of the poor? What grievance could the poor ever have in the price of silk? But this has happened, almost unawares, and nobody is in the least astonished.

In the House of Commons a few weeks ago the Labor members were attacking the Conservative government's budget on the ground that it favored the rich and wronged the poor. It was reported in the news of this debate that Philip Snowden, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Labor government preceding, "particularly criticized the duty on imported silk, which, he said, again showed Mr. Churchill [Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Conservative government] as a friend of the rich at the expense of the poor. It was not a luxury tax, he declared; it was a tax upon a necessity so long as women must wear stockings and blouses."

Silk not a luxury. The poor require it.

It was artificial silk they were talking about. That makes it all the more interesting. How came there to be such a thing in the world as artificial silk? Nature does not provide it. Labor now produces it; labor did not create it. Imagination did that; and the motive was one that radical labor would destroy if it could—the profit motive. Observe how it works.

Lying at the base of plant fiber, such as wood pulp, is an obstinate matter that chemists for many years disgustedly called a mess. They had never been able to do anything with it; so far as anyone knew it was utterly perverse and worthless. But they never stopped trying to do something with it. Industry in its research laboratories kept them at work tilting the stuff about in test tubes, observing its reactions to different chemicals under all imaginable conditions, always with a hope that a way might be accidentally discovered to utilize it profitably. At last they found it could be converted into a gluey, viscous mass. Then someone invented a mechanical silk worm to ingest the material and ejaculate it at high pressure through needle holes in the form of silken threads. Someone else invented a method of treating and weaving the threads. The result is an original textile, exquisite to the sense of touch, beautiful to the eye, durable, even warm, such as only the very rich and prodigal could have thought of wearing a few years ago. That is how artificial silk was created. Now begins the second part. How does it happen that a textile of this quality is one that everybody can afford to wear—one that British labor leaders speak of as commonly necessary to human comfort and happiness?

Well, that was what it was meant to be. There was no point to it otherwise. Industry's great concern is to make luxuries necessary. This it does by making them less and less expensive and pressing them downward through the social pyramid. Thus mass production; thus also that extraordinary and increasing availability of material things which everyone nowadays takes for granted as if it were from a law of Nature. Industry is no more altruistic in this aspect than in any other. It knows neither rich nor poor. It sees only that the lower you go in the pyramid the more customers you find. That way lies its profit.

What we forget is that this is all new. The power of machine craft and science to cheapen production is but beginning to be realized; it is only now that the exploitation of this power has ceased to be a monopoly of three or four countries in the world. Never before this generation was there really an abundance of material things. Never were things of all kinds so easy to obtain by individual effort, so widely dispersed in use and possession. Yet the tongues of envy are as angry as ever, with a power of destruction that is new. Discontent had always the power of uprising. It has now a political power, often the balance thereof, and it is served by a type of mentality which while denouncing the profit motive and all that system of private incentive under which an abundance of things has come to pass, at the same time sets up the idea that as people have come to have equal political rights, so they have come to have an equal right in things, up to some arbitrary measure, simply because they exist.

If you say the poor have a right to be rich it makes nonsense. But if you say the poor have a right to wear silk, that is different—politically different. How different it is you may realize by thinking to state the opposite. Where is there a politician who would dare to say the poor have not a right to wear silk? It would have no rational meaning if he said it. The word is wrong. There is no question of right. Yet to say it would be political suicide.

Although wealth in material things is more widely diffused than was ever before conceivable, inequalities persist. Silk is no longer a luxury, and still there is poverty. Some have more things than others. So it is proposed that things shall be still further diffused among the others, to the base of the pyramid, by law. Division now becomes a function of government; it tends to become, in fact, the chief anxiety of government because the whole world is touched by a political doctrine in which the oldest economic delusion afflicting mankind wears the guise of a modern attitude. The delusion is that poverty can be abolished by division. That is not so. Poverty cannot be abolished at all, for the reason that it is not an actuality. It is a relative condition, a contrast, a disparity to the eye. When everybody was poor nobody knew it. In the Middle Ages poverty meant to be cold, hungry and naked. That kind of poverty has disappeared in civilized countries; it would not know the kind of poverty complained of today. Modern poverty means to live without plumbing or a proper kitchen sink; to wear cotton and eat coarse food. That kind of poverty, too, will disappear provided the infantile passion for division does not overwhelm the private motive of multiplication, so that scientific industry may go on making the world as a whole richer in things. That is all it can do. It cannot make people all alike and equal.

The Age of Romance

IN THIS materialistic age mentors are not lacking to apprise us of its failings. The evils of wealth, luxury and mechanical invention are not hidden for want of preachers and essayists. They wait in massed battalions, to charge over the top with their weapons of wordy warnings. Always they are ready, with or without notice, to view with alarm the ominous portents of the times.

Business, we are told, is spreading its powerful tentacles in every direction. Even higher education comes under its influence, while beauty and romance are forced to flee before the almighty dollar. People are more interested in buying new radio sets than in intellectual or æsthetic pursuits.

The force of such criticism is pretty well broken once we visualize the living conditions of earlier peoples. Beauty and romance existed almost entirely for the aristocracy, and even aristocrats suffered from discomforts that the modern workman's family would scorn.

Science, invention, universal education and business enterprise—these have raised the standards of living and of thought for untold millions. Romance resides more in the mental attitude than in the particular activity of a historical period. Before the industrial revolution it may have been found in South Sea adventures. There are those who seek it there even today, but there are more Aladdin-like occurrences and bolder undertakings in the realm of mere business development than were ever found in far Cathay.

In the daily routine notices of new listings on the Stock Exchange there is more romance than ever graced a Balkan monarch's court. Humble but determined mechanics began twenty years ago to make in their little shops this or that article of practical value. It may be that children and grandchildren cannot use to advantage the riches that now pour in faster than tribute to an Indian prince. But that is another question. The romance is there all the same, and it will be repeated many times. Those who have eyes to see will see it, and be encouraged.

The March of the Consonants

THE war may or may not have made the world safe for democracy, but it has made it difficult for world travelers and students of geography. Not only has it crisscrossed the map of Europe with new boundary lines but it is effecting a gradual turnover in place names, the changes being almost invariably on the difficult side. Bromberg converted into Bydgoszcz and Laibach into Ljubljana are extreme cases, perhaps, but they represent the trend nevertheless.

The point is that the submerged racial identities liberated at Versailles are wiping out all traces of past subjugation. Place names are the first to go. Poland has no desire to retain any outward evidences of her century and a half of partition, and the Russian and German labels have been removed from her cities and towns. Posen has gone back to Poznan; Czernowitz to Cernauti; Brünn to Brno. In Alsace and Lorraine the French form of names has been restored. Rumania is painting out the Hungarian stamp in the restored provinces, but in this case the substitutions are probably no more difficult for western tongues than the originals. The two new Slav states also have been busy upsetting geography and cluttering the map with consonants. These changes in Middle Europe are of comparatively little moment, but when Ireland begins on an active campaign of Gaelicizing the difficulty comes nearer home. The Free State is showing a determination to remove the Saxon label. Kingstown has become Dun Laoghaire—pronounced Dunleary—and Queenstown has been changed to Cobh. There is some agitation to convert Dublin into Baile atha Cliath—pronounced Bollaclea—and letters mailed from the Irish capital are now being postmarked that way. Even Norway has succumbed to the fever of change and has elected to readopt the ancient name of her capital city, which now becomes Oslo.

It is possible that our geographies will pay little heed to the changes. In the past we have blithely adhered to our own conceptions, often erroneous, of place names. There does not seem to have been any reason for calling Wien, Vienna, but we have persisted in doing so. Roma has always been Rome, and Firenze, Florence on our maps, and our own way of spelling the Polish capital, Warsaw, is a simplification of the actual name, Warszawa. So, perhaps, we shall continue to go our own way and pay little heed to the name-changing habit of the Old World.

Our Jumble of Inheritance-Tax Laws—By Chester T. Crowell

AT THE present writing there are forty-seven inheritance-tax laws in operation in this country. One is Federal and the others belong to the states. Alabama and Florida have none, but the other forty-six states have a total of forty-six varieties. The Philippine Islands also have an inheritance tax, so that the total might be placed at forty-eight. In fact, it should be placed at forty-eight because the Philippines have the kind of law that country boys used to call a humdinger. The maximum assessment under that law is 64 per cent. Couple with it the Federal Government's maximum of 40 per cent and you arrive at the interesting result of 104 per cent. A case in point has not yet spread itself across the record books, but if it should, and if the officials followed strictly the letter of the law, the heirs would owe money to the Government because taxes are a first lien.

There are quite a number of things the matter with our inheritance-tax laws, but one can summarize all these defects briefly by saying that most of the laws are distressingly new, and show it. In other words, we are still experimenting in that field. Ancient axioms that have always been true of all forms of taxation have not yet won popular acceptance as applied to inheritance taxes. For instance, if you make a tax rate too high you obtain less revenue than would flow from a reasonable rate. Even the common garden variety of politician knows that much; unfortunately, however, he knows it only as applied to the general tax levies with which he is familiar. When he enters a new field he has to find it out all over again. And that is precisely what this country is now in process of doing.

Just by way of showing how far we have drifted toward extremely high rates it will be interesting to review the history of Federal inheritance-tax laws. Our National Government has tapped that source of revenue four times, as follows: In 1797 a stamp tax was imposed on legacies or any share of a personal estate received on the death of the owner. The purpose of this law was to raise revenue with which to pay the cost of the Revolutionary War. Without going into details the rate amounted roughly to two-tenths of one per cent. Having served its purpose in the emergency, the tax was repealed in 1802. Again during the Civil War the Federal Government imposed an inheritance tax, fixing very moderate rates. The law went into effect in 1862 and yielded about $1,500,000 annually. It was repealed in 1870.

Again in 1898, because of the expense of the Spanish War, an inheritance tax was imposed, the maximum rate for direct heirs being two and one-quarter per cent. In its best year this tax produced $5,000,000 of revenue. It was repealed in 1902. This form of taxation then remained in the discard until 1916, when it was revived with a maximum rate of 10 per cent. This rate was increased to 15 per cent in March of the following year; and in October of the same year it was again raised to 25 per cent. In 1924 the maximum rate went up to 40 per cent. Here are the figures showing that revenue did not increase proportionately as the rates went up, and that finally revenue actually decreased:

YEAR	REVENUE	YEAR	REVENUE
1917	$ 6,000,000	1921	$154,000,000
1918	47,000,000	1922	139,000,000
1919	82,000,000	1923	126,000,000
1920	103,000,000	1924	102,000,000

Inheritance taxation produces for the Federal Government only a little more than $100,000,000 annually to meet a budget of about $4,000,000,000. It produces for the states about $20,000,000 more than for the Federal Government, the total of both national and state revenue being estimated at somewhere in the vicinity of $225,000,000 for this year. One of the arguments for the continuance of this tax is that the cost of collection is not high. For the Federal Government it is only about one per cent, and for the states not a great deal more. But the expense for those who pay it is astounding. This situation grows out of the fact that an heir is supposed to be getting something for nothing, and all the legal machinery for taxing

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NATIONAL CONGRESS OF SELF-ADVERTISERS
COME OUT ON THE LAWN A MINUTE, MISTER PRESIDENT, I WANT TO PHOTOGRAPH YOU WITH THE CHAMPEEN HORSE SHOE PITCHER OF OUR COUNTY!
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
COME RIGHT UP EVERYBODY — HANDSHAKE WITH THE PRESIDENT INCLUDED WITH EACH AND EVERY TWO-DOLLAR TICKET—
TOURIST EXCURSION
PUBLICITY SEEKER
HANDSHAKER
TIME WASTER
SURE, YOU WANTA MEET THE PRESIDENT! SOMETHING TO TELL ABOUT BACK HOME!

SWAT 'EM!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The French Question

SETTLED is the Irish Question
For a little while at least!
Fewer grow the knotty problems
In the Near and Farther East.
But in France one question's answer
Always runs a different way,
And Pierre asks Jean each morning:
"Who is Premier today?"

Neither debts nor reparations,
Nor the status of the franc,
Much concerns the facile dweller
On the Seine's historic bank.
To Pierre's diurnal query
This is all that Jean can say:
"Ah, Pierre, now you tell me who
Is the Premier today!"
—Edward W. Barnard.

Choosing a Career

AT THIS season my classmates of Asterisk University, '25, are being annoyed into Choosing a Career. There are also a few '24 men Looking for a Job.

Father has put his foot down with reference to a cultural year in Paris or a tour around the world for a bit of broadening. He says we young fellows don't show the right kind of spirit; we want to just idle along, criticizing and complaining. We are jazz-mad; we won't buckle down to real work and throw ourselves into business with enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, dogged ambition.

I have just been calling on some old friends of father's to ask them their advice.

A. J. Gumbidge, president and chairman of the board of directors of the Drovers and Truckdrivers Bank, that power in international finance, was a good deal more fatherly than father.

"Oh, banking is all right," he said. "But just between us two, I have my moments of discouragement, when I reflect that my bank is forever dealing with money; and money, you will find, isn't everything. Money! Faugh! Pah! Pooh! I am sick of it!" He made the gesture of throwing a million dollars into the wastebasket. "I am not free; I have to do business with all sorts of people I don't like. The only thing I like is pigs. I should have been a pig farmer."

DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

Fool-Killer: "I Always Take a Vacation Through the Summer. My Work Attends to Itself"

Arthur Featherstonehaugh, president of the International Bathtub Stopper Company, took me to lunch and fell into a confessional mood by half-past three.

"It's a great business and I'm proud of it," said he. "But I've been reading a good deal in the intellectual magazines lately about the barrenness of business life. In America art is throttled because we don't dare to live richly and fully. The Russian, apparently, lives richly and fully. I don't quite know exactly how, but perhaps vodka has something to do with it. Now there are moments when I should like to express my ego by giving up my business, social position and wife and fleeing to the Caribbees or Atlantic City or some place and living richly and fully, dancing, you know, and singing folk songs, and so forth. I have really a very good voice."

I then had a confidential chat with J. B. Whipperginny, proprietor of the Evening Democrat and Republican. He was eating his heart out because he could not be an Arctic explorer. Senator Hank Popple flushed as I entered his office; he was making strange murmurs, trying to find a rime for jonquil.

I have chosen my Career. I am going to devote my life to keeping father at work. I have a dreadful fear he is dreaming of becoming a professional golfer. —*Morris Bishop.*

The Tender-Hearted Motorist

A TENDER-HEARTED motorist whose name I may not tell
Will never raise his eyes to where the stars and planets dwell.
Quoth he: "The thought is terrible when riding after dark
That shooting stars may merely be denied a place to park;
That the orbit of a planet may but only represent
Its search in vain for parking space in all the firmament;
And that a comet going round from weary year to year
May do so helplessly because of signs—No Parking Here.
Ah, would that I had never gazed upon the Milky Way!
Congestion there is fierce and proves the truth of what I say.
And so I'll never look again where stars and planets dwell,"
Quoth a tender-hearted motorist whose name I may not tell.
—Arthur H. Folwell.

His Early Training Was Faulty

"YOU know, it hasn't really been so very long ago that you couldn't get a boiled dinner in a drug store," remarked Samuel Tilden Simmons as he drew out his chair at the weekly luncheon of the Central City Rotary. "When I was a boy I thought some of studyin' pharmacy, so I got a job sweepin' one out. My principal work was washin' bottles. Today a pharmacist's heavy job is washin' dishes.

"I remember Old Man Robinson used to make me read the Materia Medica when I wasn't polishin' show cases. But a drug-store boy shouldn't waste his time readin' the Materia Medica these days; if he expects to get to the top he oughta study a good cookbook.

"I prob'ly would have been a failure as a druggist, anyway. I liked to fool around with drugs an' chemicals too much. A fellow really has to be able to turn out a fair

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Timmie and Tatters

"Gee! Life Ain't Worth Livin'! I Struck Out Ever' Time I Come to Bat Today"

"An' Now I'm Off the Team Without a Friend in the World"

"Oh! But I Got My Dog!

"Home Runs or Strike-Outs, it's All the Same to Tatters"

Vegetable Soup

Serve it as the one hot dish of the meal!

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At this time of year when so many meals are largely made up of cold meats and salads, the serving of invigorating soup as the one hot dish is especially beneficial and welcome.

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SAM IN THE SUBURBS

"Right Off at the Roots," Said Sam Sternly

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XVIII

IT IS possible, if you are young and active and in an exhilarated frame of mind, to walk from John Street, Mayfair, to Burberry Road, Valley Fields. Sam did so. His frame of mind was extraordinarily exhilarated. It seemed to him, reviewing recent events, that he had detected in Kay's eyes for an instant a look that resembled the first dawning of spring after a hard winter; and, though not in the costume for athletic feats, he covered the seven miles that separated him from home at a pace which drew derisive comment from the proletariat all along the route. The Surrey-side Londoner is always intrigued by the spectacle of anyone hurrying, and when that person is in dress clothes and a tall hat he expresses himself without reserve.

Sam heard nothing of this ribaldry. Unconscious of the world, he strode along, brushing through Brixton, hurrying through Herne Hill, and presently arrived, warm and happy, at the door of Mon Repos.

He let himself in; and, entering, was aware of a note lying on the hall table.

He opened it absently. The handwriting was strange to him, and feminine:

"*Dear Mr. Shotter:* I should be much obliged if you would ask your manservant not to chirrup at me out of trees. Yours truly,

"KAY DERRICK."

He had to read this curt communication twice before he was able fully to grasp its meaning. When he did so a flood of self-pity poured over Sam. He quivered with commiseration for the hardness of his lot. Here was he, doing all that a man could to establish pleasant neighborly relations with the house next door, and all the while Hash foiling his every effort by chirruping out of trees from morning till night. It was bitter, bitter.

He was standing there, feeding his surging wrath by a third perusal of the letter, when from the direction of the kitchen there suddenly sounded a long, loud, agonized cry. It was like the wail of a soul in torment; and without stopping to pick up his hat, which he had dropped in the sheer shock of this dreadful sound, he raced down the stairs.

"'Ullo," said Hash, looking up from an evening paper. "Back?"

His placidity amazed Sam. If his ears were any guide, murder had been done in this room only a few seconds before, and here was this iron man reading the racing news without having turned a hair.

"What on earth was that?"

"What was what?"

"That noise."

"Oh, that was Amy," said Hash.

Sam's eye was diverted by movement in progress in the shadows behind the table.

A vast shape was rising from the floor, revealing itself as an enormous dog. It finished rising; and having placed its chin upon the table, stood looking at him with dreamy eyes and a wrinkled forehead, like a shortsighted person trying to recall a face.

"Oh, yes," said Sam, remembering. "So you got him?"

"Her."

"What is he—she?"

"Gawd knows," said Hash simply. It was a problem which he himself had endeavored idly to solve earlier in the evening. "I've named her after an old aunt of mine. Looks a bit like her."

"She must be an attractive woman."

"She's dead."

"Perhaps it's all for the best," said Sam. He leaned forward and pulled the animal's ears in friendly fashion. Amy simpered in a ladylike way, well pleased. "Would you say she was a bloodhound, Hash?"

"I wouldn't say she was anything, not to swear to."

"A kind of canine cocktail," said Sam. "The sort of thing a Cruft's Show judge dreams about when he has a nightmare."

He observed something lying on the floor; and stooping, found that his overtures to the animal had caused Kay's note to slip from his fingers. He picked it up and eyed Hash sternly. Amy, charmed by his recent attentions, snuffled like water going down the waste pipe of a bath.

"Hash!" said Sam.

"'Ullo?"

"What the devil," demanded Sam forcefully, "do you mean by chirruping at Miss Derrick out of trees?"

"I only said oo-oo, Sam," pleaded Mr. Todhunter.

"You said what?"

"Oo-oo!"

"What on earth did you want to say oo-oo for?"

Much voyaging on the high seas had given Hash's cheeks the consistency of teak, but at this point something resembling a blush played about them.

"I thought it was the girl."

"What girl?"

"The maid. Clara, 'er name is."

"Well, why should you say oo-oo at her?"

Again that faint, fleeting blush colored Hash's face. Before Sam's revolted eyes he suddenly looked coy.

"Well, it's like this: The 'ole thing is, we're engaged."

"What!"

"Engaged to be married."

"Engaged!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Todhunter. And once more that repellent smirk rendered his features hideous beyond even Nature's liberal specifications concerning them.

Sam sat down. This extraordinary confession had shaken him deeply.

"You're engaged?"

"Ah!"

"But I thought you disliked women."

(Continued on Page 28)

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HUPMOBILE EIGHT

(Continued from Page 26)

"So I do—most of 'em."

Another aspect of the matter struck Sam. His astonishment deepened.

"But how did you manage it so soon?"

"Soon?"

"You can't have seen the girl more than about half a dozen times."

Still another mysterious point about this romance presented itself to Sam. He regarded the great lover with frank curiosity.

"And what was the attraction?" he asked. "That's what I can't understand."

"She's a nice girl," argued Hash.

"I don't mean in her; I mean in you. What is there about you that could make this misguided female commit such a rash act? If I were a girl, and you begged me for one little rose from my hair, I wouldn't give it to you."

"But ——"

"No," said Sam firmly, "it's no use arguing; I just wouldn't give it to you. What did she see in you?"

"Oh, well ——"

"It couldn't have been your looks—we'll dismiss that right away, of course. It couldn't have been your conversation or your intellect, because you haven't any. Then what was it?"

Mr. Todhunter smirked coyly.

"Oh, well, I've got a way with me, Sam—that's how it is."

"A way?"

"Ah!"

"What sort of way?"

"Oh, just a way."

"Have you got it with you now?"

"Naturally I wouldn't 'ave it with me now," said Hash.

"You keep it for special occasions, eh? Well, you haven't yet explained how it all happened."

Mr. Todhunter coughed.

"Well, it was like this, Sam: I see 'er in the garden, and I says 'Ullo!' and she says 'Ullo!' and then she come to the fence and then I come to the fence, and she says 'Ullo!' and I says 'Ullo!' and then I kiss her."

Sam gaped.

"Didn't she object?"

"Object? What would she want to object for? No, indeed! It seemed to break what you might call the ice, and after that everything got kind of nice and maty. And then one thing led to another—see what I mean?"

An aching sense of the injustice of things afflicted Sam.

"Well, it's very strange," he said.

"What's strange?"

"I mean, I knew a man—a fellow—who—er—kissed a girl when he had only just met her, and she was furious."

"Ah," said Hash, leaping instantly at a plausible solution, "but then 'e was probably a chap with a face like Gawd-'elpus and hair growing out of his ears. Naturally, no one wouldn't like 'aving someone like that kissing 'em."

Sam went upstairs to bed. Before retiring, he looked at himself in the mirror long and earnestly. He turned his head sideways so that the light shone upon his ears. He was conscious of a strange despondency.

XIX

KAY lay in bed, thinking. Ever and anon a little chuckle escaped her. She was feeling curiously happy tonight. The world seemed to have become all of a sudden interesting and amusing. An odd, uncontrollable impulse urged her to sing.

She would not in any case have sung for long, for she was a considerate girl, and the recollection would soon have come to her that there were people hard by who were trying to get to sleep. But as a matter of fact, she sang only a mere bar or two, for even as she began, there came a muffled banging on the wall—a petulant banging. Hash Todhunter loved his Claire, but he was not prepared to put up with this sort of thing. Three doughty buffets he dealt the wall with the heel of a number-eleven shoe.

Kay sang no more. She turned out the light and lay in the darkness, her face set.

Silence fell upon San Rafael and Mon Repos. And then, from somewhere in the recesses of the latter, a strange, bansheelike wailing began. Amy was homesick.

THE day that followed Mr. Braddock's dinner party dawned on a world shrouded in wet white fog. By eight o'clock, however, this had thinned to a soft pearly veil that hung clingingly to the tree tops and lingered about the grass of the lawn in little spider webs of moisture. And when Kay Derrick came out into the garden, a quarter of an hour later, the September sun was already beginning to pierce the mist with hints of a wonderful day to come.

It was the sort of morning which should have bred happiness and quiet content, but Kay had waked in a mood of irritated hostility which fine weather could not dispel. What had happened overnight had stung her to a militant resentment, and sleep had not removed this.

Possibly this was because her sleep, like that of everyone else in the neighborhood, had been disturbed and intermittent. From midnight until two in the morning the dog Amy had given a spirited imitation of ten dogs being torn asunder by red-hot pincers. At two, Hash Todhunter had risen reluctantly from his bed, and arming himself with the number-eleven shoe mentioned in the previous chapter, had reasoned with her. This had produced a brief respite, but by a quarter to three large numbers of dogs were once more being massacred on the premises of Mon Repos, that ill-named house.

At three, Sam went down; and being a young man who liked dogs and saw their point of view, tried diplomacy. This took the shape of the remains of a leg of mutton and it worked like a charm. Amy finished the leg of mutton and fell into a surfeited slumber, and peace descended on Burberry Road.

Kay paced the gravel path with hard feelings, which were not removed by the appearance a few moments later of Sam, clad in flannels and a sweater. Sam, his back to her and his face to the sun, began to fling himself about in a forceful and hygienic manner; and Kay, interested in spite of herself, came to the fence to watch him. She was angry with him, for no girl likes to have her singing criticized by bangs upon the wall; but nevertheless she could not entirely check a faint feeling of approval as she watched him. A country-bred girl, Kay liked men to be strong and of the open air; and Sam, whatever his moral defects, was a fine physical specimen. He looked fit and hard and sinewy.

Presently, in the course of a complicated movement which involved circular swinging from the waist, his eye fell upon her. He straightened himself and came over to the fence, flushed and tousled and healthy.

"Good morning," he said.

(Continued on Page 30)

Kay Hesitated. Then Her Eyes Fell on Those Sticking-Plastered Hands and She Melted

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(Continued from Page 28)

"Good morning," said Kay coldly. "I want to apologize, Mr. Shotter. I'm afraid my singing disturbed you last night."

"Good Lord!" said Sam. "Was that you? I thought it was the dog."

"I stopped directly you banged on the wall."

"I didn't bang on any wall. It must have been Hash."

"Hash?"

"Hash Todhunter, the man who cooks for me—and, oh, yes, who chirrups at you out of trees. I got your note and spoke to him about it. He explained that he had mistaken you for your maid, Claire. It's rather a romantic story. He's engaged to her."

"Engaged!"

"That's just what I said when he told me, and in just that tone of voice. I was surprised. I gather, however, that Hash is what you would call a quick worker. He tells me he has a way with him. According to his story, he kissed her, and after that everything was nice and maty."

Kay flushed faintly.

"Oh!" she said.

"Yes," said Sam.

There was a silence. The San Rafael kitten, which had been playing in the grass, approached and rubbed a wet head against Kay's ankle.

"Well, I must be going in," said Kay. "Claire is in bed with one of her neuralgic headaches and I have to cook my uncle's breakfast."

"Oh, no, really? Let me lend you Todhunter."

"No, thanks."

"Perhaps you're wise. Apart from dry hash, he's a rotten cook."

"So is Claire."

"Really? What a battle of giants it will be when they start cooking for each other!"

"Yes."

Kay stooped and tickled the kitten under the ear, then walked quickly toward the house. The kitten, having subjected Sam to a long and critical scrutiny, decided that he promised little entertainment to an active-minded cat and galloped off in pursuit of a leaf. Sam sighed and went in to have a bath.

Some little time later, the back door of Mon Repos opened from within as if urged by some irresistible force, and the dog Amy came out to take the morning air.

Dogs are creatures of swiftly changing moods. Only a few hours before, Amy, in the grip of a dreadful depression caused by leaving the public house where she had spent her girlhood—for, in case the fact is of interest to anyone, Hash had bought her for five shillings from the proprietor of the Blue Anchor at Tulse Hill—had been making the night hideous with her lamentations. Like Niobe, she had mourned and would not be comforted. But now, to judge from her manner and a certain jauntiness in her walk, she had completely resigned herself to the life of exile. She scratched the turf and sniffed the shrubs with the air of a lady of property taking a stroll round her estates. And when Hash, who did not easily forgive, flung an egg at her out of the kitchen window so that it burst before her on the gravel, she ate the remains light-heartedly, as one who feels that the day is beginning well.

The only flaw in the scheme of things seemed to her to consist in a lack of society. By nature sociable, she yearned for company, and for some minutes roamed the garden in quest of it. She found a snail under a laurel bush, but snails are reserved creatures, self-centered and occupied with their own affairs, and this one cut Amy dead, retreating into its shell with a frigid aloofness which made anything in the nature of camaraderie out of the question.

She returned to the path, and became interested in the wooden structure that ran along it. Rearing herself up to a majestic height and placing her paws on this, she looked over and immediately experienced all the emotions of stout Balboa when with eagle eyes he stared at the Pacific. It is not, indeed, too much to say that Amy at that moment felt like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken; for not only was there a complete new world on the other side of this wooden structure but on the grass in the middle of it was a fascinating kitten running round in circles after its tail.

Amy had seen enough. She would have preferred another dog to chat with; but failing that, a kitten made an admirable substitute. She adored kittens. At the Blue Anchor there had been seven, all intimate friends of hers, who looked upon her body as a recreation ground and her massive tail as a perpetual object of the chase. With a heave of her powerful hind legs, she hoisted herself over the fence and, descending on the other side like the delivery of half a ton of coal, bounded at the kitten, full of good feeling. And the kitten, after one brief, shocked stare, charged madly at the fence and scrambled up it into the branches of the tree from which Hash Todhunter had done his recent chirruping.

Amy came to the foot of the tree and looked up, perplexed. She could make nothing of this. It is not given to dogs any more than to men to see themselves as others see them, and it never occurred to her for an instant that there was in her appearance anything that might be alarming to a high-strung young cat. But a dog cannot have a bloodhound-Airedale father and a Great Dane-Labrador mother without acquiring a certain physique. The kitten, peering down through the branches, congratulated itself on a narrow escape from death and climbed higher. And at this point Kay came out into the garden.

"Hullo, dog," said Kay. "What are you doing here?"

Amy was glad to see Kay. She was a shortsighted dog and took her for the daughter of the host of the Blue Anchor who had been wont to give her her meals. She left the tree and galloped toward her. And Kay, who had been brought up with dogs from childhood and knew the correct procedure to be observed when meeting a strange one, welcomed her becomingly. Hash, hurrying out on observing Amy leap the fence, found himself a witness of what practically amounted to a feast of reason and a flow of soul. That is to say, Amy was lying restfully on her back with her legs in the air and Kay was thumping her chest.

"I hope the dog is not annoying you, lady," said Hash in his best *preux-chevalier* manner.

Kay looked up and perceived the man who had chirruped at her from the tree. Having contracted to marry into San Rafael, he had ceased to be an alien and had become something in the nature of one of the family; so she smiled amiably at him, conscious the while of a passing wonder that Claire's heart should have been ensnared by one who, whatever his merits, was notably deficient in conventional good looks.

"Not at all, thank you," she said. "Is he your dog?"

"She," corrected Hash. "Yes, miss."

"She's a nice dog."

"Yes, miss," said Hash, but with little heartiness.

"I hope she won't frighten my kitten, though. It's out in the garden somewhere. I can hear it mewing."

Amy could hear the mewing too; and still hopeful that an understanding might be reached, she at once proceeded to the tree and endeavored to jump to the top of it. In this enterprise she fell short by some fifty feet, but she jumped high enough to send the kitten scrambling into the upper branches.

"Oh!" cried Kay, appreciating the situation.

Hash also appreciated the situation; and being a man of deeds rather than words, vaulted over the fence and kicked Amy in the lower ribs. Amy, her womanly feelings wounded, shot back into her own garden, where she stood looking plaintively on with her forepaws on the fence. Treatment like this was novel to her, for at the Blue Anchor she had been something of a popular pet; and it seemed to her that she had fallen among tough citizens. She expressed a not unnatural pique by throwing her head back and uttering a loud, moaning cry like an ocean liner in a fog. Hearing which, the kitten, which had been in two minds about risking a descent, climbed higher.

"What shall we do?" said Kay.

"Shut up!" bellowed Hash. "Not you, miss," he hastened to add with a gallant smirk. "I was speaking to the dog." He found a clod of earth and flung it peevishly at Amy, who wrinkled her forehead thoughtfully as it flew by, but made no move. Amy's whole attitude now was that of one who has got a front-row seat and means to keep it. "The 'ole thing 'ere," explained Hash, "is that that there cat is scared to come down, bein' frightened of this 'ere dog."

And having cleared up what might otherwise have remained a permanent mystery, he plucked a blade of grass and chewed reflectively.

"I wonder," said Kay, with an ingratiating smile, "if you would mind climbing up and getting her."

Hash stared at her amazedly. Her smile, which was wont to have so much effect on so many people, left him cold. It was the silliest suggestion he had ever heard in his life.

"Me?" he said, marveling. "You mean me?"

"Yes."

"Climb up this 'ere tree and fetch that there cat?"

"Yes."

"Lady," said Hash, "do you think I'm an acrobat or something?"

Kay bit her lip. Then, looking over the fence, she observed Sam approaching.

"Anything wrong?" said Sam.

Kay regarded him with mixed feelings. She had an uneasy foreboding that it might be injudicious to put herself under an obligation to a young man so obviously belonging to the class of those who, given an inch, take an ell. On the other hand, the kitten, mewing piteously, had plainly got itself into a situation from which only skilled assistance could release it. She eyed Sam doubtfully.

"Your dog has frightened my kitten up the tree," she said.

A wave of emotion poured over Sam. Only yesterday he had been correcting the proofs of a short story designed for a forthcoming issue of Pyke's Home Companion—Celia's Airman, by Louise G. Boffin—and had curled his lip with superior masculine scorn at what had seemed to him the naïve sentimentality of its central theme. Celia had quarreled with her lover, a young wing commander in the air force, and they had become reconciled owing to the latter saving her canary. In a mad moment in which his critical faculties must have been completely blurred, Sam had thought the situation far-fetched; but now he offered up a silent apology to Miss Boffin, realizing that it was from the sheer, stark facts of life that she had drawn her inspiration.

"You want her brought down?"

"Yes, I do."

"Leave it to me," said Sam. "Leave it absolutely to me—leave the whole thing entirely and completely to me."

"It's awfully good of you."

"Not at all," said Sam tenderly. "There is nothing I wouldn't do for you—nothing. I was saying to myself only just now ——"

"I shouldn't," said Hash heavily. "Only go breaking your neck. What we ought to do 'ere is to stand under the tree and chirrup."

Sam frowned.

"You appear to me, Hash," he said with some severity, "to think that your mission in life is to chirrup. If you devoted half the time to work that you do to practicing your chirruping, Mon Repos would be a better and a sweeter place."

He hoisted himself into the tree and began to climb rapidly. So much progress did he make that when, a few moments later, Kay called to him, he could not distinguish her words. He scrambled down again.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I only said take care," said Kay.

"Oh!" said Sam.

He resumed his climb. Hash followed him with a pessimistic eye.

"A cousin of mine broke two ribs playing this sort of silly game," he said moodily. "Light-haired feller named George Turner. Had a job pruning the ellums on a gentleman's place down Chigwell way. Two ribs he broke, besides a number of contusions."

He was aggrieved to find that Kay was not giving that attention to the story which its drama and human interest deserved.

"Two ribs," he repeated in a louder voice. "Also cuts, scratches and contusions. Ellums are treacherous things. You think the branches is all right, but lean your weight on 'em and they snap. That's an ellum he's climbin' now."

"Oh, be quiet!" said Kay nervously. She was following Sam's movements as tensely as ever Celia followed her airman's. It did look horribly dangerous, what he was doing.

"The proper thing we ought to have done 'ere was to have took a blanket and a ladder and a pole and to have held the blanket spread out and climbed the ladder and prodded at that there cat with the pole, same as they do at fires," said Hash, casting an unwarrantable slur on the humane methods of the fire brigade.

"Oh, well done!" cried Kay.

Sam was now operating in the topmost branches, and the kitten, not being able to retreat farther, had just come within reach of his groping hand. Having regarded him suspiciously for some moments and registered a formal protest against the proceedings by making a noise like an exploding soda-water bottle, it now allowed itself to be picked up and buttoned into his coat.

"Splendid!" shouted Kay.

"What?" bellowed Sam, peering down.

"I said splendid!" roared Kay.

"The lady said splendid!" yelled Hash, in a voice strengthened by long practice in announcing dinner in the midst of hurricanes. He turned to Kay with a mournful shake of the head, his bearing that of the man who has tried to put a brave face on the matter, but feels the uselessness of affecting further optimism. "It's now that's the dangerous part, miss," he said. "The coming down, what I mean. I don't say the climbing up of one of these 'ere ellums is safe—not what you would call safe; but it's when you're coming down that the nasty accidents occur. My cousin was coming down when he broke his two ribs and got all them contusions. George Turner his name was—a light-haired feller, and he broke two ribs and had to have seven stitches sewed in him."

"Oh!" cried Kay.

"Ah!" said Hash.

He spoke with something of the smug self-satisfaction of the prophet whose predicted disasters come off as per schedule. Halfway down the tree, Sam, like Mr. Turner, had found proof of the treachery of ellums. He had rested his weight on a branch which looked solid, felt solid and should have been solid, and it had snapped under him. For one breathless moment he seemed to be about to shoot down like Lucifer, then he snatched at another bough and checked his fall.

This time the bough held. It was as if the elm, having played its practical joke and failed, had become discouraged. Hash, with something of the feelings of a spectator in the gallery at a melodrama who sees the big scene fall flat, watched his friend and employer reach the lowest branch and drop safely to the ground. The record of George Turner still remained a mark for other climbers to shoot at.

(Continued on Page 92)

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THE WHITE HERON

She Looked 'Em All Over, One by One—Kept 'Em in Her Lap Fingering 'Em Over and Talking to Me

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

GUS BASSETT, stumpy and taciturn deputy sheriff—coming over in a motorboat from the mainland—was the first official person to reach the scene. He knew Green Pass by heart, and at once set to work on his own initiative. It was more than half an hour later when Sam Dunkley, the sheriff, arrived from Elmersville.

Green Pass proper is a tortuous channel between two low dark green keys off the west coast of Florida. Where it is narrowest, mesquite and cabbage palms grow fairly to the water's edge, and when the tide goes out a current runs there like a mill race. This current has built a hook-shaped sandbar out into the Gulf. In some states of tide and wind a vicious undertow sweeps off it. Children are always forbidden to bathe there.

The hamlet, named for the pass, stands on the opposite shore, facing the mainland and the village across a mile of placid, landlocked water. It consists of a dozen sun-baked shacks; a small and tenantless pine hotel that warps farther out of shape year by year; a general store, housed in cement blocks, that specializes in fishing tackle; a public dock near which, early any morning, several gasoline launches may be moored, ready for the day's fishing. Most of the year the boatmen draw their livelihood out of the sea with rod and line, but in winter guests at the big hotel in Elmersville may telephone up to engage a boat and guide for a day's amateur fishing. That means a sure twenty dollars as against the hazard of fisherman's luck.

Some three hundred yards south of the public dock a smaller one juts into the quiet bay, its exclusive character now, for the first time, advertised by a freshly painted sign reading, Private; Keep Off. At this dock lay a big house boat named, in gilt letters, the Sans Gene. After the sheriff had briefly consulted with his deputy he frowned, afar, at the sumptuous craft.

It had lain there two weeks, and for ten days Dunkley had been hearing stories about it that roused his ire. Conservative opinion thereabouts held that if the Sans Gene's rich occupants, assisted on occasion by Northern guests at the Elmersville hotel, wanted to booze and raise hell till all hours of the morning, they might at least steam out into the bay to do it. Doing it right there at the dock—even coming ashore to troop noisily through the hamlet and across the half-mile width of the key to the Gulf beach in the middle of the night—seemed gratuitously insulting. Frowning at the Sans Gene this morning, Dunkley would have liked very well to blow it up, with its occupants.

Flaunting their wet parties in the law's face had been bad enough. But now there was a great black smear on his generally peaceful county. He would have resented that much as though it had been a smear on the flag he followed in France. Worse yet, a man for whom he had much affection was in the shadow of it. Therefore, leaving Bassett to follow his own close-mouthed course for a while, the sheriff damned the house boat with all his hot heart as he made for the oldest and smallest shack in the Pass.

This shack, facing the bay, stood about halfway between the public dock and the private one—merely four walls inclosing two bare little rooms, and a stoop into which the morning sun still slanted. There was a bench on the stoop, and a kitchen chair that supported a bare-headed, bare-armed young man in a faded calico shirt that was torn at the side, his sea-stained canvas shoes little more than sacks for his sockless feet. He was looking south toward the house boat. A slender shape in a green dress, with yellow hair, stood on its bow looking north. Dunkley, striding down the sandy path beside the rough marl road, noted that shape on the bow of the boat. It by no means softened the grim set of his jaw. He was fond of the young man on the stoop—Eugene Hemphill by name—but there was not the faintest doubt that he was going to do his duty.

Then Hemphill glanced round and saw the approaching officer. He did not move, but the faintest of twinkles came into his round gray eyes. A moment later, looking up into the sheriff's forbidding face, he grinned a little as he said, "Hello, Sam; coming to see me?"

They had served together in France; Dunkley as captain and Hemphill as sergeant. In this faint grin and twinkle the older man felt again something incorrigible and incalculable. He knew the common report that Hemphill, unless he had amateur passengers aboard, was usually the last one to turn tail before a squall. There was absolutely no sense in that; it was just the incalculable itch to shake dice with destiny.

The sheriff might now have death in his hand; so Hemphill would have to grin and twinkle a little at sight of him. That reckless streak was exactly what made the sheriff look so stern, and damn the house boat so heartily. With this man anything might happen.

Dunkley helped himself to a seat on the bench and opened the business in hand with a peremptory "What do you know about this?"—omitting the familiar nickname with which he would ordinarily have addressed the boatman.

Hemphill answered in round-eyed sobriety, "No more than you do, Sam. I heard they found his body a couple of hours ago."

Dunkley made a statement: "He was going to do you out of your boat."

Of course every tongue in Green Pass would be loosened now; and every inhabitant knew that Angus P. Wheedon had bought the thirty-four-foot, half-decked boat engaging Hemphill to operate it. Then, the boatman taking his fancy, he had expansively offered to sell him the craft on credit. During every day of his stay at the Pass, the boat and Hemphill were to be at his disposal, whether he fished that day or not; and for every such day the boatman was to be credited with twenty dollars. Probably a dozen inhabitants had seen the account that Hemphill kept in a dog-eared, ten-cent pocket memorandum

book. In three years it came to 168 days, and that came to $3360, or more than three-quarters of the price of the craft.

But there was only a verbal agreement. When news of Angus P. Wheedon's sudden death came down to the Pass last September—there had been much speculation over the situation thus presented. The general opinion was that Gene ought to have got it down in writing; no telling what Wheedon's son and heir—whom the Pass had never seen—might say to it. The son and heir, finally appearing with the Sans Gene, had introduced himself, so to speak, by setting up that sign—Private; Keep Off. In his father's time nearly every inhabitant, including the children, had found some pretext for wandering on board to stare at the Circassian walnut, soft rugs and a tiny ship, all made of silver, on the mantel over the sure-enough fireplace in the big room. Oftener than not, as to the male trespassers, Angus P. had treated them to a drink and cigars. Obviously, the son was different.

"Yes, he was going to do me out of my boat," Hemphill admitted, and ran a nervous hand over his curly, sun-baked poll. "I spoke to him about it the second day after he got down here. He said he hadn't had time to look over his father's affairs and didn't want to be bothered then."

His mind held the image of a large man, not quite as old as himself, but with the waistline of well-fed middle age—dressed in pale blue stockings with a white pattern worked in them, a darker blue shirt with his monogram on the breast pocket, and dark blue trousers. Stiff dark hair bristled above a crushed-down brow; amid a broad face was a nubbin of turned-up nose. That figure had stood on the sand, listened to the boatman in faded calico shirt and shapeless trousers—listening just long enough to catch the drift of the boatman's speech, then cutting the speaker short with an irritated, "I don't want to be bothered now"—reproof in the tone and glance, as though he had been correcting an impudent servant.

With a certain impartiality Hemphill remarked, "He generally spoke to me as though I was the doormat. Thirty-three hundred dollars is a good bunch of money to me, Sam. I didn't want to lose it, and if I said what was in my mind most likely I would; so I kept my mouth shut. Then he sent me word he was going fishing next day, and to have the boat ready at nine o'clock.

"His wife was along, and the chap they call Benny, and his wife. They call her Maggie. I don't know their names, only what they call each other. His father always used to introduce me to his fishing guests. He always took along grub for me and we all ate together. I had a hunch this bird wouldn't, so I got some sandwiches in a paper bag. Their lunch was in a hamper big as a dry-goods box—couple of gillies lugged it over from the house boat. Of course they didn't get started at nine o'clock—not till ten. I anchored off Gage Point. About one o'clock they started to feed." The boatman couldn't help grinning. "They had a tablecloth to put over the top of the fish box—two bottles of wine in ice."

Dunkley, uncompromising eyes on the boatman, cut through this rambling discourse: "That wasn't the first time you'd seen his wife."

Of course Green Pass would gossip—all tongues loosened now. The boatman was tanned all over to a rich bronze; even his bare ankles might have been an Indian's. The shirt, open at the neck and torn at the side, was only a bit of drapery on living statuary. Particularly when he moved in any exercise of strength and agility haberdashery would have been only a disfigurement. When the sheriff interrupted Hemphill's talk he knew very well that if a woman found pleasure in looking at a handsome male, torn shirt and sea-stained shoes would not have mattered, unless she was a very stupid woman.

Again the boatman struck a nervous hand across his head, but he answered soberly, "I saw her the first day they came here, before I saw him. I'd been out since sunrise for trout and mackerel, and I saw their boat when I came in—first I knew they were here. I was near the dock cleaning fish when she strolled up. Of course I didn't know who she was. She sat on the dock talking across to me—all sorts of questions about fishing, and so forth." He twinkled faintly. "She asked me to take her fishing next day, but I sidestepped that."

Involuntarily, it seemed, he glanced toward the Sans Gene, but the green figure had disappeared.

"I saw her about every day. She came up here one morning and sat on that bench." He looked at the sheriff with a challenge. "I'm giving you all this straight, not because you're sheriff, but because you're Sam Dunkley and I like you. She's a hundred miles the best of that bunch on the house boat. The rest are pretty much swine. I know all right they're his friends, not hers. Beats the devil why a woman like that would marry a man like him—only of course there's the money." His mind returned to the Sans Gene for a moment; but he came back to Dunkley candidly.

"The way I figured it then, he didn't like her playing up to me, and she played up to me all the more because he didn't like it—probably the only thing she could do to him, you see. This day that we went fishing—those four sat around the fish box with a tablecloth on it eating a banquet out of a hamper and drinking iced wine. I was on the little bench by the wheel, eating sandwiches out of a paper bag. But she'd put her chair on my side, where she could reach me; and she was all the while offering me things from their table. Of course she called me Gene, but women that go on my boat always call me Gene."

The boatman ruffled his close-cropped curly hair, and appealed to the sheriff's knowledge of human nature.

"Of course, Sam, anybody but an idiot would know that if she'd had anything serious in her mind about me she wouldn't have been rubbing his nose in it, in public, like that. It was to tease him. But the poor fool couldn't help letting everybody see he was mad. He said to her—mad, like a nasty brat—'You better feed him with a spoon and done with it!' And she says, looking innocent as a kitten, 'Oh, no; Gene's grown-up.' All the chump could do was bleat, 'I suppose you mean I'm not.' He was like that.

"You can understand that wasn't good for me. She didn't know about the money business that was between us—not then. She was just using me to stick pins in him with. Of course I couldn't say anything to her. But I got a mighty hunch that he would take it out of me by refusing to acknowledge the bargain his father had made—doing me out of $3360—out of my boat, practically."

He shifted his position in the chair, and thought an instant before confessing: "I give it to you straight, Sam. I made up my mind he wasn't going to get away with that—not with a whole hide. A fat pig, you see, having a row with his wife, and then taking it out of me by doing me out of my boat. That was really the way it stood. I knew he could do me out of the money. I can't go to law with a man worth five million dollars. I don't want to go to law with anybody anyhow. I'd rather settle it myself or just let it go. I felt sure he was going to swindle me out of my boat, and I made up my mind that if he did I'd hand him something to remember. I didn't know just what it was going to be. I hadn't tried to say just what. But I knew blamed well I was going to land on him somehow."

Bassett, the stumpy deputy, came along the sandy path and stopped at sight of Dunkley, with a look of invitation.

"A minute, Gene," the sheriff said, and strode over to his deputy.

The two officers conferred a moment and Bassett went on down the road toward the private dock. When Dunkley returned to the bench the boatman took up his story.

"Well, that was the way it stood. We were off Gage Point, as I told you. Probably you remember the day—last week, Wednesday. I wouldn't have advised him to go out if my advice had been asked. A while after lunch, Wheedon, full of food and wine, was sitting in a deck chair with his feet up, smoking a cigar, and she was casting. There wasn't really any use fishing in the middle of that sultry afternoon on an ebb tide; but she was casting—reeling in and casting again. Usually women are a nuisance trying to cast; but she can."

His voice had trailed off a little, reminiscently. Another image was in his mind, of a slender figure, not above medium height, with wavy yellow hair and sea-green eyes, casting with her whole body—taking a half step as she swung the rod, bending at the hips, sometimes pressing her lips together or screwing them up, as though she must hit the mark under a penalty. To see her cast made him laugh—teeth showing white against the dark red skin—for it was obscurely like recognizing a blood relation among strangers. That first day when she came to the dock and asked him all sorts of questions about fishing, he had liked her because her hands were brown.

"Casting. As I said, it was a while after lunch; and I saw it coming up in the west. Of course I pulled up anchor and started for shore. I hadn't gone very far before my passengers got pretty serious."

In only a few minutes they had seen a slate-colored streak on the western horizon grow to a monstrous curtain, halfway to the zenith, turning darker, writhing and tumbling within itself, blotting out the blue with a rush that made the speed of the little boat seem like inaction. Already cold gusts had struck them. Before the devouring black curtain overhead and an oncoming wall of rain, the boat had seemed pitifully small and fragile.

"It hit us like the devil," Hemphill commented; and grinned. "About the third dive sent Benny to the cabin and his wife after him."

As wind and rain struck them in a boisterous onset, the sea had begun to toss under them. It tossed more and more, rain expunging the distant sketch of Gage Point, so that they might as well have been in midocean surrounded by fog. The waves got bigger momentarily. The young man called Benny was sticking to his chair, feet braced and one hand against the fish box. The boat soared upward as though minded to try a flight; then slid down, careening, and for two mortal seconds Benny seemed to look straight down into rolling sea and to feel himself being spilled into it, chair and all, as one spills the contents of a spoon by tilting it.

When the boat righted, and his heart came back from a sojourn, Benny crawled forward to the small cabin, his wife following.

Wheedon meantime had helped himself back to the solid seat in the stern. But his wife stood up, her arms round the stanchion behind the boatman at the wheel. Mostly his attention must go to steering, but more than once he turned his head so that she was in his field of vision. They rode up a big wave and slid down the other side; and Hemphill smiled up at her with a sort of love that was mostly impersonal. The wind molded her skirt to her form, strands of yellow hair blew; it was indefinitely in his mind that long ago women had ridden stormy waves like that, except for the incidental item of a boat.

Soberly he commented, "This lobster, Benny, and his wife, that they call Maggie—they're just a couple of fools. From the way they laughed at Wheedon's jokes and toadied to him I figured they were on their uppers and he was their meal ticket. At that they were the only people in the bunch that seemed to be friendly to everybody—too poor and foolish to quarrel, I guess; blacking everybody's boots. Benny reminds me somehow of a squash—near-sighted, wears glasses.

"Of course that stuffy little cabin was no place in a storm. They'd be banged around every which way. After a while Benny managed to get the door open—hanging on, his legs wabbling, and his face blank as an egg. He must have gone sort of daffy with seasickness and being scared stiff and knocked around in there. Some people do go off their nuts with seasickness. It struck me he was trying to jump overboard. Then the boat turned another somerset and snapped him back. I heard him hit inside the cabin like dropping a packing case out of a second-story window, and his wife began to yell. It was right rough then."

One moment, in fact, the little boat had stood on its head, and when it stood on its tail, water boiled along the gunwale. Although they were running before the wind contradictory forces assailed them, making the bowsprit toss crazily, and it seemed that if they did not founder they would crack in two.

"Looked as though something ought to be done in there, but I couldn't leave the wheel for a second. I look round at Wheedon—Maggie still whooping—but he just hung on to the stern seat. Then she touched my shoulder. She couldn't get by me to the next stanchion, you see, but she held out her hand. I took another brace with my feet and grabbed her wrist. She waited for a chance, then sprang and made the rest of it in a stagger and scramble—getting into the cabin to look after the lunatics. Naturally, I was disgusted with the slob—sitting still and letting his wife do it. Probably I looked it."

The boatman took a moment to ponder over the experience, and confessed frankly: "I hated that man, all right. I meant to hand him a wallop he'd remember. I knew he was going to do me out of my boat. I didn't propose to let him get away with it whole." Thoughtfully he opened the door to a deeper confidence: "Some people blame me for sticking around here. That kind of talk has been passed back to me. They say if I had the right kind of ambition I'd probably set up a garage or filling station; or, maybe, go to work in a real-estate office, so I could rise in the world and become a respectable citizen. Fact is, I make better wages at this, I'll bet, than I could at any job on shore that was open to me. I'd have owned the boat this year if Wheedon had been square with me. But there's something else about it, Sam.

"At any job in town I'd get restless, and that wouldn't be good for me. Out here on the Gulf I'm free, you see—not rowing with anybody; not doing anybody any harm. I suppose I'm sort of reckless. I hear about chaps getting into serious trouble now and then, and I can sort of feel in my bones how easy it might be for me to follow suit. I love this, you know; and it's good for me. I don't have any rows here except with this two-fisted old ocean and a frenzied fish; and we can fight that out between ourselves without prejudice to anybody." He made a slight gesture. "Clean, you understand—free. What I started to say was, this man Wheedon really needed killing.

"Probably I hated him some on his wife's account too. She's a thousand per cent better than the rest of that booze-fighting bunch. I liked her. In a way, you know, she was sort of my kind. If you'd see her a while on a boat you'd know what I mean. I get it more or less mixed up.

"But here was Wheedon on the stern seat, getting all the pitch of the boat and full of food and red wine. I didn't realize what ailed him at first. He'd gone kind of pasty white, but fright would account for that. Well, he let go both barrels. Gee, Sam! Nobody would have minded taking a pair of tongs and dropping that object into the water.

"He'd come into all this money of his father's; the world was his; going to do everything he pleased, and anybody that didn't like it could go to hell. And there was that mess on the house boat—these cheap and gaudy booze-fighters he'd brought along with him. You see what I mean, Sam; nobody would have cared a rap what he did to that chap. It wouldn't have counted."

In the little pause he glanced away, and back again. "It's none of my business to tell tales, Sam; and I don't really know any—not what a judge would call knowing.

(Continued on Page 36)

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BODY by FISHER

(Continued from Page 34)

But some things are in the air. There's a woman on board—getting fat, I'd say; bobbed hair and black eyes. I don't know any more about it than a rabbit—not really know. But I guess Wheedon liked that woman pretty well, and his wife didn't; and the woman's husband didn't like Wheedon much. He's the oldest man on board—bald. He don't look like a picture of innocence to me. Not that I really know anything. But it would be my guess, from what they told me, that Wheedon was shot from the sea. The point is, Sam, that anybody at all—except the fool Benny and his wife—might have bumped that fellow off. It was coming to him.

"Well, of course I finally got 'em in all right out of the squall. I didn't see him next day till sundown. Then he and the bald man and the bald man's wife stopped right out there—me here on the porch—and he said, 'If you've got a claim against my father's estate you best file it in court in New York. A lawyer will tell you how.' Then he went up to the store and told Alf McGann he was going to sell the boat—asked Alf to find a buyer.

"I'd expected that. Of course he was sorer than ever at me for what had happened on the fishing trip. I didn't propose to go into any lawsuit. What chance would I have against his money? I told Alf and some other people what I thought of him; but that was all. I'd been holding the boat ready for him every day, same's I used to for his father. But when he announced his stand that way, I thought I might as well get some use of it while I could. Fact is, I thought it would be better to keep away from him that day. So I went into the Gulf for mackerel, and got back about five o'clock with a nice lot. Maybe she saw me coming in. Anyhow she was on the dock when I came up, and hailed me—asked me to come up and get her—take her on board while I cleaned the fish. And I did.

"I saw right away she was different—different to me, I mean. Maybe she'd been down to the hotel at Elmersville and somebody there had told her. I don't know how she heard it. I handed her down, you know, and pushed off a few yards and got ready to manicure my fish, she sitting in the stern looking at me. Almost the first thing she said was, speaking softly, 'I didn't know you were Sergeant Hemphill.'"

That name had been in newspaper headlines and even echoed in the halls of Congress. Presumably the name would not have acquired that distinction if there had not been some little bungling at headquarters. At any rate the men had been ordered to stay in that corner of the woods until relief came. It presently appeared that to stay was going to be very inconvenient, for a gray swarm was coming on in front. When relief arrived Sergeant Hemphill, half blinded with blood and working a machine gun, was the only man in the little company who was able to keep his feet. That happened early in our fighting and made a great impression—for a few days. But in due time the war ended, with a surfeit of heroes, and by that time hardly anybody remembered Sergeant Hemphill.

"It made a difference with her, you know. Before that, I'd been Gene the boatman, that she could play around with. I think she liked me—tiptop, in a way. Then it made her husband sore, and that was an object. But now —— She's a woman that would respect a man who'd given 'em the best punch he had. So it was different. She asked to see my medals." He grinned a little. "Oh, yes; I keep 'em in a cigar box in the cabin. She looked 'em all over, one by one—kept 'em in her lap fingering 'em over and talking to me. Well, she sat in the stern, watching me clean fish.

"That's scales and guts, you know. Usually women that go out from the hotel don't want to see it. But she didn't mind—sitting in the stern, watching and talking to me. You couldn't really put it in words—only I'd landed on the Dutch, and cleaning fish was part of my job, and she'd sit and watch me do it." The boatman's eyes grew rounder with speculation, as though he tried to recover something that could not be put in words. A note lower, he added, "She was very sweet about it, Sam." He thought it over another instant.

"You might say she kicked over the traces then, coming up to see me often—whenever she wanted to and staying as long as she liked. It would be my opinion—in the air, you know—that there was merry hell on the Sans Gene, friend husband riding her with a qurt, and she doing just as she pleased, especially hanging out with me. Two days I took her out in the boat fishing with me."

Hemphill had been growing restless, shifting his position in the chair, moving his tanned hands. He looked away at the stretch of still blue water and the low green mainland beyond. His eyes came back to the sheriff with a silent questioning and debating; but he ended abruptly: "So it came down to yesterday afternoon, when I pulled him out of the water. If I'd wanted to bump him off, Sam, all I had to do was sit still."

"She was there," said Dunkley.

"Yes. I'd stayed ashore, and we went bathing in the afternoon—over on the Gulf side of course. We had a swim and were sitting on the sand when he came along in a bathing suit, and just walked past us with a scowl. I'd never seen him in a bathing suit before, and you'd never want to again. He just walked by us and went on to the hook and waded in. I knew the undertow would get him, and trotted up there. It did get him all right, and I pulled him out. And what do you think he did?" The boatman stopped to laugh. "He sent one of his servants up here to give me twenty-five dollars as a reward for pulling him out. The man that was doing me out of $3300! Hard to beat that! But that's the last I saw of him, Sam—when he wabbled away to the boathouse after I pulled him out of the water."

"He walked down the beach about sundown yesterday," said the sheriff.

"So I've heard," Hemphill replied. "I didn't see him."

"You walked down the beach a few minutes later." Of course everybody would be gossiping now.

"I strolled down to see if I could pick up some Panama shells, Sam. I didn't know he was ashore. I didn't see him."

"She came to your shack here about dusk." How many eyes the little community had!

"I've heard that too; but I didn't see her. It must have been after I'd gone down the beach."

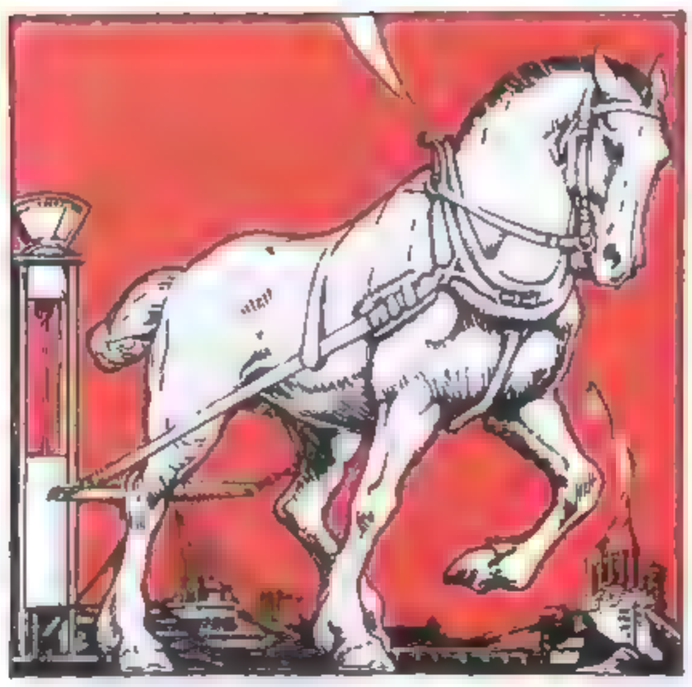
Dunkley's uncompromising eyes held to Hemphill's as he made another statement: "You must have heard a shot, Gene. Others heard it."

"Yes, I heard a shot, but I didn't think anything of it then—getting dusk—some fool letting off a gun, I thought."

Where the hamlet stood, this key was perhaps half a mile wide, broadening farther down, then tapering to a slender tail the southern end of which was only a long sandbar. As the key narrowed to a tail, vegetation became stunted and sparse. A boy, this morning, had found Wheedon's

(Continued on Page 39)

Her Sea-Green Eyes Looked Into His and Then Away; Her Pretty Brown Hand Scooped Sand and Poured It Out With a Slow Mechanical Motion



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eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an-ounce of prevention

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body down there by an isolated clump of dwarf mesquite, with a bullet hole in the head. No alarm had been given from the house boat, and no search had been made for him through the night.

Hemphill still showed a subdued restlessness under the sheriff's steady eyes—with slight movements, mechanically running a hand over his head. Dunkley felt that something was held back.

After a moment the boatman said in confidence, "I don't know any more about it than you do, Sam; but I think there was a small boat off the key, inside—only a glimpse, for brush was in the way and the light was fading. I didn't pay any attention either. I wouldn't be sure; but I've got a kind of recollection of noticing a small boat in the bay—just a glimpse. That might have been five or ten minutes before I heard the shot. Nothing's very clear in my mind about it, you understand, because I wasn't paying attention. From what they tell me, it would be my guess he was plugged from the water." With more energy he added, "There was a nasty mess, Sam. That man needed killing. It was coming to him. Probably somebody had to do it. It might have been almost anybody—even the lunkhead Benny, for all I really know. There's the man they call Paul—the woman's husband."

Dunkley listened to this unmoved, his eyes boring at the boatman. "You say it was near sundown when you left here and strolled down the beach. What time did you get back here to the shack?"

Hemphill mutely questioned the sheriff an instant, considering, and answered candidly, "Eleven o'clock."

"Dark for Panamas," the sheriff commented dryly.

"I loafed on the beach," said Hemphill. He knew this admission was not good for his case, and regarded the officer gravely. "I give it to you straight, Sam. There was a time, probably, when anything might have happened. I hated him all right. But when it came to the pinch—it was too complicated. I wanted to be free."

There was a little pause and Dunkley asked, "That all, Gene?"

As to a superior officer the boatman answered, "Yes, sir."

The sheriff arose, remarking, "Well, I'm going to the house boat," and stepped off the weather-beaten stoop.

Striding forward, his eyes on the big, lumbering craft, he again cursed it with all his heart. On this strip of palm-grown sand, and on the Gulf, Eugene Hemphill, he thought, would lead a good life; but what he instinctively fled from had pursued him in that house boat, and perhaps ruinously ensnared him—for he was holding something back. What had he been doing, up to eleven o'clock, last evening? Hence the sheriff cursed the Sans Gene and all its works. Gus Bassett was already aboard, but he would hardly have questioned the boat's mistress—leaving such a job to his superior.

Nearing the Sans Gene, Dunkley noticed that a man and woman were sitting on the lower deck. The man's hat was off, disclosing a bald head; the woman was at least plump and had dark bobbed hair. Somebody had locked the gate in the boat's rail through which one went aboard from the dock. Without pausing, Dunkley threw a leg over it—the man and woman silently watching. Advancing to them he introduced himself.

"I'm the sheriff. I wish to see Mrs. Wheedon."

The seated man welcomed that announcement—it struck Dunkley—about as a muzzled bulldog might have. He was long-bodied, short-legged, thick-chested, and the cooked red in his mottled face had not come there by abstinence.

In silence, with only a glance of stony disfavor, he arose and disappeared through the nearest door.

The woman glanced round, stood up and stepped close to the sheriff—plump prominent cheek bones, full lips, burning eyes. "They had a wild row yesterday afternoon," she said swiftly under her breath, "after he came from bathing. It was about the boatman they call Gene. He was sending him twenty-five dollars. She said he ought to give him the boat. I was outside and heard it—furious, you know. He knocked her down. You'll see her cheek. She'd kill him for that. After he went ashore she followed and went up there to Gene's shanty. She didn't get back till ten o'clock. She and Gene killed him." All this as rapidly as she could utter it.

"Why didn't anybody look for him last night?" Dunkley asked.

She seemed to find the question absurd, or irritating.

"Who would have thought of danger on a little island like this? We supposed he had some business of his own on shore." Evidently this company on the house boat did not question one another's goings and comings too closely, lest it prove embarrassing. "They killed him," she added and turned away, walking to the bow.

Certainly a mess, as Hemphill had said.

In a moment a steward in white linen came to the door for Dunkley, conducting him inside, upstairs, through a spacious cabin. It was a bedroom in which the sheriff found himself, or a combination of bedroom and boudoir. The bed at the side was covered with a lace spread, made up for the day. The occupant of the room was in a chair, with bright chintz cushions by the window. Without rising she smiled faintly and said, "Good morning, sheriff; will you sit here?"

He recognized the green dress that he had seen on the bow, and the slender shape with yellow hair. He saw now that her eyes were sea green; and his reaction to her was in the form of an acknowledgment that here was lure enough to do the business for any boatman. A black-and-blue bruise on her left cheek showed through a thick layer of powder. But he liked her voice and her brown hands.

He opened the matter promptly: "Can you tell me how your husband was shot, Mrs. Wheedon?"

The answer came as promptly: "I've no idea."

"I find he had some trouble with a boatman named Eugene Hemphill. Hemphill claimed your husband swindled him—talked to a good many people about it. Your husband went down the Gulf beach near sunset. A few minutes later Hemphill went down the beach after him."

Her voice was soft, but firm. "I'm sure he didn't do it, sheriff. He got Mr. Wheedon out of the water yesterday afternoon. If he'd meant to kill him, all he had to do then was sit still and let him drown. There was nobody else in sight."

"You were there," said the sheriff.

For an instant she seemed to feel her foot in a trap; light wavered in her sea-green eyes; a brown hand moved on the chair arm. But she answered composedly, "I was there. But I didn't know about this undertow. I doubt that I could have helped him."

"You went ashore last evening, I believe," Dunkley remarked; perhaps his eyes focused upon the dark spot on her cheek.

"Yes; I went ashore." Her eyes seemed to ask him how much gossip he had been hearing. She stooped a little and clasped her hands round her knee. "Mr. Wheedon and I had quarreled. You know about the boat?"

He nodded.

With a conviction that he knew a good deal else, she went on, low: "Mr. Wheedon and I quarreled about it. I said he should give Gene the boat. It's true he struck me." For an instant Dunkley thought of the glowing eyes of a big cat. "I don't take that with thanks. I was furious enough. I went to Gene's cabin, but he wasn't there. I walked around a while—going back to the cabin. But he didn't come, so I came back to the house boat without seeing him."

"Would you mind telling me what you did when you got back here?"

That question seemed rather to surprise her, and she reflected. "I was told that Benny Weems had gone to bed ill, without his dinner; so I went in to see him. I sat with him a little while. It seemed to be nothing serious. Then I went to bed. Gene never did this, sheriff."

Yet, somehow, she wasn't telling him the truth—not all the truth. For the first time Dunkley displayed emotion.

"I hope with all my heart he didn't, Mrs. Wheedon. I've known him a good while. He's too good a man." He ended a slight hesitation with a burst of scorn. "Too many people are only pigs—good for nothing but to stuff themselves. A man like Gene Hemphill ——" His voice fell bitterly. "But somebody did it. This man was murdered. Whoever did it has got to pay, if I can find him. I only hope with all my heart it wasn't Gene Hemphill."

Light played in her eyes and she slowly shook her head, with conviction. "I know it was not. He didn't intend to be at his cabin last evening. He'd made up his mind. He wanted to be free." She communed with herself an instant; a faint smile moved her lips. "He was right; he should be free."

But that was exactly what Hemphill had said; his words were in the sheriff's mind: "It was too complicated; I wanted to be free." What understanding was between them? How had it touched Wheedon? What had Hemphill been doing last evening?

Dunkley was frowning over that when a decorous knock came on the door. Mrs. Wheedon called, "Come in"; but instead of a white suited steward the undistinguished clothes and shoe-leather face of Deputy Bassett appeared in the half-opened door. A motion of his head signified that he wished to speak with his chief. Murmuring an apology, Dunkley stepped out. Then he saw that Bassett's face was portentous with news. For an instant the deputy silently asked his superior to believe something incredible; but he spoke with flatness, like an anticlimax:

"It was the fool they call Benny—Mr. Benjamin Weems—he did it."

Dunkley stared, and the deputy gave an affirmative nod, repeating, "It was Mr. Benjamin Weems—pretty near an idiot. I guess, Sam, from all I've heard, this man Wheedon needed killing pretty bad. Probably somebody had to do it. But the job was shouldered off on Benny."

"How?" Dunkley demanded.

There was, perhaps, a touch of reproof in Bassett's mild statement, "You didn't view the body, but I did. It was no pistol. The bullet went clean through his head. I listened and said nothing, but I made up my mind then he was shot with a rifle. Looked like that would mean from the water. So I had that idea in mind."

Again he silently asked the sheriff to believe an incredible statement. "This fool Benny hankered to shoot a porpoise." He repeated it, as though one hearing would hardly suffice. "To shoot a porpoise. He sneaked off in their electric launch yesterday afternoon when other guests were liquoring up for dinner. He didn't see any porpoise, but he saw a big white heron."

He paused a little, as though not to strain his hearer's mind too far at once. "Not seeing any porpoise, he wanted to shoot the heron. He'd got to shoot something, you know. The heron flew away. And then, Sam, he saw it roosting on a bunch of mesquite, couple of rods inshore." Bassett seemed to find language inadequate. "Benny can't see, any more than he can think. He thought what he saw was the white heron—roosting on a mesquite bush inshore! So he blazed away. Wheedon was wearing a white shirt. Naturally Benny didn't hit what he aimed at, but he did a thorough job of it, just the same. As soon as he shot he saw something fall down. He knew that wasn't a heron; had just sense enough for that. So he beat it back to the boat and went to bed sick. That's how it happened, Sam. I've just been talking to him."

Bassett looked gravely up at his superior: "Benny, shooting at a white heron roosting on a mesquite bush. I guess, Sam, it was what our good grandfathers used to call an act of God."

Dunkley did not doubt the deputy's solution; Bassett knew his business. But there was a questioning in his mind. What, then, was the understanding between those two, so that they used the same words? What had Gene been doing all last evening?

At any rate the official job was done, and Hemphill ought to be told, so the sheriff tramped back to the shack.

The boatman listened, and observed coolly, "So that was it? Well, I knew mighty well I had nothing to do with it. I'd made up my mind."

Again, those were just her words: "He'd made up his mind." They must have talked it over.

But there had been no talking.

A man and woman sitting on the sand in wet bathing suits, both deeply aware that for days a skein had been weaving between them. In outward form each of them might have stood for a model. Wheedon came scowling by, fat and white. She knew the hook was no place for bathing; Hemphill had told her so. Wheedon, however, was making for the hook. In a moment, shaping itself out of the blue, there was a question as sudden and portentous as a storm cloud.

Her sea-green eyes looked into his and then away; her pretty brown hand scooped sand and poured it out with a slow mechanical motion. He scooped a handful of sand and poured it, the tail of his eye on her round leg, gracefully bent at the knee. He felt the charm as one feels alcohol in his brain. He hated Wheedon.

The fat white figure was pudging along the hook now.

Involuntarily, it seemed, Hemphill spoke in a mumble, "He oughtn't to go in there."

She looked into his eyes—neither inviting, apparently, nor withholding; but passive, waiting for the cast of the die. Then she looked down at the sand trickling from her curved palm. Wheedon was wading in from the hook.

Hemphill hated him and felt her strong charm. The skein that was weaving had made him think about her objectively—lovely, desirable; she could be very sweet too. But a woman used to profusion, not to be imagined living in a shack on the proceeds of a rod and line; an indefinitely large and complicated background behind her—that dirty mess on the house boat a part of it. Wheedon was up to his hips in the water. It must happen very soon now. That background would claim him, in a gilded leash. Abruptly he cut through the skein with a stroke of will, sprang to his feet like a cat and ran hard for the hook.

She had understood then. Yet at dusk, furious and reckless from the blow on her cheek, she had gone to his cabin. When he

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Better Speech, Better Business

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ON THE ten-day boat en route from Londonderry to New York there was no passenger who radiated a more supreme confidence in the future than the young draper's clerk from Belfast, a youth whose entire capital consisted of ten pounds in cash and a letter of recommendation from his former employer. This letter, written in old-fashioned script, was addressed To Whom it May Concern and stated that the bearer, twenty-one years of age, had satisfactorily completed his five years' apprenticeship in the draper's trade and would be a valuable employe to any firm requiring his services.

A dozen times a day Lexie showed this letter to fellow passengers and confided his ambitions. He would take employment with some draper's firm in New York. He would save his money and in time start a draper's shop of his own. Who knows but in ten years, or fifteen perhaps, he might be a rich man and going back to Belfast to visit his astonished old friends? Always his beginning was the same, spoken in his clear, precise, North of Ireland accent: "As soon as I reach New York I shall take employment ——"

One was prompted to probe the reason for this superb confidence. It was true that a young draper's clerk might attain wealth in the land of opportunity; a count of the important Fifth Avenue shops reveals that many North of Ireland young men have graduated from drapers' clerks to proprietorship of great department stores and similar enterprises. Still, there are obstacles. To get a start is the crucial matter. How did he know, for instance, that there would be a position open to him as soon as he should reach New York? Hosts of other young men, born Americans, are constantly seeking employment in that city. Might he not be handicapped by the fact that he was, in a way, a foreigner?

"If it is only Americans I have to compete with for employment," he answered with amazing egotism, "I shall have no fear. You see, I know my trade better than they do."

This statement could not go unchallenged. Did he not know that America is above all things a commercial country, that there are schools and even colleges where business efficiency and salesmanship are taught in the most scientific manner? Lexie might, indeed, know his trade excellently from Belfast standards, but it was entirely possible he would find New York competition a little keener than he anticipated. He countered these remarks by another surprising statement.

"Americans don't speak good English," he said; "and that is the principal thing when you are selling things to people. When I served my apprenticeship in Belfast I had to learn diction just as I learned to distinguish cotton from linen. It was part of the trade; unless I spoke like a gentleman, I couldn't have hoped to be anything more than a porter. I'll get a position in New York, never fear!"

Truly it seemed overly optimistic that he should assume his superior diction would gain him preference in the New York labor market, where, we are told by a thousand writers, sheer efficiency is the only password to success. But meeting him on the street a month later, his exuberant greeting left no doubt that his ambition had been realized.

A Tip for Our Universities

"I ENTERED upon a position the day after I landed," he triumphed. "Thirty-five dollars a week. And the best I should have been able to do in Belfast would have been two pounds ten!"

"With an Irish or Scotch firm?" I questioned, thinking of the names over the doors of prominent Fifth Avenue houses.

"Pure Yankee," he answered briefly. "All I did was to ask for the employment manager, and as soon as he heard me speak he told me to go to work."

Is there something to Lexie's grave charge that Americans slight their language to their own detriment? Do we as a nation stand lower in the opinion of the world because of our laxness in the matter of speech? Certainly the Fifth Avenue employment manager knew the Irish boy who had been made to pay attention to his diction as a part of his trade would be a more pleasing sales person to clients than one not so trained. Translated into larger terms then, and into business verbiage, Is America losing money because of careless habits of speech?

Surprisingly, this seems to be a question that has been overlooked, though business research is being conducted on an unprecedented scale by commercial organizations and by institutions of learning. I have asked the authorities of a dozen leading universities if there is any insistence on a standard of diction. Not, I have been particular to state, an imitation of the somewhat artificial Oxford accent, but an insistence that students shall pronounce words carefully and without neglecting vowel sounds; such a standard, for instance, as the Belfast drapery trade requires of apprentices before allowing them to wait on customers. In each case the answer has been no. One official of a great Eastern institution informed me that at one time there was an effort to impose such a standard, but so much student resistance was encountered the project was abandoned. The young men felt, my informant stated, that they had come to the university in preparation for serious business careers and did not intend to be harassed by non-essential frills.

Yet there is a distinct connection between business and good speech. The English, sophisticated in world affairs from centuries of experience, know this better than we. Recently in conversation with a London business man he remarked that he was taking his sixteen-year-old son out of a certain school in mid-term; the boy, he said, had come home for the Christmas holidays with an inclination to slur over his vowels, and investigation showed he had acquired it from one of the instructors. One had the thought that the Londoner was overly particular in the training of a boy who was intended for a business career; but as usual in British calculations, there was sound reasoning behind it.

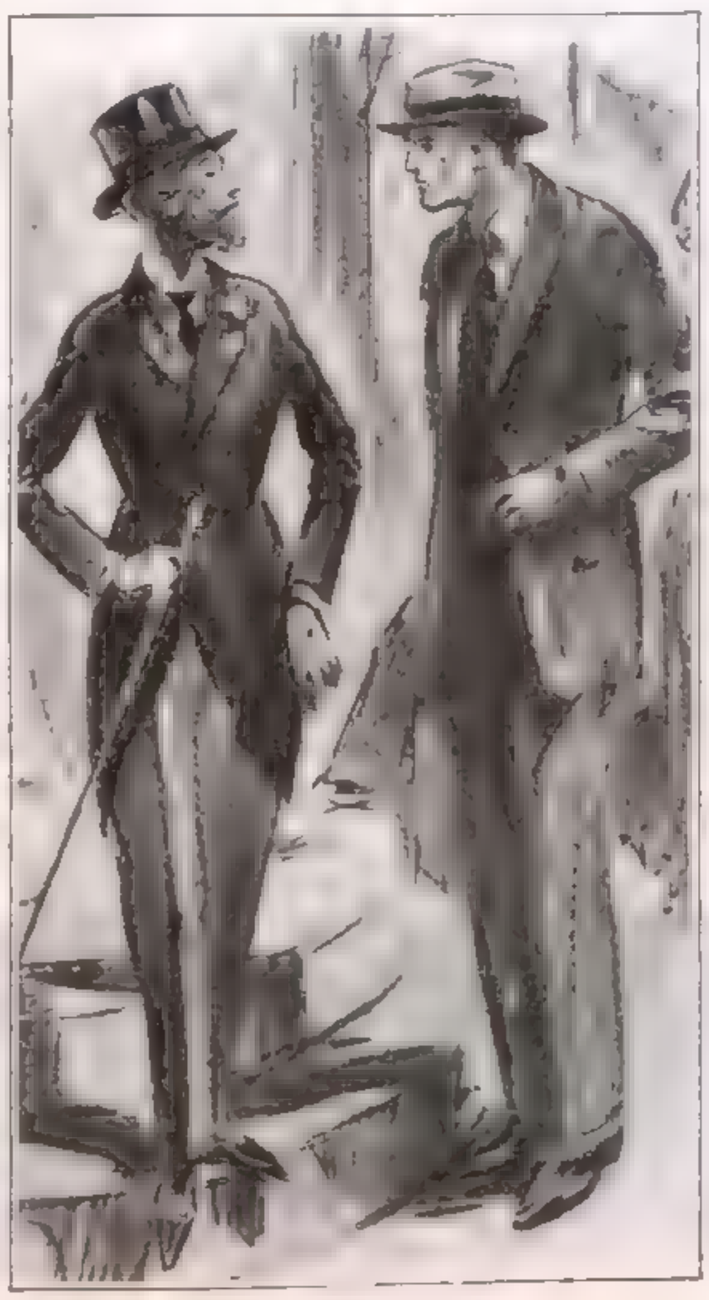
Vowels and Vocations

"WHEN my son becomes of age it is my intention that he shall take charge of my firm's Argentine branch," he said; "and, of course, in such a position it is very important that he should speak English correctly; more important even than if he were to stay in England. In Latin countries, you see, the business men are usually of a very educated type; most of them speak English, and speak it with especial correctness, because they have learned it from highly cultivated instructors. Should the person in charge of my Argentine office betray any carelessness of diction, he is at once set down as an inferior individual and the deduction drawn that his firm is not quite first class. Now suppose a situation arises where we are bidding for a contract against other foreign firms and the figures are pretty much the same. Who would get the contract? Why, the firm that stood highest socially, of course; and the social status would probably be decided by the manner in which the representative handled his vowels."

In England itself, be it remembered, the manner of a person's speech determines not only his social standing but also his earning capacity. It is an established rule that the man or woman who is careless in the handling of vowels can aspire to no more than four pounds a week, and even then such a person may not come into contact with the purchasing public. The London railway porter, the drayman, the scrubwoman, may use a cockney dialect; but to be a salesman in a department store, a bank clerk or a waitress, one must conform to educated rules of speech. In higher positions the lines are still more sharply drawn.

An evidence of English snobbery? Not at all. It is simply the natural condition in a country where competition for livelihood is sterner than we in America can yet imagine, but to which we shall inevitably come as our population increases and our natural resources are used up. The bank clerk or the waitress who speaks correctly attracts more customers than the one who does not; and where competition rises to the point where the employer may choose from a multiplicity of applicants, the former will naturally have preference.

The United States, it goes without saying, is a business country. We have built up a business fabric without parallel in the world, and by it we have managed to bring about a general standard of living inconceivably higher than that of any other nation. But these things have brought about complications that must inevitably be faced. It is necessary that our factories shall run on full time in order that the workpeople shall earn enough to live at the luxurious American standard. But our factories are so marvelously equipped that if they run on full time they turn out more things than the American people can buy. This is what one eminent economist has recently called "the vicious circle of mass production." The only remedy for it is to sell a portion of our factories' products to people of other countries.



Amateurs in a Professional Field

BUT our business with foreign countries does not go so well as it might; not well enough to keep our factories going always on full time and to fill the pay envelopes of workpeople who desire to live up to the American standard. We do not sell so great a proportion of our manufactured articles abroad as do England and France, our chief business competitors. There must be reasons for this, because we certainly manufacture as skillfully as they. The principal reason, doubtless, is that England and France are sophisticated professionals in selling their goods in foreign lands, while we are still amateurs. They have been doing it for hundreds of years; our exporting dates back hardly fifty years.

Now the difference between a professional and an amateur lies in the fact that the former makes the most of every opportunity, no matter how trifling, while the latter does not. The great artist playing Hamlet makes the character live by a hundred convincing little touches; the leading man of the North End High School Dramatic Club merely speaks the lines and Hamlet is a verbose automaton. The professional baseball team wins games by inside plays. The professional pugilist accomplishes his purpose by a multiplicity of subtle moves hardly seen by the ringside spectator.

Business, and particularly business with foreign nations, is a highly professional matter and so intensively competitive that every auxiliary must be brought into play. Generally speaking, the business house that makes itself most admired gets along best in selling its products in foreign lands. The London business man who insisted that his son should have a good pronunciation as a preparation for representing his firm in the Argentine was playing the game with a professional touch.

What applies to a single firm applies also to nations. Louis XIV of France, one of the greatest business executives of all time, applied the principle on a national scale with far-reaching results. History tells us that when Louis came to the throne France was a country with little manufacturing and practically no export trade. We are also told that "French manners were of a general grossness and crudeness of speech deplorable." How the Grand Monarque set about to make France a prosperous business country might well be considered by the most modern chamber of commerce executive.

Louis' first move in his industrial campaign was to encourage the building of factories. His second, so to embellish Paris that it would become a popular tourist center. Being a shrewd business man, Louis realized that factories and tourists alone would not create a world-wide market. Had he been a modern American executive he might have expressed his views by remarking that it was also necessary for France to sell herself to the world. How he proceeded to sell France to the world is common knowledge. Elegance

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Not one—But All Three Beauty Performance Price

THOSE who have wanted a moderate-priced car have heretofore found it necessary to sacrifice something of beauty, or of performance. But *now*—they can buy an Oldsmobile Six, and get, not one, or two, but *all three* of these qualities.

More expensive cars do equal its beauty and match its performance. But *no other one car* offers *comparable beauty* and *comparable performance* at a *comparable price.*

By far the most convincing proof we can offer is the car itself. Just look at it—then drive it—and you'll know we speak the truth! The nearest Oldsmobile dealer will gladly loan you a car.

Touring $890
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OLDSMOBILE SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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of diction was carefully promoted as an ally of big business. The crudeness of speech noted by contemporary historians must have consisted largely in a slurring of vowels, for the Grand Monarque made it a fixed rule that no person would be tolerated at court who did not give full value to each syllable of the spoken word. Public office depended largely on the aspirant's correctness of diction. History does not say if the Grand Monarque instituted a national Better Language Week, but he doubtless would had he believed such a movement effective.

It is, of course, impossible to say how much influence this insistence on good diction had in making France a great exporting nation, but the general results we do know. The plan was sound. The factories were equipped to turn out products desired by foreign peoples. A vastly attractive capital drew visitors from all quarters of the world. Back of these was a general standard of speech so agreeable as to give to visitors the impression that anything the French people manufactured must be of good taste. *Voilà!* Each tourist became—and still is in the droll speech of *les Américains*—a booster for products of the so elegant France.

Dividends From Diction

The French language is not naturally more agreeable than other languages; should one doubt this, he has only to listen a few moments to the conversation of some French-Canadian in some New England mill town. Merely the French nation, invariably shrewd in business matters, has capitalized the idea of the Grand Monarque and made it pay dividends nearly 300 years. How great these dividends are annually can only be conjectured. Although the United States has a small French population, the French language is studied vastly more than any other foreign tongue. An inquiry at a leading New York school of languages, for example, revealed the fact that out of a staff of twenty instructors, fourteen are French. The natural desire of a person who has learned a language is to visit the country of its origin; each year France entertains a greater number of moneyed tourists than any other country in the world. American visitors alone, it is estimated, annually dispense close to $500,000,000.

Yet this tourist revenue is a small fraction of France's foreign income, for the country has consistently held a leading position in exports since the days when Louis XIV put the language to work as an ally of business. Today France's position is unique; every other manufacturing country is obliged to send its salesmen throughout the world to vend its products; the French manufacturer stays at home and allows the buyers to come to him. In Paris alone more than 1000 foreign firms maintain permanent offices for the purpose of buying French merchandise and shipping it to the retailers of their home lands. Commerce, it may be observed, not only follows the flag but also follows agreeable speech.

It is perhaps not to be wondered at that we have overlooked the value of precise speech, for until comparatively recently we have been a pioneer race, setting in order an undeveloped country. With so much to do, the tendency has been to hurry; time was saved for more important matters if one could make himself understood without vowels. Yet in modern competitive business the weight of a few vowels may mark the difference between success and failure. Even at the risk of bruising our American pride a little, I will cite an instance that I recently encountered.

It was in the offices of a great New York corporation that maintains branches in leading cities throughout the world. Heretofore it has been the corporation's policy to man these foreign offices with young Americans trained in the home offices, but in conversation with the general manager he told me that a rule had lately been made to send no more young Americans abroad. Henceforth, as vacancies occur in overseas branches, the places are to be filled by young Englishmen. I inquired the reason for so surprising an arrangement.

Speech-Conscious Tourists

"It is merely a question of business," the official replied. "We have found the young Britishers make a little better impression on clients because of their usually superior accent in speaking. The Britisher is always very formal in speech when attending a client; while the American, to put it bluntly, is inclined to think a rough-and-ready attitude good enough. No reflection on our boys, of course. The Englishman is trained to be formal in business; he wouldn't be tolerated in an English office unless he was."

"But," I suggested, "I understand that most of the clients of your overseas offices are Americans traveling abroad. American boys are good enough to wait on them at home. Why should they be more particular when touring about the world?"

"Because at home, probably," the official answered, "Americans are not speech-conscious. But after they have been abroad a time, all unconsciously they acquire a liking for precise diction and the little formalities that go with it. If our corporation expects to do business in competition with foreign firms, it must cater to the preferences of the people who spend money with it. Hence our rule about employing Englishmen."

Such evidence of the business value of good diction was amazing, coming as it did from so authoritative a source. Leaving the official's private bureau, I dropped into the corporation's offices and engaged one of the employes in conversation, a young man of perhaps twenty-four who had, he told me, taken the position after leaving college three years previously. It appeared he was not satisfied with his prospects of advancement.

"It used to be," he said resentfully, "that there was a chance to be sent abroad, but the company has seen fit to cut it out."

Here was the opportunity to learn his view of the matter. Expressing surprise, I asked why the company had done it.

"The company is hiring Englishmen," he responded darkly. "And do you know why? Because those English will kotow to customers and use that bla-bla talk of theirs in a way no self-respecting American would stoop to. You betcha I'm quitting this job cold as soon as I find something else!"

Does it seem incredible that a few vowels, more or less, should be of enough importance to decide a great corporation on a radical change in policy? Not when one comes to know the intense rivalry of international business, into which each competing country invariably throws its keenest talent, and in which personality plays so important a rôle. The president of an important American factory organization with overseas connections recently expressed himself to me on the subject at length. As his comment at times bordered on the critical, I am careful to quote his precise words.

"If the American people understood how much our continued prosperity rests on our success in selling our surplus products abroad," he said, "I am sure we who are in exporting operations would get better support. I do not mean government support, for the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce is doing everything humanly possible. I mean support from everyone—from newspapers, writers, educators, private citizens.

"Perhaps I am getting to the age when it seems everything that happened years ago is better than now," he said, "but I cannot help feeling that we have slipped back a bit in some respects. When I went to college thirty-five years ago, for instance, there was a distinct effort to make us speak the English language the way it is spelled; there was a certain standard of formality that we were required to live up to. Of course colleges were poor in those days, and perhaps these things were taught in place of other things that would have required expensive equipment. But if we had a little more of it now the lot of the American business man certainly would be easier.

"I know it seems hard that an American corporation such as you have described should substitute Englishmen for Americans in its overseas branches, but isn't it after all a logical result of the change I have spoken about? Among our own people a lack of formality goes unnoticed because we are used to it, but its effect on foreigners is different. Suppose I put it the other way about. As an example, I myself know the German language quite well, having learned it in college and spent a year in Germany after graduation. Now suppose some young German should come into my office here in New York to sell me factory machinery, and take occasion to sit on the corner of my desk, at the same time presenting his sales argument in careless diction punctuated by German slang. Does anyone think I would be inclined to give him an order? I might stand such an exhibition of democracy from one of my own nationality if he had the right prices, but certainly not from a foreigner!

"Unfortunately, something of the kind occurred in my own organization. Our British business is handled by a London firm, and a couple of years ago I received a letter from the managing director suggesting that we send over someone from our home organization to inject a bit of American briskness and enterprise into its Old World methods. It occurred to me that we had just the right man. Howard—to call him by a name not his—was a bright young chap, a graduate of my own college and a very likable fellow. It did not occur to me until afterward that he might be too much of a go-getter for our English cousins."

A Transplanted Go-Getter

"Howard wrote me, after he had been in London a month or two, a letter full of optimism. It seemed the English firm wanted him principally to appear before boards of directors that were considering our product, to explain our American methods of manufacture, and Howard felt he was doing more than well. In his letter he confided to me that the English game was dead easy; that he did not bother with what he called formality stuff, but went after the clients in two-fisted, he-man fashion, and was, he said, getting away with it.

"There was, however, but the one letter. A little later the London firm wrote that Mr. Howard was no longer in its employ and that he was going back to the United States. He did not come to us on his return and I have not seen him since. On my next annual trip to London I asked the managing director what had been the matter. In England such a question is hardly *au fait*, but this Englishman was quite human; in fact, he himself broke all English traditions by responding to my question by a question of his own.

"'Mr. Howard represented himself to us as a college graduate,' he said. 'You don't think by any chance he might have been deceiving us?'

"I replied that Howard did not deceive; that I myself had seen him graduate. This statement seemed to affect the managing director strangely. For several minutes he sat buried in thought, occasionally murmuring, 'Extraordinary. Quite extraordinary!' Then he answered my original question as to the reason for dispensing with Howard's services.

"'We found Mr. Howard was hurting our business,' he said. 'Almost every time we sent him out to interview a board of directors or similar body we received a request that we send some other person the next time. It seems he had an unfortunate habit of placing one foot on his chair while speaking, or even sitting on the corner of the conference table, and his diction was careless even to the point of slanginess. On one occasion he used the expression, "I'll tell the world," when speaking to one of the most important boards of directors in England!'

"It was quite easy to believe Howard had done these things; that in his earnestness he had reverted to the manners of the professional coach and the cheer leader of his college days. Still, I couldn't allow the Englishman's criticism to go unanswered, and I remarked that I could not see where Howard had done anything criminal, even though he had misused the language a little or even sat on the corner of a directors' table. In America, I added, we consider what a man says, not how he says it, and our colleges do not aim to turn out Chesterfields, but, rather, forceful men who will be able to carry American commerce to the far corners of the earth by their sheer efficiency and knowledge."

Frills or Fundamentals?

"The Englishman appeared to consider these things deeply. Then:

"'In that case perhaps I was wrong in thinking Mr. Howard might have deceived us in representing himself a college man,' he said. 'But, you see, over here we have learned that business does not go to the far corners of the earth through sheer knowledge. People in the far corners of the earth are sensitive to appearances; and more often than not a foreign contract is secured on the strength of the representative's manners and the way he handles his vowels rather than on his forcefulness.'

"Having delivered this bit of wisdom, the English business man put one more question to me:

"'Your colleges over there that spend such vast sums on preparing young men for what you call big business,' he said—'do I understand that they make no effort to teach pronunciation of words?'

"I was not prepared to answer this question and the interview ended there. A few weeks later I was back in America and chanced to attend a lecture at my old college. The speaker was a popular publicist whose subject was America's domination of world business through education. Our policy of massed factory production, he said, plus our superior standard of culture, will eventually make us supreme in world markets. The point of his argument was that if we spend more money on business education, just that much sooner will our products be in every port in the world and our busy factory workmen will be receiving not less than $100 each in their weekly pay envelopes.

"Certainly he handled his subject patriotically and with telling logic. His arguments might have been still more convincing, however, if one could have understood all he said. His earnestness was such that he wasted no time on vowel sounds and hurried on from one word to another with disastrous effect to many final letters.

"It was after the evening's program that I met an old friend who has for more than twenty years been an instructor in various American universities. Having in mind Howard's unfortunate London experience, I put to him the question the English business man had asked me:

"'Now that our schools go in for salesmanship and efficiency and cost accounting,' I said, 'what else are they doing to prepare the youth of the country for our future domination of the markets of the world? Does this college, for instance, insist on a certain standard of pronunciation of the language along with its business courses?'

"'Certainly not,' he answered resentfully. 'Where do you think you are—in Oxford or Paris?'

"Then, being a man of practical thought, he looked around to make sure no unsympathetic listener might be near, and said this:

"'Some of us would like to do it, you know; but after all, we've got to make a living. The business interests of the country don't want time wasted on frills. They want all-around efficiency.'"

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THE JAMAICA ROAD

(Continued from Page 7

Robert's face went scarlet. He had meant to be so kind and cool, almost brotherly, in fact, and now he could never remember having been so annoyed.

Whatever it was that had happened was too much for his pride and equanimity and manners.

"The same to you!" he retorted with difficulty, for his breath was coming fast.

"What!" Elsie bounded indignantly on the springs of the leather upholstery.

"Yes." Robert must have known that he was acting in a silly, childish way, but he could not help it. "Yes, you hate it just as much that I haven't fallen for you."

"Don't make me laugh!" said Elsie with a catch in her voice.

"Don't worry," said Robert, "you're not laughing."

"Oh," gasped Elsie, "thank heavens we're not engaged."

"Don't worry," said Robert maliciously, though he knew he was heaping stone after stone on all that had ever been pleasant between them. "Don't worry; there was never any danger."

"No," agreed Elsie with firm set lips. "You're dashed well right there wasn't."

There was a moment's silence, and both Robert and Elsie sat looking straight before them in stony abstraction. No charge of dynamite could have produced a completer ruin, for three minutes of unvarnished conversation had leveled the structure of everything they had built until it seemed like a distant memory.

"At any rate," said Robert stiffly, "we understand each other."

"Yes," said Elsie, nodding swiftly and still looking straight before her. "You're dashed well right we do." It annoyed Robert to have her use her familiar phrase at such a time as that. "Oh, well—let's be getting back," she ended.

Elsie rose, and automatically Robert followed suit, like a wooden image pulled by strings, and they stood looking at each other with set faces.

"Don't you think," said Elsie unexpectedly, "it would be nicer—if we shook hands or something like that? I don't know what the Book of Etiquette calls for on such occasions, but maybe you do." For a moment her set expression left her, reminding him of a confidential lifting of a mask on some gay or careless occasion. "Do let's try to be nice about it at any rate, because we used to be. Do you remember the Jamaica Road? Come—let's shake hands."

Even as their hands touched, he could not for the life of him think why she should mention anything about the past, for it seemed so surprisingly distant and so irrevocably set behind them.

"That's better," said Elsie. "It—it makes it clearer, doesn't it? Well—let's be getting back."

"All right," said Robert. "You've made it clear enough."

"And so have you," said Elsie. "Dashed well clear."

"I suppose," said Robert grimly, "that Rice man will be cutting in."

"Why?" inquired Elsie. "Do you care?"

"Why should I?" answered Robert shortly.

Seemingly relieved that the worst was over, Elsie smiled quite cheerfully.

"That's right," she said. "You're dashed well right you shouldn't."

As they danced the music sounded tinny and perfunctory, like the performance of a nickel-in-the-slot piano. He experienced a great relief when someone touched his arm, and when he perceived the bland, smiling countenance of Thaddeus Rice, for Thaddeus was like a conventional decoration which comes at a chapter's end.

"May I have some of this?" he inquired, and Elsie laughed just as if nothing had happened.

"All of it," she answered, "every bit there is."

Just like that—just as if nothing had happened. It was like a whip which was carelessly flicked against him, a final gesture which showed him he was free. Robert walked sedately off the floor, whistling a tune between his teeth, without bothering to notice where he was going. He never recalled when his feelings were so lacerated, nor could he account for his restlessness or extreme dissatisfaction. He could only feel that he had been distinctly and completely cheated without knowing why or how, and secretly he had a most unpleasant conviction that all his worry had been wasted. It had been so entirely what he had wanted—a strictly Platonic affair, not only for him but for Elsie. Had the mutual desire for a complete ending been too perfect?

Blandly and with a studious calm, Robert made his way to the gentlemen's coat room, that modern, lonely sanctum where men can still commune in peace, removed from women's eyes. The country club was elaborately equipped with squash courts, billiard rooms, tea rooms, and lounging rooms, but the gentlemen's coat room was like every gentlemen's coat room, small and narrow, and lined with limp garments that had the expectant, patient air of weary sentinels waiting to go home. The coat room was entirely deserted, and only a few smoldering cigarettes on a small table bore evidence of previous life. From the inside pocket of his black overcoat Robert drew a thin silver flask, and inverted it expertly.

In that dim, nervous space between the eye and brain where sights and sounds linger, he was aware of a noisy progress, bits of music and the lilt of voices, Elsie's laugh, and faces—Mrs. Demarr, Elsie dancing with Thaddeus Rice. Was it possible—Robert snapped the cap violently over his flask—that Elsie liked Thaddeus Rice better than she had ever liked him?

A mirror hung opposite the half-opened coat-room door so that it reflected a section of the hall outside, and Robert caught his own reflection, a slender man in a dress suit, with even, worried features which he had difficulty in recognizing as his own. He was startled at his own expression, for it was entirely unfamiliar, and the closeness of the room and the muffled sounds from the floor below gave his reflection the depth and distance of an image in a crystal globe. Still staring at the mirror, Robert opened his lips. As he said afterward, he seemed to be speaking to a stranger instead of to himself.

"I don't care two cents for her," he whispered. "I'll show her I don't care."

The long, still rows of black overcoats made no sound, and the smoke from the abandoned cigarettes continued to mount upward and to vanish in the air. It was all like thought. When he detected a motion in the mirror, it was so much like thought and the answer to thought that he was startled. He was no longer alone. The mirror still showed him standing motionless, but there was a girl reflected in the doorway behind him. He did not know her. He had never seen her before. But in the mirror their eyes met, and for a moment they both stood still.

She had on an unfamiliar dress of light blue, draped in long folds, filmy and insecure. If he had ever seen her before, he knew he would have remembered her. It was her face, curiously appealing to the memory, as young as Elsie's but wan and tired even when she smiled, and she smiled when their glances met.

"Is that a flask you have?" she said.

Robert turned to join her in the hall, instinctively polite, but his heart beat fast with a premonition of adventure. She was asking him for a drink, or as good as asking, and she was a total stranger. She might have stepped from the clouds, and, though the distance to the hall was only five steps, or at the farthest, six, to where she stood, that space was like the arm of some unknown sea, fraught with possibility, leading to undiscovered shores.

"Do give me a drink," she said, "like a good boy. Don't be a pig and take it all yourself."

Once he was beside her the situation was still unnatural, yet tinged with relish. She was pretty, almost beautiful, he thought, rouged and powdered, it was true, but perfectly rouged and powdered. As she stretched out her hand a faint perfume assailed his nostrils, rich, exotic and foreign, and fitting for their meeting.

"You don't want it straight?" Robert inquired. "It's—er—raw. The stuff you get now is awfully raw."

"That's what I need," she said, and gave him a fleeting glance, not like Elsie, not at all like Elsie. It changed Robert from calm politeness to a man of the world who toys lightly with a dangerous past. It made him think of palm trees and casinos and décolleté ladies playing at roulette.

"Exactly what I need." Nevertheless, she coughed and handed back the flask quite hastily.

"Exactly." She coughed again. "Exactly what I needed."

"Would you mind telling me," asked Robert, "where you came from?" though he knew it was a stupid question.

"Oh," she said, "what's the use in asking? Why do I need to come from anywhere?"

There seemed to be no reason, and Robert felt his thoughts move into a restless space.

"You don't need to," he answered gallantly. "You do very well alone."

She looked at him again, not fixedly but with the careless glance that one stranger might bestow on another in passing.

"Perhaps," she said, "we both do."

Always, invariably Robert was astounded at what he answered next, for he was in no sense a ladies' man.

"Perhaps," he said, "we'll do better—now that we're together."

She neither laughed nor tittered nervously, and he was glad she did not because it would have spoiled something indefinable. She only smiled as though what he had said was exactly the thing to say.

"Do you think so?"

"I hope so," answered Robert with feeling. "Because up to now—I've had a rotten evening."

"Have you?" She smiled at him in such a friendly way that it seemed not possible but probable that he could forget all worry if she would only keep on smiling. "So have I," she added; "a very rotten evening. As a matter of fact, I've spent most of it in the ladies' dressing room." She paused and sighed. "Doing my hair nearly all the time."

"At any rate," said Robert, "you've done it very nicely."

From the floor below came the strains of a fox trot. She listened to it for a moment, and then shrugged her shoulders as the faint beat of the music emphasized their silence.

"You have to do your hair," she explained, "if no one dances with you."

"But you don't have to now." Because she was smiling at him he had forgotten everything that troubled as though a bright romantic veil had fallen between him and the present.

"You don't have to now," said Robert. "That is, unless you want. And I said before, your hair—your hair is beautiful."

"You're a nice boy." Her words were like the delicate touch of a hand. "I hoped . . . you're exactly what I hoped because—you don't look very happy."

Robert moved uneasily, for the reference to his state of mind was a jarring note.

"You're right," he said. "Isn't it queer the way things go? I ought to be happy and I'm not, and you—do you mind if I say it?—you don't look so happy either."

What was it that made him take her hand? Though he could not tell how he knew, he was sure she was not happy, perfectly sure, and for a beat of time all sorts of things were clear which defied all definition. It was unhappiness that held him, a strain of bitterness that told him it was right to take her hand.

"Yes," she said a little breathlessly. "But I'm feeling better now."

"It's curious," said Robert, "but so do I."

"Perhaps," she suggested, "perhaps someone will see us."

"I hope they do." His voice was triumphantly reckless. "And I don't care if they do. I don't care a ——"

She laughed. He knew she was pleased.

"Exactly," she said. "Neither do I—not a single damn—tonight."

It was, of course, all illusion, transient and ephemeral, and he knew she knew it just as well as he, and yet—where was Elsie then?

"Oh," she cried, "what's that?"

Below them a note of a horn sounded, and the music had stopped.

"It's suppertime," said Robert. "Isn't—anyone taking you to supper?"

"No."

Robert could read what she meant. Her gayety had left her like the extinguishing of light.

"Do you mean to say," he began, "that anyone ——"

She nodded.

"Yes," she answered. "The man I came with left me cold. Perhaps—you know the way I feel."

Robert was not embarrassed to tell her. He wished to tell her everything, for perhaps she could make it clear why he was angry with Elsie and why he was angry at himself, and why he had been afraid that Elsie might care for him before he found she didn't.

"I knew it," she cried. "Someone's left you too!"

"I don't know how to explain it," said Robert, "or how to figure it out, but—I guess we just left each other."

"And here we are." He was generous enough to be glad that she seemed more cheerful. "And you don't know me and I don't know you. Isn't it peculiar?"

"Peculiar, but rather pleasant," said Robert. "Why can't we go somewhere and be unhappy together? They've got champagne downstairs."

He knew that he was moving into uncharted regions, but he did not care that night—not who she was or why.

"I told you," she said, "I don't care what we do. Let's go some place where it's quiet, and bring me up some—well, anything as long as you bring champagne."

Robert knew where to go. The trophy room was always quiet of an evening, especially at supper. Once back in the Pullman period the country club had been one of those gigantic château-like houses which still are perched on rises of Long Island ground, and though the rest had been renovated and torn and stuccoed, the trophy room retained a faded *nouveau-riche* magnificence and a shadowy spaciousness which never was wholly relieved by lights.

There was ridiculous walnut woodwork, and a ghostly white marble fireplace decorated with pineapples, and deep shelves filled with ancient works on golf, and these decorations all absorbed electricity until the English settles by the fireplace and the chairs and tables assumed the solemnity of a cathedral. Even the girl beside him seemed unsubstantial, as a girl in a poem of Poe's. But neither of them spoke, and their steps were deadened on the carpet. As Robert had suspected, no one was in the trophy room.

"It's—it's almost like a dream," she said.

"It is," said Robert, "and so are you and I."

First she had been a shadow in the mirror, and now they both seemed alone in a shadowy world that might be ended at a stroke.

"Don't be gone long," he heard her say. "I'll be frightened when you're gone."

And he wondered if she was thinking too how unsubstantial it all was, half pretense, half a look and a change of voice.

The dining room downstairs was shut off by a barrage of laughter and clattering of plates. The food and the champagne—it was like Mrs. Demarr to have champagne at a suburban dance—were on a long table, administered by harried waiters, and surrounded by intent men, both old and young, who balanced plates and glasses and snatched for cakes and rolls. Robert dispatched his business efficiently. He seized a bottle of champagne, tucked it beneath his arm, and grasped two plates filled with an unknown substance, adroitly sidestepped two plethoric old gentlemen, and began to walk away. He hoped that Elsie would not see him, and hoped also that he would not see her—but he did—they both did.

Elsie looked unnecessarily happy, almost vulgarly filled with the joy of living. She and Thaddeus Rice were seated at a small table, laughing about something. Elsie had never laughed so loudly at anything he had said, and had never seemed so outrageously young and buoyant. And she saw him. He had to pass by her to reach the door.

"Where in the world have you been?" asked Elsie. "Where in the world are you going?"

"I'm amusing myself," said Robert blandly.

He kept looking at Thaddeus Rice. He could not keep from looking. Thaddeus had a positively fatuous expression, making it indecently obvious what was happening.

"Snap to it," said Elsie in her most annoying manner, an unbecoming schoolgirl manner which is only worn when school is over. "You can't be more amused than we are—can he, Thaddy?"

What was it he had ever seen in her? Robert could not perceive. She was only a noisy, slangy girl, and not particularly good-looking. Her nose was too short, for one thing. In a few years she would be fat if she kept on gorging herself the way she did that night.

"Can't I?" inquired Robert coldly. "Why, I'm more amused right now."

He was pleased to note that Elsie did not laugh so loudly when he walked away.

Robert was so pleased, in fact, that he felt a thrill of righteous indignation and an honest hatred of fickleness and trifling. Now that he had unburdened himself so successfully, he desired to leave the dining room without further conversation, but he had one encounter more. Mrs. Demarr had seen him also. She rose from where she was seated with the older generation, and made such a determined and obvious progress toward him that Robert had to stop. Even at such a time it was impossible to ignore Mrs. Demarr, and at her approach the plates in Robert's hands and the bottle beneath his arm assumed the weight of pilfered fruit when the orchard's owner suddenly appears. It was readily possible that Mrs. Demarr would say something embarrassing enough to create a situation bordering on a scene. Would she ask why he was not with Elsie? Robert collected himself, and prepared a plausible answer, but Mrs. Demarr was mysterious and changed. She only smiled urbanely at the two plates he was holding.

"Good," she exclaimed in a needlessly loud tone. "You have someone for supper."

Between their last meeting and this it was obvious what had transpired, for Mrs. Demarr's heartiness was completely impersonal. Elsie had already told, and now her mother was covering up and withdrawing her forces in orderly retreat.

"But if there's anything I can do ——" said Robert. He was annoyed and somehow hurt. Mrs. Demarr had no need to be so plain.

"Oh, nothing," replied Mrs. Demarr. He was sure that everyone who cared to listen could easily hear. "I'm just very silly—just a mother worrying about her daughter. Isn't there someone who will interest Elsie? I don't care what anyone tells me, I do not like that Mr. Rice. Isn't there anyone—but there! I'm spoiling your evening."

There was no doubt as to what she intended to convey, and she had conveyed it. Robert grasped his plates with a firmer hand, and set out like a traveler journeying toward the sunset in search of another day.

When he reached the trophy room his feelings were beyond analysis, and so confused that he gave up trying to think. He was angry at himself, or angry at the world, but he could not tell which. Only a single wish was uppermost within him—to push it all away. Later when Robert had an opportunity for solitary reflection, he blamed Mrs. Demarr for everything. There had to be someone else besides himself to blame, for he was quite positive that he would never have done what he did undriven.

In the trophy room at least there would be someone who was glad to see him, and it was a satisfying thought. The nameless unidentified girl in the blue dress would be waiting, like another thread of another broader life, ready with her sympathy. Just as he reached the half open door, a poignant fear assailed him that she, too, might have gone, and the sight of her blue dress on the settle by the empty fireplace was a remarkable relief, so complete that Robert caught his breath, and for a moment's temporary aberration she was like the answer to all questions. She was entirely different from Mrs. Demarr.

"I almost ran away," she said. "I don't suppose you'll believe it—I'm not exactly used —— Oh dear! That isn't what I meant to say at all, but I did nearly run away."

"If you had," replied Robert, "I don't know what I'd have done. Honestly I don't."

She was pleased, pathetically pleased.

"Are you glad I stayed? Tell me—please tell me—you're glad."

"I don't think," Robert answered, "I was ever gladder."

He meant it then. Of that he was always sure.

"Something happened to you downstairs. I know it did." She touched his hand softly.

"Yes," Robert found that he was smiling, "but it doesn't matter now."

Her answer was decisive, as though it settled everything.

"Well, here we are," she said.

And, curiously enough, it did seem to settle everything. Although Robert could never recall what they talked of, in the light of what finally happened he had a memory of completeness, and a recollection that suddenly he and that girl whom he had never met were very gay. They laughed—they both kept laughing, though what was it they laughed about? To Robert it was always vague, for only the end remained clear, and when the end came, everything which went before was like a wandering in the dark.

Was it the champagne that lent a radiance to her voice and eyes, and a delightful readiness to his wit? It was obvious what would eventually happen, and surely both of them knew it. When was it she snatched the bottle away from Robert? The exact time never made much difference. Perhaps it was a half hour later, perhaps a little more, but it was all inevitable.

"Give it back," Robert said.

"I won't," she answered, and shook her head so that her hair glowed in the half light.

"Give it back," Robert repeated.

It was obvious what would happen next, so like the corollary to a theorem that he had no sense of triumph. In the next moment her blue dress was all about him, a misty blue before his eyes, and the bottle fell unnoticed to the floor. For an instant he was only aware of her presence, of her face turned toward him, so close that it was hard to see, of her lips parted, of her eyes half closed. And then—was he growing blasé? Why was it he noticed each detail so completely? It was exactly what he knew would happen, so exactly that he seemed almost like an actor behind the footlights going through the mechanics of a tender scene. He was so detached that it did not seem real, not even when her hand which rested on his shoulder grasped convulsively at his coat, not even when she said something choked and meaningless, and looked at him half frightened, half in childlike wonder. She did not draw away from him, but only spoke in placid resignation, as though they were comrades still.

"It didn't do any good," she said. "Not any good at all—and I hoped it would." She was older and no longer gay. There were tears in her eyes, and somehow everything was changed. "And I hoped it would so much."

She was right, pitifully and hopelessly, for Robert himself could see all the pretense of the climax they had moved to so deliberately. All their talk, all their laughter had only been a feeble effort. Though there had been a certain gallantry in even the attempt, she was right. It had done no good at all.

"So did I," he said, "and don't—please don't feel badly." Yet he felt badly for them both, and very lonely. "I never thought—but we're exactly the same. There are some things you can't get away from, no matter how you try."

She had been seeking also for escape. He knew, because she understood.

"Yes," she said, "I know."

His arm was still about her, but it all was very natural, for she had become small and weak and helpless, not at all what she had been before, and as she changed, his point of view changed with her, until he completely forgot about himself, and was only sorry for her, genuinely sorry.

"It's my fault," she was saying, "all my fault. You were so nice out there by the dressing room, and I was feeling so badly—that I forgot, but it's true, though. You can't ever get away."

"Won't you tell me about it?" asked Robert gently. "I might be able to do something. You can't ever tell"

"You couldn't," she answered dully. She had produced an inadequate little handkerchief, and was dabbing at her eyes. "But I'll tell you just the same. You've been so nice. You're so nice now."

But she never told him directly. She had no time to tell, and what her story was, or what misunderstanding, Robert only gained by inference. Yet the inference was enough, for outside the door was a sound of footsteps, and a man's voice, and a low familiar laugh. Then in the next instant Robert saw, so suddenly that he forgot everything else, Elsie and Thaddeus Rice.

The girl beside Robert drew her breath with a startled "Oh!" and Robert did nothing at all. Neither Elsie nor Thaddeus had noticed that the room already had other occupants. They never looked toward the fireplace. They were too interested in other events, and for Robert the sight was the last straw that broke the evening's back, a living sermon on the fickleness of women. He gripped the edge of the settle where he sat, and stared dizzily, scarcely able to believe the scene before him. Why—why on earth had he ever looked twice at Elsie?

"Oh!" whispered the girl beside him, and clutched tight at his arm. "Did—did you see?"

Her face was pale as he turned toward her, and Robert's face was pale.

"Could you help it?" he answered, but even then Elsie and Thaddeus did not hear.

"Oh," Elsie was saying, "I—I never told you to do that!"

It was too thin. It was ridiculous, cloying feminine subterfuge. A glimpse of Thaddeus Rice's smiling profile showed Robert that Thaddeus knew it also. What should he do? Should he move and cough, or simply rise with a polite but cutting remark and leave? He had only time to wonder, and time for nothing else.

"Thaddeus!"

It was the girl he did not know who cut the Gordian knot. She spoke in a tense and rapid way which denied opportunity for guessing how she knew the name. Thaddeus and Elsie saw them. They had turned as anyone at such a sound.

"Thaddeus! What are you doing?"

It was a stupid question. They had both seen what Thaddeus was doing. Robert's mind refused to work, and he could only sit, waiting for what must happen next, in sickening, indignant suspense. For a moment Elsie and Thaddeus stared at them speechlessly. The poise of Thaddeus Rice had completely deserted him, leaving him red of face and momentarily inarticulate, so that Elsie's remark came first.

"Robert!" she cried incredulously, and stared so fixedly that Robert grew indignant. "Why—why, I never ——" but before she could finish, Thaddeus had regained his vocal control.

"Marcia," he exclaimed, "Marcia—what—what ——"

As though his desire for expression was too great, he stopped and pointed indignantly at Robert.

"What the devil are you doing—with—my wife?"

Before Robert wholly grasped the import of the question, he was impressed by its point-blank rudeness.

"What the devil do you mean?" he demanded, because he could think of nothing else to say.

"Confound you—at least you might have the decency"—Thaddeus, like everyone there, still had difficulty with his speech—"the decency not to sit there with your arm around her."

Robert gave a start, as well he might. He had absolutely forgotten about his arm, and there he was, sitting like a furtive lover on a park bench with—with someone else's wife! How could he explain it? What was there fit for explanation in that whole nightmare of an evening? He heard Elsie say something which sounded faint, in his bewilderment. He saw Elsie look at Thaddeus, and then she did the most annoying thing that circumstance allowed. She began to giggle exactly like a schoolgirl with the same indecent levity. Now why should Elsie be giggling?

"See here!" cried Robert, starting to his feet, and actually neglecting Thaddeus, because the noise that Elsie made was altogether out of place. "There's nothing for you to giggle about."

"I know," said Elsie, "but you looked so funny—just—just like a picture in the paper."

"Well," said Robert loudly, "I might add that you looked like a tableau for a valentine."

It was a ridiculous remark to make when the whole situation was beyond the ridiculous. It sounded petulant and small, for all sorts of complexities were hanging in the balance between the trophy room's dim walls. Mingled with ludicrous embarrassment was heartbreak—tragedy. Aside from the shock to his own pride, Robert found himself regarding Thaddeus Rice with a dislike which had nothing to do with Elsie.

"If that's all you have to say," continued Thaddeus, who appeared to have forgotten completely that he might have said something himself, "if you can't even apologize ——"

"Then apologize yourself," retorted Robert, stepping toward him, but there was no use in speech, for Elsie was giggling again.

"Perhaps," said Elsie, "we all ought to apologize at once. Bob—I—I don't mean to laugh. I shouldn't, but it's all so dreadful."

"I'll be hanged if I apologize," persisted Robert. "I didn't even know you had a wife!"

"There—don't get angry." Just in time, before his temper was completely gone, a touch on Robert's arm deflected him. The girl in the blue dress stepped between them to take her rightful place. "Of course you didn't know he had a wife. How should anyone know?"

(Continued on Page 48)

Jewett Coach $1260

Roominess! Rear seat passengers leave the Jewett Coach without disturbing those in front.

A Triumph
We Never Dreamed Could Be So Complete!

WE knew Jewett Coach would sell. For it's the finest coach ever designed. But we never dreamed of a triumph so complete. Announced but a few weeks ago—today, owned and praised by thousands! Never was a factory so taxed to meet a rising demand.

A dream to drive!

If you but knew the thrill and pleasure in Jewett Coach ownership—you would be among these thousands—now! For Jewett Coach will outperform any car within $500 of its price. It's the greatest Jewett ever built.

In traffic—on hills—or turning swift miles on the open road—Jewett Coach acts like just what it is. A real motor car! How real—how infinitely better—you'll understand only when you take the wheel yourself.

Just try it! Give Jewett Coach *your* idea of a two-fisted performance test. And make it hard. Performance is what you pay for. Years of it. In a Jewett you can make sure it's included in the purchase price—not charged for later in the service cost.

If you know motors—you know the reason for Jewett's power leadership. Big motor—249 inches piston displacement—big power results! High pressure oiled and counterbalanced to utmost silence—smoothness—long life.

The world must have wanted a coach as beautiful as Jewett Coach. How strikingly different from ordinary coaches! Not a square corner on it. Not a "boxy" coach. It's a study in artistic design. From the top—front—sides and rear, a car you are proud to admire—and have others admire. Low—long appearing. Lengthened to your eye by a double belt moulding. A gracefully rounded back. Done in permanent lacquer of brilliant blue.

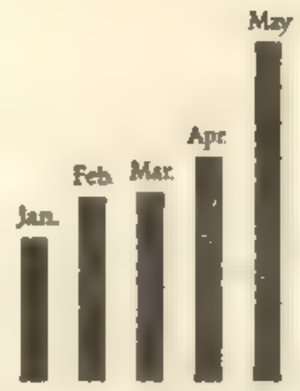
Yes—Jewett Coach is apart from the crowd. In beauty—as well as performance.

The roomiest Coach!

The construction and roominess of a sedan! Wider doors. Studied arrangement of the interior. Seats packed with springy comfort. And room to relax to any careless position. Roominess! It's a big reason for the triumph of Jewett Coach.

If you haven't driven Jewett Coach—you've a treat coming. It's the easiest riding—steering—driving coach you ever touched.

We knew this great car's qualities. We expected a great reception. We never dreamed its triumph could be so complete. (574)



This visualizes the public acceptance of the new Jewett. Sales have rapidly mounted until now owners are being added to the Jewett family—already far over the 100,000 mark—at the rate of more than 5,000 per month.

Hydraulic four-wheel brakes (Lockheed type) at slight extra cost

PAIGE JEWETT

Price f. o. b. Detroit tax extra

Built by the PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY · Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 46)

"Marcia!" exclaimed Thaddeus. "Now don't—in front of everybody. Honestly—I thought you'd gone home. You were going to telephone for a cab."

"I've been at home so much," said Marcia sweetly, "don't you think I might be tired of it? There are other things besides the servants and the children—aren't there, Thaddeus?"

The face of Thaddeus Rice assumed a richer hue, and it was a distinct effort of memory for Robert to recall that he had once looked upon Thaddeus as a being untrammeled and free.

"But you don't like going out, Marcia, and you don't dance, and you said you didn't know anyone. Of course I thought you'd gone home."

"Naturally you did," replied Marcia. "How should I know anyone, when we live ten miles away, and you always take the car? I—I only asked you to take me just this once. I've never tried to interfere with your golf. Isn't that what you called it? And when I've let you come once a week all summer to these parties, don't you think you might have been nice just once?"

"Really," cried Elsie, "he isn't as bad as that! Really, Mrs. Rice—I—we—I was just feeling badly about something. It wasn't really Thaddeus."

"Did you ever think," replied Marcia coldly, "that I've known him longer than you have?"

"Bob," said Elsie, "you'd better close the door."

Reluctantly Robert admired her resource. He was glad to do anything which made him fit in the picture, and it was most delightful to know that Elsie felt badly too.

"Bob!" whispered Elsie. "Bob!" She had followed him, and he never thought of it as strange that they were friends again. "We've got to do something—you and I!"

"Do—what?" asked Robert stupidly. It was all very strange. He was not angry at Elsie. In fact he never thought of being angry. "Oh, Lord," he added, "what a devil of a mess!"

"Yes," whispered Elsie with a curious smile that made her look like a little girl, he thought, a bad little girl who had broken the china on the parlor mantel. "You're dashed well right it is!"

Yet after she had spoken, it did not seem nearly so bad—not that she had said anything worth mentioning. Though a home was breaking up before his eyes, though his brain rang with discord, his soul was at peace and filled with an unreasoning conviction that nothing could ever be quite so bad again.

"Nice?" Thaddeus Rice also had lost his reticence in oratorical indignation to an extent that made Robert relieved the door was closed. "Nice? How about you, Marcia? Do you call it nice—carrying on with the first young whippersnapper you can pick up? Don't say you haven't, now! I saw you, and I tell you ——"

"And what about you?" Like a white, avenging flame Marcia moved toward him. "Oh, the insolence of it—you coming here—right before my eyes ——"

"That's enough!" retorted Thaddeus.

"It is enough," replied Marcia. "Enough for me, at any rate!"

"And what about me?" roared Thaddeus. "Is that all you have to say?"

With an illusion that the floor was rocking beneath him, Robert interposed. Something had to be done, though he could not think what, except that Elsie had felt badly too.

"Just a minute!" he cried. "Please don't! It's all my fault, if you'll only let me explain."

He stopped quite dazedly, for suddenly he found he could explain. Out of the chaos of the evening came a train of logic as clear in its unexpectedness as the thought of Euclid, in spite of hostility and open disbelief.

"*Noblesse oblige!*" remarked Thaddeus Rice with a gentlemanly sneer. "Of course it's always the man's fault. It always has been since Mrs. Potiphar and Joseph and Lancelot and Guinevere!"

Yet to Robert the solution still was clear. If he could only speak and overcome the diffidence which held him. He looked at Elsie, and drew his breath and looked back at Thaddeus Rice again.

"If you'll only listen," he begged, "I tell you I was only here—Mrs. Rice had nothing to do with it. We were only here, because—I'm an idiot for one thing, and I'm ——"

"You're what?" inquired Thaddeus coldly. "If you can give me an adequate explanation of what you've been doing here, you'll be a young Archimedes. That's all I can say!"

His answer was slow in coming, but it came. He looked at Elsie again bewilderedly, but as he looked, he felt a loneliness and peace. . . . It was as though he had traveled a long distance over seas and mountain ranges, through the whole gamut of another Pilgrim's Progress, and at last had come safe home. It was like the Jamaica Road again, the weariness he felt, relaxing, but wholly pleasant, and Elsie also looked just as she had then, as cool and frank and fresh, though fresh was not exactly the word. He knew he had gone a weary distance without knowing where or why. Instead of the cares of the world closing about him as they had in the beginning, they seemed very far away. But Elsie—how would Elsie feel, and what would Elsie say?

"Go on, Bob," said Elsie, "please go on!"

And as she spoke everything was like the Jamaica Road, as clear and straight.

"Don't you see?" said Robert. He had turned back to Thaddeus. "You must see, if you have any eyes. It's all because I'm crazy about Elsie. I—I've always been."

Only later did his explanation seem in the least illogical, and he only wondered later why no one thought so then. There must have been some short cut to understanding, and some kindly gift of insight, for no one seemed surprised.

"Then why the dickens ——," began Thaddeus, but no longer in a hostile tone.

"That's exactly it," said Robert. "Why is anything? Why ——" He actually found himself smiling at Thaddeus Rice with the kind charity of a philosopher, and he did not dislike Thaddeus. He could only feel an enveloping genial kindliness for all his friends and enemies. "Why are you so wrought up, when Elsie —— Why, Elsie and I are as good as engaged, you know."

And it was all clearer then than it ever was subsequently, even down to Elsie's quick reply.

"Why, Bob," cried Elsie, "what right have you got to suppose—but you're dashed well right we are!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

coconut pie if he hopes to get anywhere as a druggist." —*McCready Huston.*

The Insomniac Bard

THE bullfrog beats on his bellowing drum,
"Ba-room! Ba-room! Ba-room!"
He calls to his mate, but his mate won't come,
And he hitches up his sleeves with a spatulous thumb
And he mumbles and he grumbles and he rumbles "By gum!
I'll prove to the lady I'm a bear with the drum!
Ba-room! Ba-room! Ba-room!"
Then his rivals they mutter, "By the great Jug o' Rum!
Does he think he can beat us on the big bass drum?
He's a wonder if he can: he has got to go some!
Ba-room! Ba-room! Ba-room!"

Then ding, ding, dinging,
A cricket starts singing
And rubs his legs together with an ear-splitting ringing.
And cricket after cricket
In thicket after thicket
They rosin up their legs and begin for to kick it!

Then the big bull mice come out to dance
To honor the cheese god, Moon,
And faster and faster behind the plaster
In reel and rout
They twirl about
In a frenzied rigadoon.

Then every board begins to creak;
And every nail begins to shriek;
And "Drip-drop, drip-drop!" goes a leak;
And wicker chairs contort and skreak;
And bedsprings tinkle, groan and squeak;
And feathers underneath the cheek
Rustle and stir in hide-and-seek;
And ghosts through every doorway peek
And snickering sneak, with looks oblique,
And at the bedclothes twitch and tweak;
And distant snores uncannily streak
The night with noise from an upturned beak;
And new, antique, well made or weak,
There's nothing but contrives to speak!

Tremulous and thin
Like a singing wire,
Sharper than a pin,
Rising high and higher,
Sounds the pert mosquito
Giving sleep his veto
With his tinny lyre.

Flitting out and in
Now he strikes the nose,
Now the cheek or chin,
Now the peeping toes.
Ah, it something fierce is
How his singing pierces
Through the thickest clo'es!

And the big bull mice they skip and romp
In praise of the cheese god, Moon,
Twisting and reeling above the ceiling
They kick and prance
In the mazy dance
Of a furious rigadoon!

The watchdog barks at the witless skies
With a loud reiteration.
An owl lets loose in sad surprise
His note of interrogation.
A distant reveler plinks and plunks
At a tuneless ukulele,
And a train tears off in ragged chunks
A whistle long and wail-y.

A wandering auto honks its horn
And a window blind is banging;
And keen and thin as they are forlorn
The telephone wires are twanging.
And snapping and cracking the meteors burn
Their way through heaven's black seas,
And the very stars creak as they turn
On their smoking, greaseless axes.

Shouts the clock:
"Tick-tock!
Wake him quick:
Tock-tick!"
With hollow shock
And vicious click:
"Tick-tock!
Tock-tick!"

But, slowly swinging, the earth is bringing the windows round to the light of day,
And the bedroom whitens and tension lightens as stars fade out and the East turns gray.
And the chief of its joys is a myriad noises that now arise with the stir of men,
For ears stop ringing with the milkman's singing, and then, thank heaven, it's quiet again!

And the big bull mice they kick and thump
As they mark the paling Moon,
And faster and faster behind the plaster
They snap their tails
Like cracking sails
In the last of their rigadoon.

—*Gorton Carruth.*

Policeman: "What're You Doin' There?"
Would-be Suicide: "I Just Come Up to See What Kind of a Day It Is"

The Inside Story of Bleak House

CAUTIOUS BUYER: Why are they selling their home?

REAL-ESTATE MAN: Why, they really have no use for it any more; they're away all day for work; they're at the movies every night, and after that they dance till dawn. —*Edmund J. Kiefer.*

How proper shampooing improves the appearance of men's hair

Everywhere, men, young and old, are giving more attention to the care of their hair.

In business and in social life, neat, well-kept hair is an unmistakable mark of refinement.

To have healthy, luxurious, rich-looking hair is a simple matter now.

THE appearance of your hair and the healthy condition of your scalp depends largely upon the care you give it.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

Proper shampooing keeps the scalp healthy and brings out all the natural life and lustre of the hair. It also prevents dandruff from accumulating, from which falling hair and other troubles result.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it in good condition, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. Free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

That is why thousands of men now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

A Simple, Easy Way

JUST wet the hair and scalp with good warm water; apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, and rub it in.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, applying it again as before.

Quick As Shaving

WASHING your hair this way takes no longer than shaving.

You will find a Mulsified shampoo not only leaves your hair delightfully clean, but it leaves it glossy and rich-looking. Besides, it gives it the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

Make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, the hair fine and silky, bright, healthy and fresh-looking.

Teach Your Boy Importance of Shampooing

GET your boy into the habit of shampooing his hair once a week regularly. It takes only a few minutes of his time.

You will be surprised how this regular shampooing will improve the appearance of his hair. He will also be forming a habit that he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

SPANISH ACRES

(Continued from Page 21)

Hollister handed over the weapon. Slaven flipped out the cylinder to inspect the chambers, manipulating it with his right hand while he still retained Langford's gun in his left. He snapped the cylinder back into place and looked up at Hollister, who stood just outside the circle of light thrown by the lantern. Slaven's eyelids had opened to their fullest extent in that peculiar lifting fashion till his eyes seemed almost round, resembling those of a night-hunting lynx.

For the space of a second his gaze seemed riveted. Then his lids again drooped wearily and his eyes assumed their normal half-closed state, for the point of focus upon which they had been riveted was a small black orifice—the muzzle of a second gun which Hollister held.

"I sometimes pack a second gun inside my shirt," Hollister explained. "You'd better take a squint at this one, too, just to make sure. Only your hands are overburdened now, so I'll relieve you of my other one."

The exchange was effected. Hollister held the retrieved weapon, toying with it until the other was returned.

"Well, anyway, much thanks for the investigation on my behalf," Hollister said. "I think I'll turn in."

This time he struck no match. Instead, he barricaded both doors and pulled covering from the narrow bed and bunked upon the floor in one corner.

"It would have come in real handy for him to have downed Langford and me with our own guns and swore we started shooting at each other on sight before he could stop us, and with Judge Sloane, his tame dog, to vouch for it," Hollister reflected.

He heard the plodding hoof beats of two burros in the street and a quavering voice raised in song:

"*His horse went back to the wild bunch,*
A dead man's horse in the hills ——"

"Dad's caravan has arriv," said Hollister. "And he's just dead right on one point. Rolavi Wells ain't a health resort for me. Once I'm out of it, I'll remain a long ways remote."

VII

THE round-up in the Rolavi Sink was a one-sweep affair, a single south-to-north combing of the range. Beginning in mid-April, six wagon crews, operating abreast and starting along the rims of the cañon of the Rio Tasao, worked northward across the range. Such calves as had already been dropped were branded; but instead of subsequently throwing these back upon the range with their mothers after each circle, all stock that was gathered was held and moved northward to the base of the Palo Verde Mountains.

One of Langford's wagons worked north, through the center of Spanish Acres, the Jessup crew combing a strip along its western edge.

Hollister, Alden and Farrel viewed the wind-up of these proceedings from a ridge that overlooked a valley in the northern extremity of Spanish Acres. A group of riders had just finished working a bunch of cows in the bottoms. The beef steers had been cut out and were being held at the head of the valley.

The riders had the main bunch of cows under way and were moving them up a side valley that led up into the Palo Verde Mountains. All along the base of the hills this same system was in operation. All Rolavi stock except the beef steers were being pushed up into the hills for the summer, the lower areas of the Sink itself being thus reserved for winter feed.

The steers were assembled in two trail herds to be moved out across the Rolavi Pass, destined for the Northern markets.

The cook wagon in the bottoms bore the Bar Z Bell brand painted in big black symbols on the canvas sides.

"Langford certainly makes use of the premises, just as he announced he would," Alden commented.

"I'm thinking, though, that this will be the last season that Spanish Acres will be treated to a general round-up same as if it was open range," Hollister predicted. "Another year we'll see to it that things are different."

They watched the riders put the beef steers into motion and head them westward along the base of the hills, where they would be thrown in with the next similar bunch.

The three Rolavi brands were trail-herded to market coöperatively, a system inaugurated by Slaven in the interest of economy. Each owner sent such of his regular hands and whatever extra help was necessary for the drive in proportion to the number of steers that bore his brand.

"Anyway, we'll be shut of Langford for a spell," Farrel said. "A Bar Z Bell rider was tellin' me that Langford had been elected to go North in charge of the drive. Slaven went last year. I hope it's true."

His hope was fulfilled, the accuracy of his informant's statement verified. Some days thereafter Langford, having lingered in Rolavi Wells for a final conference with the other two owners, set out across the Rolavi Pass intent upon overtaking the drive, which was already two days on its way beyond the Palo Verdes. He rode along the stage trail, and when the sun was an hour high he topped out in the notch of the Rolavi Pass. There he halted to listen to an unfamiliar sound.

It seemed but a distant drone, a querulous, complaining chant that pervaded the whole hills, but came from nowhere in particular. It roused his instant antagonism, even before he could identify the sound. He listened, frowning. A shift in the wind, and the sound came clearer. Suddenly his face was convulsed with rage and he cursed savagely.

"Sheep!" he snarled. "Hell's bells! Who has brought them woolly maggots into the Palo Verdes?"

He knew the sound now for what it was—the combined voices of thousands of head of sheep.

A rattle sounded from below him and three canvas-topped wagons, each drawn by four horses, clattered round a bend and toiled up to the crest of the pass, where the cowman sat his horse and waited.

It was through this same Rolavi Pass that every historic invasion had descended upon the Sink. In dim centuries past it had been used by the hostile tribes, entering to make war upon the tribe of Tasao. Three hundred years before, the first gallant band of Spanish adventurers had entered by way of this sag in the Palo Verde Hills. The first expedition of half-wild trappers, henchmen of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, had poured in across this route. Some few of the Mormons had entered by way of it during the Mormon migration. Porter and later old Tom Langford, the first of the invading cattle barons, had sat their horses in this spot and looked down into the Rolavi Sink. Military expeditions, blue-clad troopers in search of the elusive Apaches, had threaded it. Riders of the Pony Express had winged swiftly through it. Later there had come prospectors with burros; and after their first strike, the pass had seen the frenzied rush of a gold stampede with swarms of gold seekers straggling over it. The trail had become a road over which traveled freight wagons and lumbering Concord coaches. Trail herds of beef steers had departed by this route, headed for the Northern markets. Every succeeding era of the old West had sent its quota curling through this dip in the crest of the Palo Verde Hills. And now, for the first time in history, sheep wagons topped out on the Rolavi Pass.

The bearded man who drove the lead wagon pulled up his horses and nodded to the horseman.

"My name is Wharton," he announced.

The cowman did not deign to give his own name in return.

"What are those sheep doing in the Palo Verdes?" Langford demanded, jerking a thumb in the direction of the distant drone.

The driver seemed to listen.

"Why, they're a-feeding," he explained affably. "This is the time of day they eat. When it comes night, they'll bed 'em down. Then they'll be sleeping. That's all sheep do—eat an' sleep an' blat."

"You can't run sheep in the Palo Verdes," Langford stated. "I'd counsel you to take 'em out while there's time."

"Thanks; but the road's too narrer right here for me to make a turn," said the bearded man. "So I reckon we'll hold on. Who was telling yuh that the Palo Verdes warn't good sheep range!"

"I said you couldn't range sheep here," Langford corrected. "It's always been summer range for cows from the Rolavi Sink."

"And this year it'll be summer range for sheep from Idyho," the driver casually asserted. "We're figuring to let 'em drop their lambs in the Palo Verdes. It's been a long drive down."

"It will be a longer drive back—and a lonesome one—for you won't have any sheep to keep you company if you don't start now," Langford predicted. "We'll never let you overrun our range with your rotten woolly maggots. It means war if you don't turn back today."

The driver spat over the wheel and released his brakes.

"Yep, I reckon," he assented indifferently. "Well, we've been through all that afore now and most of us is still alive; maybe we'll wiggle through again. G'day."

VIII

THE crisp evening air was spiced with the tang of sage and cedar. The breeze that rippled down the slope from the north was freighted with the additional incense of spruce and pine, for here was where desert and forest met and merged. The first steep pitch of the hills tossed abruptly skyward, their lower slopes covered with juniper and piñon pine. The higher reaches were clothed with spruce and yellow pine, shot through with groves of silvery aspens. The country to the south afforded every variety of desert landscape—sage-clad benches, choppy expanses of colorful eroded rocks and ledges, greasewood flats seamed by arroyos; mesquite, cactus, yucca, cat's-claw and black browse.

Hollister waited with Farrel at a water hole close under the base of the Palo Verdes—waited for Tommy Alden to come down from the hills with a report as to the whereabouts and progress of twenty thousand head of sheep that had been long on the way from Idaho.

"That will be Alden now," said Farrel, pointing. "And he's bringing one of the boys along with him."

"Wharton," Hollister stated, after turning his glasses upon the descending pair of horsemen. "Those roan whiskers of his loom up."

Wharton greeted his chief with characteristic casualness.

"War's been declared, but no blood let," he announced.

"Langford met the wagons at the head of the pass this morning and delivered his edict," Alden explained. "Turn back, or war to the last lamb."

"We can shove 'em down here in two days—forced march," Wharton said. "And none too soon. Some of 'em will begin dropping lambs inside a week. Say when you want 'em."

"Just as soon as ever you can get them down into Spanish Acres," Hollister instructed. "It couldn't have been timed better."

A big force of cow hands had accompanied the trail herds north. Such of the riders as remained behind would ride the Palo Verdes throughout the summer, branding summer-dropped calves and preventing Rolavi cows from drifting down the far slope of the hills. The most of these, after having moved their charges into the hills and scattering them where there was grass and water in abundance, had repaired to Rolavi Wells for a brief period of relaxation.

"All right, we'll shove 'em right along," Wharton promised. "I'll eat a snack and mosey along back up there to apprise the boys that's holding each band to get 'em moving at daylight and crowd 'em along."

Hollister pointed to a near-by eminence where a pile of wood and dead juniper brush was neatly stacked.

"Everything's all set," he said. "Let's touch her off."

They repaired to the spot and applied a match to the inflammable mass. When the flames had gathered headway, Hollister added green juniper boughs and the smoke assumed a denser tinge. After a space of three minutes, Hollister pointed.

A faint pall of smoke writhed about the crest of a high rocky point ten miles to the south. This haze deepened to a steady column of smoke. Some few minutes thereafter a third ribbon of smoke curled aloft from far beyond the other. Hollister could visualize still others, far beyond the range of actual vision, one after another, extending southward clear to the cañon of the Rio Tasao, on beyond it to the Tasao reservation.

"We'd better be off," he said. "It's an all-night ride from here to headquarters—sixty miles—and I'd like to be in before daylight. I'd pay a ten-dollar note to see the excitement that's being staged on the reservation at this particular instant."

His mental picturing of the activities, however, fell far short of the actual scene of frenzied excitement that reigned in the Tasao village. Long after nightfall the commotion continued. Dogs barked. Squaws chattered volubly. Here and there a papoose wailed dismally, only to be silenced by some impatient squaw. The desert moon shed its gentle radiance over the cheerless frame shacks and the scurrying figures of the villagers.

The Indian agent, Garcon, was eventually roused by the bustling commotion. Having drunk himself into a stupor, his befogged brain had resisted all awakening sounds until now. Garcon emerged and demanded the cause of the uproar.

"At dawn we leave for Pueblo Tasao," Sutanak informed.

"All right! All right! Go anywheres the notion strikes you," Garcon urged, with manifest irritation. "Only quell this gabble. A man can't sleep."

"We go there to live," said Sutanak.

"You can go there an' die for all o' me," Garcon retorted. "But go quiet—and come back the same way."

IX

IN COMMON with other range dwellers, Sarah Lee Langford, when visiting about the country, traveled with a pack horse as a conveyance for her personal effects. She had ridden far that day, and the led horse, even though lightly burdened, evidenced an inclination to lag.

"Come along, Snips," she coaxed. "Over the next rise and I'll have the pack stripped off you. We'll stop overnight at Claypole Seep."

Her course was leading her toward Pueblo Tasao and the old Castinado hacienda, and her thoughts reverted to the mustang hunter of Spanish Acres, whom she had not seen since the day of that first meeting something more than a month before. Any vocation, within certain limits, was what the individual made of it, she philosophized. Mustang hunting as a vocation was apt to prove somewhat trivial as to material returns. But Hollister, casual and offhand as

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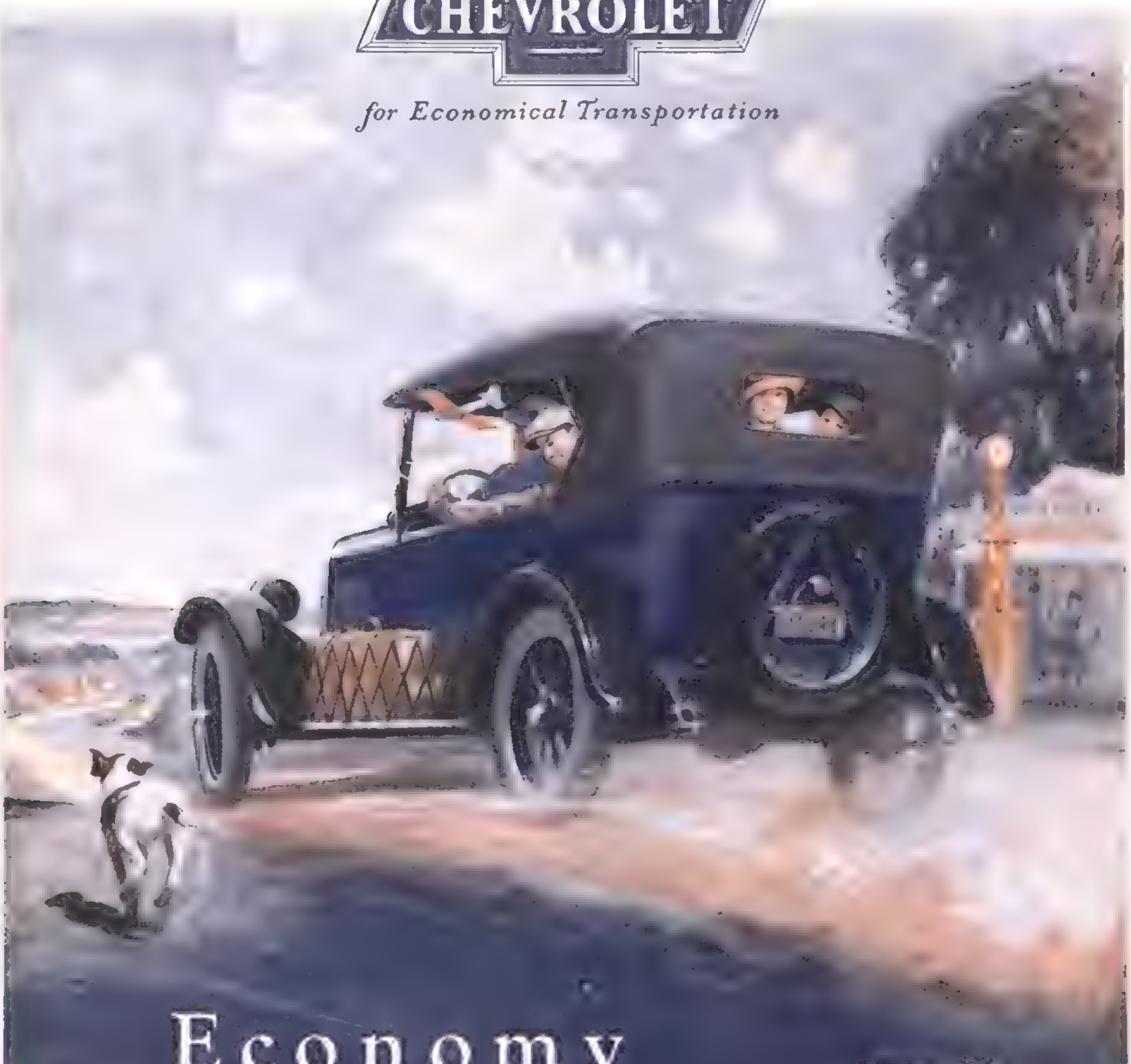

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U.S. Royal True Low Pressure Balloons

Built of Latex-treated Web Cord

(Continued from Page 50)

he had seemed, nevertheless, had created in her mind the impression that he was an individual of vast ability and resourcefulness. He would, she reflected, wring the utmost from all possibilities presented by any calling which he elected to follow, mustang hunting included. She pictured him catching the wild desert horses in hundreds at trapped water holes, leaving them in these inclosures where both grass and water were available until such time as he could assemble them all in the big compound of the Castinado hacienda and begin the work of breaking. Claypole Seep was but six miles from the old Castinado ranch house. She decided to ride over in the morning and see if he had recaptured her missing mare.

A rider careened along a distant ridge and she experienced a sudden tense heartbeat of anticipation. She had known that sensation somewhat frequently of late, for she had rather imagined that Hollister would inquire as to her whereabouts and put in an appearance south of the Rio Tasao where she had been visiting the Fentons, old friends of her father's. Every approaching rider had brought him to mind. His failure to seek her out had been occasioned by his devotion to his calling, she reflected. The rider, having pulled up his mount, apparently for the purpose of viewing her, now continued on his way.

"Indian," she announced, with a curious sense of disappointment. That regular rise and fall of the rider's arm as he applied his quirt was an unmistakable accompaniment of Indian equestrianism.

An hour before sundown she rode out above the corral that had been fashioned round Claypole Seep. Smoke was rising from near the water hole, evidence that others intended to use the spot for an overnight camp. Two burros grazing in the bottoms revealed the camper's identity. She rode into the corral and greeted the old desert rat.

"No gold hereabouts, Dad," she said.

"I'm actually workin', Kitten," the old prospector explained. "I'm repairin' some tanks for Jessup."

The tanks consisted of earthen dikes thrown up at intervals across the shallow draw below the seeps, serving as reservoirs to retain the overflow and also to catch any surface water that might flow down the bottoms during the infrequent rainfalls.

Sarah Lee was fond of the wandering prospector.

"I'll cook the evening meal, Dad," she volunteered. "You sit down and smoke your pipe."

During the preparation of the meal she experienced again that sudden moment of glad anticipation and subsequent disappointment at the sight of a distant rider.

"Injun," Whetzel stated, following the direction of her gaze. "An Injun swings his quirt regular every livin' jump. I've been wondering why there's so many Tasaos snooping round over here of late. There's sign of Injun night camp at every water hole over Spanish Acres way and new wikiup shelters in the junipers. There's a surplus of hawk, owl and raven conversation going on in the hills."

"Signaling?" she asked, and the old desert rat nodded.

As the meal progressed, Whetzel paused in the act of conveying a morsel of food from his tin plate to his mouth, leaving his fork poised midway.

"That's curious now," he said, pointing. A ribbon of smoke curled aloft from a point to the north, far beyond it another. He indicated a similar column to the south. "It's been a long day, girl, since I've seen Injun signal fires going in the hills; not since the Apaches was bushwhacking round with the cavalry after 'em. The Tasaos must be relaying a message from up north somewheres down to the reservation, or the reverse. Maybe a new chief is born or an old one died or the whisky's run out or what not. Anyway, they're sign-talkin' some message across the country."

It was somewhere round nine o'clock of the following morning when Sarah Lee rode into the deserted village of Pueblo Tasao. It was not quite deserted however. Twice she caught glimpses of black heads peering at her from round the corners of tenantless adobes, the heads being furtively withdrawn as she looked. There were a few moccasin tracks in the drifted sand banked in the deserted galleries. She rode on up the slope toward the Castinado mansion. There was an air of medieval substantiality about it—the gray moss on the aged structure; the magnificent trees, more than a century old that rose from the compound; the ten-foot dobe wall that inclosed it, the firing slots along its crest, from behind which the retainers of the first Castinados had fired flintlock and arquebus. In fact, she reflected, it looked now just what it had been designed for originally—a feudal stronghold almost impregnable to assault. Even in this day of modern weapons, a handful of men could hold it against an army.

She crossed the veranda and knocked upon the heavy wooden door. There was no sound from within, not so much as a footfall, and she experienced a curious little chill of disappointment. Hollister had undoubtedly repaired to his work on the range before her arrival. She knocked again, standing close to the door, the depression in the thick walls effectually concealing her from the view of anyone peering from the windows on either hand. Then the door opened, swiftly and noiselessly, and her startled eyes were confronted by an empty aperture. Then, from one side, Hollister appeared, his hand extended in greeting. However, from the corner of her eye, she had witnessed the completion of his act of replacing one of his guns in its holster. As she entered, she wondered somewhat confusedly as to his reasons for such precautionary methods. On the occasion of her first visit he had secreted himself in an adobe dwelling in the deserted pueblo at the sound of her approach. Now he opened the door from one side, with a drawn gun in his hand. What was it that he feared?

"I've been visiting friends south of the Rio Tasao since before round-up. I dropped past to see if you had caught Doll yet," she explained.

"Not yet," he said. "Right soon now I'll pick her up."

"I'm afraid you're neglecting the interests of your first customer," she accused lightly, yet she was conscious of a vague sense of disappointment over the fact that he had made no apparent effort to capture the missing mare.

"Guilty," he confessed. "I reckon I should have had her in before now; but I've been busy blocking water holes all along through Spanish Acres clear to the base of the hills."

"How many have you caught so far?" she asked.

"Two—a couple of young stallions," he said. "I haven't actually started trapping operations yet—just fixing to go at it right, once I do start."

She was assailed by a hot stab of disappointment. Drifting riders, amiable but indolent, planning big things for the future, vague things, but always deferring the effort of attempted accomplishment until tomorrow, were no novelty to her. She had known many. They were, in fact, the rule rather than the exception. Yet she had thought Hollister of a different stamp, purposeful and resourceful. Her picturings of his operations were so far wide of his actual accomplishment to date that she felt somehow that he had deliberately defrauded her; and also she felt the urge to punish him for her own miscalculation in her estimate of him.

"You don't need to bother about Doll," she said. "She's growing older year by year, and she'll probably be feeble and decrepit by the time you catch her."

"I expect I have been a bit remiss," he apologized. "But I'll have her for you real soon now." His gaze wandered about the big living room. "You know, just sitting here and speculating as to all that's happened within these walls in the past two hundred years, picturing all the Spanish dons and ladies that reigned here in the days of the Castinado régime, does set the urge for empire to smoldering, like we was remarking the other day. I can feel my own ambitions sprouting. I've been figuring what it would mean to sit in as the monarch of the whole Rolavi Sink."

"You'll never acquire control by sitting and speculating—and catching two mustangs a month," she stated with a touch of asperity.

"Likely not," he assented equably. "As to that, if all the mustangs in the Rolavi Sink were captured and marketed in one bunch, they wouldn't bring but a fraction of the value of Spanish Acres."

"Of course, I know that," she returned. "But if every man admitted defeat in advance, there would never be any worthwhile achievement in this little world of ours."

He did not make direct answer to this except by an almost imperceptible nod, and his next remarks seemed but casual speculations:

"As to acquiring Spanish Acres—just the sound of owning twenty-four hundred square miles of ground sounds big, and it is; but when you consider it, the man who owns it has to face practically the same problems that confront the man who runs his cows on the open range. He's forced to pare operating expenses down to where he can make a living profit. Wages are twice as high in the Rolavi Sink as anywhere else in the range country—way too high. A monthly pay roll the size the rest have saddled onto them would be too much of a dead weight for Spanish Acres to carry on the start and pay out. It's isolated here, and an outfit has to meet another's pay scale or have his hands dissatisfied. It was Slaven's philanthropy in giving his hands almost double pay that started it."

She nodded agreement. Her brother had complained that Slaven's generosity in the matter of wages had worked a hardship on the Bar Z Bell.

"But with a big crew of hands and a minimum pay roll, Spanish Acres would pay out on itself in big shape," Hollister prophesied.

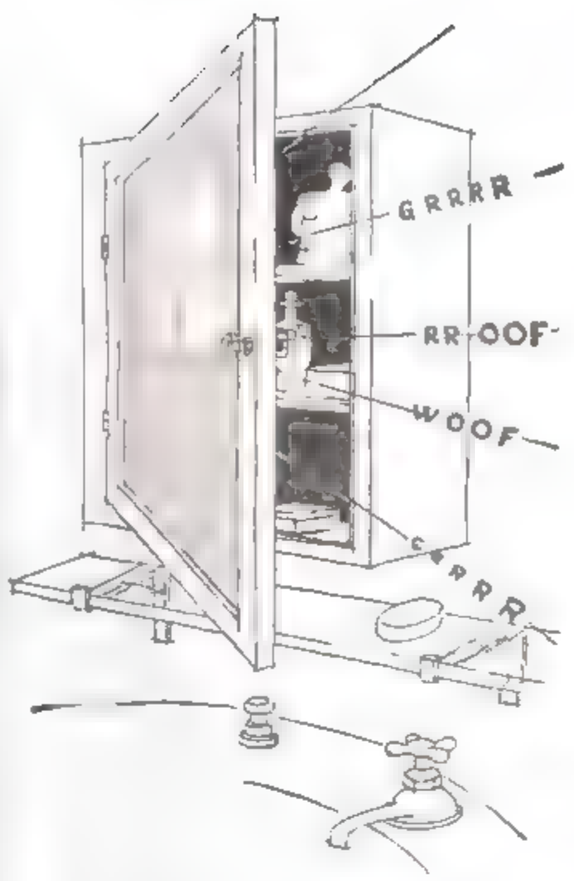
"Yes," she assented. "But how could that ideal state of affairs be brought to pass?"

"Indians," he stated. "It's current report that an Indian is too shiftless to lift a hand; and it's a fact that most of 'em aren't overenergetic about tackling jobs that are foreign to their notions, such as digging ditches, grubbing sagebrush with a grub ax, clearing fields of rocks with a pick and crowbar and other such little chores as the white man figures they ought to be delighted to perform for a dollar a day. They won't; but put 'em at something they like and they will. We've been real blatant about our national honor and integrity; but we've put in a century at violating every treaty we ever made with the Indians, bar none, shoving a tribe from one spot to the next with pretty promises of finality, only to prod 'em on into some still more worthless area which was certain to render 'em dependent, just whenever some white settlers decided they wanted the land. I'm not arguing the right or wrong of it from the standpoint of expediency, but just stating a fact."

He pointed down to the deserted village.

"There's one case in point—a whole tribe deprived of its homes because of the fancied rights of one white settler; a tribe that had always been self-respecting and self-supporting. They herded 'em over into a reservation so the Indian Bureau could make citizens of 'em. And by way of making citizens of them, the bureau says to the Indian, in effect, 'You're too shiftless to work; and as long as you stay that way I'll see that you don't have to exert yourself. You don't have to raise stock; there'll be a beef issue. You don't need to put in crops; we'll give you a grain issue. Don't bother to weave blankets; there's going to be a blanket issue.' Now that's

(Continued on Page 55)



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(Continued from Page 53)

one fine way to manufacture citizens. Wouldn't it be better all round for the Tasaos to be back here in their own village, making their own livelihood like they always have?"

"Yes," she said. "It was an outrage to exile them."

"A plain steal, and a raw one," Hollister agreed.

"If I owned Spanish Acres, I'd give back that one little corner—the village and the Valley of Springs—to the Tasaos," she declared.

"Or invite them to work out the price of it," he amended. "So would I. Maybe, between us, we can map it out."

"But not by catching two mustangs a month," she said. This time there was no asperity in her tones, rather a suggestion of abstraction.

"No," he returned evenly. "I expect that won't do as a steady income. A man would break behind."

It was not in her nature to be unkind and she was suddenly all contrition for the possible hurt she had dealt him.

"I'm sorry I was snappy," she said impulsively. "I'm out of sorts today. I'll promise not to scold any more."

"Why, bless our wild hearts," he commented softly, "now that was nice of you! You're absolved. After all, you were only dispensing sound wisdom, and just what would be the use of having a partner who didn't take sufficient interest in the game to point out the flaws? I'm mapping out a play that may turn the trick and put us in the saddle. Likely you won't approve of it; but anyway, I'll be ready to acquaint you with the details in a day or two. And about your mare, I've got her located, trailing with a band of paint horses about fifteen miles from here. I'll see that you get her before long now."

"Don't bother, really," she urged. "But it's nice of you to take the trouble for a little nag that isn't actually worth twenty dollars, just because I happen to want her."

"It's no bother," he said. "And besides, I'd like to put in considerable time doing things just because you happen to want them."

When she had covered some three miles of her return journey toward Claypole Seep she was joined by five horsemen, Slaven and four of his riders—Cole Webber, Cotton Moss and two others.

"Been over visiting the sheepman?" Slaven asked.

"Sheepman?" she echoed. "I've been over to see the mustang hunter of Spanish Acres to get him to catch a mare for me."

"Mustang hunter!" Slaven chuckled. "That's what he was aiming to pose as. But his disguise fell off when one o' the boys recognized him as an Idyho sheepman. It's being talked around that he's bought Spanish Acres."

Sarah Lee felt as if the power for ordered thought had suddenly deserted her, leaving her mind a frothy whirlpool of fragmentary ideas.

Sheepman! She had heard that term used only as an epithet. She knew nothing of sheep save the cowman's version that they ruined the range, rendering it unfit for cows; that a sheep herder was a shade lower in the social scale than an Indian dog with the mange.

"There must be some mistake," she faltered.

"There is—a downright fatal mistake, and he'll right soon find it out when your brother steps in behind him," Slaven predicted. "It'll be war to the hilt betwixt him and the Bar Z Bell if he tries to bring sheep into the Rolavi Sink. It's the Bar Z Bell he'll be cutting into mostly, so it'll be Langford that'll be out after his scalp. Right now his sheep are boiling through the Palo Verdes. He'll be holding 'em up there to lamb. The Bar Z Bell boys will riddle them at lambing time."

"How?" she asked.

"There's any number of methods," Slaven said. "One o' the most effective is to gather a bunch of cows and stampede 'em across a bed ground. Don't worry, girl, your brother'll know how."

The rest of the conversation scarcely penetrated her abstraction. Fragmentary scraps of predictions as to what her brother and the Bar Z Bell hands would do toward annihilating sheep and sheepmen kept bobbing to the surface of her consciousness for days thereafter, as bits of drift cast up to the surface of an eddy. But now she scarcely heard them. Her thoughts were centered upon the fact that Hollister owned Spanish Acres. At first she felt a hot stab of resentment that he should have withheld this fact from her. This plan of which he had spoken, then, was the installation of sheep. He had said that she might not approve.

Resentment was replaced by a cold sense of dread as the import of certain things became clear to her. The tragic finish of every successive owner of Spanish Acres paraded through her mind. She had ascribed these events to accident, even in the face of widespread speculation as to just what part the Tasaos might have played in them. But now, with a new owner on the premises, the hills were full of Tasaos, all seeming to slink stealthily about the vicinity. This circumstance, in the light of her new knowledge, seemed to take on a sinister significance. She recalled the Tasao she had seen on the ridge above her on the day she had ridden into the village to meet Hollister for the first time—the fact that hawks had screamed continually ahead of her as she rode, and the two Indians that had peered at her from the village today. Upon her return to Claypole Seep she inquired of Whetzel as to the truth of the reports.

"I've been out of the Sink for a month and haven't heard one speck of news," she said.

"It has been talked around that he's owning Spanish Acres," Whetzel informed.

"Do you believe that the things that happened to the last few owners of Spanish Acres were all accidental?" she asked.

"I've been packing that notion," he admitted. "Still, things don't happen by accident too frequent. It appears that someone has been lending encouragement to that Tasao prophecy that every owner of Pueblo Tasao would meet a bad end." He busied himself in helping her to lash her effects on the pack horse. "It won't be surprising if we hear the drums sounding Hollister's requiem some night soon," he prophesied.

His tone was casual, offhand, but he was observing her from the corner of his eye and noted the shade of apprehension that clouded her face.

"I'm going to ride over for a few days with Mrs. Jessup," she said. "If you see Hollister, warn him. Tell him to be careful. It's only fair."

The old prospector chuckled.

"Hollister is the one carefulest man of my widespread acquaintance," he assured her. "He's so apprehensive that he makes up his bed one place and then decides to sleep somewheres else. He hunts his hole at the first alarm, and once he's ensconced under cover, he's harder to extract than any badger that ever clawed its way underground. Don't you go fretting your pretty head about him."

*

THIS reassurance, however, failed to allay the cold ache which seemed to have laid a heavy finger upon her spirit. It still persisted when, some days later, she returned to Claypole Seep, only to find that Whetzel had completed his work on the tanks and departed. She stayed overnight, broke camp before sunup and rode toward Pueblo Tasao. The morning air was crisp and fresh. A coyote lifted its voice in an eerie howl. Another joined in, and another, in the swelling chorus of the little yellow wolves, the desert choir voicing its tribute to the passing night, a greeting to the lifting dawn. A wan grayness spread across the skies. An owl hooted, the summons for the night prowlers of the desert to go off shift. She watched the transformation from night to day, the higher points caressed with pale illumination while the hollows still swam in vague obscurity. The sun peeped above the eastern horizon. Silver and crimson shafts radiated fanwise from it, a weird and striking sunrise, lending the effect of a feathered headdress, as if some great warbonneted face peered over the rim of the earth to see that all was well. It was not a particularly rare phenomenon, this warbonnet sunrise, and Sarah Lee had witnessed perhaps a half dozen such before. But always it was striking.

She had covered perhaps three miles, when she detected moving objects before her. They resolved themselves into a group of squaws, some of them leading horses that were burdened with packs or that trailed pole travoises loaded with personal effects. Behind them came others in scattered groups, some riding, some afoot, children scurrying here and there among them, ponies and dogs trailing pole litters, a straggling procession, all headed into the north. Most of the Tasaos she knew by name; they all knew her. She rode up to them and addressed a wrinkled squaw.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Tasao come home now," the squaw asserted.

"To Pueblo Tasao?" Sarah Lee asked. Her thoughts flew swiftly to her conversation with Hollister. Already he must be employing a few families of Tasaos to help with his sheep. "How many come?"

"All come," the squaw informed.

"All?" Sarah Lee echoed. "How soon?"

"They there now," said the squaw. "We come last. More slow. Man say we come now. Sutanak say go. Garcon say go to hell. Ever't'ing she feex a'right." She pointed to the east. The fiery red rim of the rising sun was visible above the far edge of the earth, those alternate bars of crimson and of silver radiating from it, a perfect war-bonnet sunrise.

The squaw's wrinkled countenance broke into a smile. "See? Manitou, he look." And, indeed, it seemed that the upper half of a war-bonneted face was peering over the rim of the earth.

"Yes," said the girl, "Manitou is peeking over the edge of the hills to watch the return of his people."

She rode on toward the village. As she came out on the hills above the Valley of Springs her heart gave a little skip of amazement. Overnight the village had been transformed—the dead had come to life. Even at this early hour, with the sun not yet an hour high, the Valley of Springs was full of squaws busily engaged in repairing irrigation ditches. Half a hundred columns of smoke rose from the dobes of Pueblo Tasao. Dogs and children scurried in the narrow crooked lanes so long deserted. Goats and ponies stood about in the tiny compounds. A burro, loaded with juniper wood, was being prodded toward the village by a half-grown girl.

Sarah Lee remained in the repopulated pueblo for the better part of an hour, then resumed her way in a northeasterly direction. She frequently encountered Indians, and from each group she inquired as to Hollister's whereabouts. They all pointed in the direction in which she already traveled. One group was repairing the earthen dikes of some tanks in a shallow draw. Another party was engaged in solidly blocking all routes of entrance to a rocky basin that sheltered a watering place known as Shallow Vats. The flat sandrocks that floored the pocket had been worn by erosion into depressions that caught and conserved moisture. Untold generations of beasts had aided in the process, antelope and bison, mustangs, and, later, range stock, had resorted to the spot to slake their thirst. Their hard hoofs had worn into the soft wet sandrocks, the sediment thus produced being subsequently scoured out by the desert winds during drought seasons when the vats were dry. This process, through the centuries, had fashioned vats that retained a respectable quantity of water after every rainfall. A Tasao family was engaged in

(Continued on Page 57)

Is there really a climate-proof smoking tobacco?

Here is some international testimony on the subject

Mr. W. L. Peers is an aviator who certainly has "flown wide" to borrow an expression from his own pleasant and enthusiastic letter.

He writes us that he has smoked Edgeworth under practically every climatic condition in seventeen sections of the world, outside America.

As these localities range from England and France to South Africa and China, we think you'll agree that he makes out a pretty good case for climate-proof Edgeworth.

Also, Mr. Peers is a twelve-year member of the Edgeworth Club. Here's his letter:

Boll.ng Field, D. C.

Messrs. Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

Having been a constant user of your excellent Edgeworth for approximately twelve years, and having smoked it under practically every climatic condition in the following countries: England, France, British West Africa, South Africa, German East Africa, Mesopotamia, Persia, Palestine, Egypt, India, Afghanistan, Beluchistan, Waziristan, Ceylon, Burmah, The Straits Settlements, and China, I feel it an honor to go on record as a supremely satisfied user of this tobacco.

Of course it was not always possible to obtain the "Old Blue Can" in all of these countries, but where this difficulty was encountered, my fondness for Edgeworth could not be satisfied by an inferior product, so I arranged with my people in Richmond, Virginia, to purchase a dozen or so cans at a time and forward them to me by parcel post.

I was considerably gratified on my arrival at this field to find that the majority of the men here, both commissioned and enlisted, who smoke pipes, are veteran users of Edgeworth. I consider that this shows excellent taste on the part of the men at this station.

May your organization and your Edgeworth always [illegible] and Pretty,

Yours for pipe [illegible],

W. L. PEERS.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1G South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

The floor in this attractive demonstration room of the Grove Phonograph Shop of Oakland, Cal., is Armstrong's Marble Inlaid Linoleum No. 76.

This floor plays an important part in making sales. It deadens footfalls and sounds arising from many other sources. It contributes smart yet dignified beauty to the well-planned interior. It adds a cheerful note of welcome, an invitation to linger and shop awhile.

Three of a number of new business floor patterns now available in Armstrong's Linoleum. Above—Jaspé No. 17. Left—Inset Marble Tile Inlaid No. M62. Below—Marble Inlaid No. 71.

A Music Shop *must* have Quiet Floors

IF there is any place where "silence is golden," it is in the floor of a shop where radios and phonographs are sold. Only when the floor of such a shop quiets noisy, shuffling footsteps to the faintest whispers can customers listen in comfort to the music and instruments on sale.

This golden silence underfoot has been secured in the smart California phonograph shop you see here without sacrificing any of the other important features so necessary in a business floor.

The floor selected by Mr. Grove, proprietor of this shop, is Armstrong's Marble Inlaid Linoleum. One glance at the picture tells you this floor is a handsome, dignified floor—a decorative part of the whole well-planned interior. One step on this floor would tell you that it is soft, springy to walk on—*and remarkably quiet.* And if you had been in this shop the day the floor was laid, you would also know why this is a floor that will last for years. For it was firmly cemented in place over builders' deadening felt. Laid this modern way, linoleum makes a smooth, practically one-piece floor, unbroken by dirt-collecting cracks and seams. It waxes to a rich, soft sheen. Dust and office litter brush up from its surface quickly, easily. It never needs refinishing.

Wherever the public walks

Today, to smart retail shops, to office buildings, to schools, churches, public institutions—wherever the public walks—floors of Armstrong's Linoleum bring new beauty, new comfort, new economies in floor maintenance.

There are merchants in your city who make a specialty of installing distinctive business floors of Armstrong's Linoleum. These merchants will gladly show you many modern designs. They will also give you estimates for laying any pattern you select. They can do the work quickly, with scarcely any interruption to business—at night if necessary. And the surprisingly small cost will be more than returned to you in better floor appearance and reduced cleaning expense.

Write for "Business Floors"

A post card or letter mailed to us today brings you a 48-page book, "Business Floors." This book contains colorplates of Armstrong's Linoleum and gives specific directions for the laying and care of modern linoleum floors. Send for it. No charge. Address Armstrong Cork Company, *Linoleum Division*, 853 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

(Continued from Page 55)

constructing a hogan of rock and adobe, its top covered with poles and earth.

Near noon, having covered something more than thirty miles, her ears were assailed by a plaintive chant, the querulous complaint of thousands of head of sheep. Far down a shallow valley she located them, a close-packed mass that writhed slowly across the landscape. A canvas-topped sheep wagon lumbered into view. Four riders crossed the valley below her. They were heavily armed, each man wearing two guns at his belt, a rifle slung in a scabbard beneath his knees. Fifteen years before, her father had come into the Rolavi Sink with his cows and his fighting men. Now Hollister came in the same way with his sheep. She knew what it meant. Every man of Hollister's crew would belong to that breed of men whose trade was fighting.

She was correct in her surmise. His crew had been recruited from the ranks of a clan that was passing for all time as the conditions which had bred them changed. They had learned their trade from childhood up, in border warfare against marauding Mexicans and the hostile tribes of the great Southwest. They had followed it later as warriors for the Texas cow outfits that pushed their stock into hostile territory held by Comanches and Kiowas, taking over the country on the Canadian, the Cimarron and the broad flat expanses of the Llano Estacado. Then, as country-wide demand for their services lessened, they had drifted to whatever points throughout the West that trouble threatened—range disputes, factional strife, feuds between cattle barons, sheep-and-cow fights and bitter county-seat wars; they had known them all.

The outlaws that rode with the wild bunch were recruited from their ranks, as were the sheriffs' posses that hunted them. There was little essential difference between them save that of chance. Perhaps in some factional strife one side had gained ascendancy and proclaimed itself the law, which automatically outlawed the members of the opposing forces, whose cause may have been equally just. There were those among Hollister's men who had looked along their gun barrels and fired steadily into the smoke at sheriffs' posses and had, upon other occasions, stood with sheriffs' posses and fought just as steadily. The dividing line between those inside and outside the law was vague, so vague in fact that chance made many an officer become famed as an outlaw chief, while just as frequently outlaws became famous guardians of the law.

Sarah Lee knew the breed. The crew of the stormy old cowman who was her father had always been largely composed of such men as these, as was the present personnel of Bar Z Bell hands employed by her brother. There was little essential difference between her brother's men, those whom Hollister brought with him and those who rode for Slaven's outfit, she reflected; save perhaps that a group of Slaven's chief retainers had unsavory reputations as unscrupulous killers without principle or honor. In the main, exactly the reverse was true. Right or wrong, they had both principle and honor in a high degree—codes for which they died unflinchingly in the face of odds. Chief among these codes was the one abiding religion upon which the whole fabric of the stock industry was based—unswerving loyalty to the interests of the outfit for which they rode. Except for this blind devotion that had led hundreds of their clan to die, battling in the face of overwhelming odds, the West would have remained unconquered for another generation. It was a handful of men such as these that had conquered and subdued it, made it habitable for the civilized hosts that followed—hosts that promptly cast out these wildlings whose ways no longer fitted into the scheme of things.

She had known many of the clan. The great majority of the dwellers of the Rolavi Sink came from that breed. Most of them she had found personally likable. She knew that killing did not necessarily destroy human kindliness and decent feeling among men. Frequently the reverse was true. There have been great soldiers who have also been great saviors, endowed with a wealth of kindliness. In the strictest sense, these men were soldiers—fighting men of a sort that the world will never know again. They killed casually, and died as casually when their own time came. It was the significance of it all, the futility, that appalled and sickened her as she watched the riders cross the valley. It meant war between Langford and Hollister—between her brother and the man she was beginning to love. Langford had only to lift his hand and his men would swoop down upon the forces of the man whose invasion he deemed a menace. Hollister had only to lift his hand in turn and his own men would fight as valiantly; good men killing each other. And what was the good of it all? She was weary of strife. Why could not men see its futility?

As if in answer to her unspoken query, a rider left the sheep wagon and rode toward her.

"You know now what my plan was," Hollister greeted; "the one I was going to outline to you. Do you indorse it?"

His eyes held hers unwaveringly. He hoped for her approval, but feared that it might be withheld. She essayed a smile.

"Why not?" she asked. "At least I'll withhold judgment until I know there's something wrong with it. I haven't any active reason to dislike sheep. Suppose you tell me about it."

"This is one of the last bands to come through," he said. "There's three more bands somewhere south of us already. You likely missed them coming up. The four others—we were trailing 'em in eight bands of twenty-five hundred each—are already scattered in little bunches between here and the north end of Spanish Acres."

"Scattered!" she exclaimed. "Why have you scattered them?"

"I'll ride a piece north with you and show you," he volunteered.

"Tell me," she said as they rode on, "why do you prefer sheep to cows?"

"As a general thing, it's about an even break between sheep and cows," he explained. "But in this case it's ten to one in favor of the sheep. It's the same equation we was discussing a few days back—a big crew with a small pay roll. When you predicted that I'd find the Tasaos real trifling as ranch hands, you maybe didn't know that back before your time, in the days of the Castinados, the whole livelihood of the Tasaos was based on sheep—had been for more than a hundred years. Nearly every family was working a little band of sheep on shares for the Castinado nobles. They ranged 'em all over this country. Sheep furnished 'em with meat and leather; wool for weaving rugs and blankets, with a surplus over their own needs to serve as trade goods that they bartered off to other tribes for horses, and to Mexicans and whites for guns, axes, knives and trinkets. Before the day when Porter got the whip hand, cleaned out the sheep and put in cows, the Tasaos were a prosperous people and the Castinados one of the wealthiest families in the whole Southwest. Maybe that equation will work out again."

"You'll let them range your sheep on shares?" she asked.

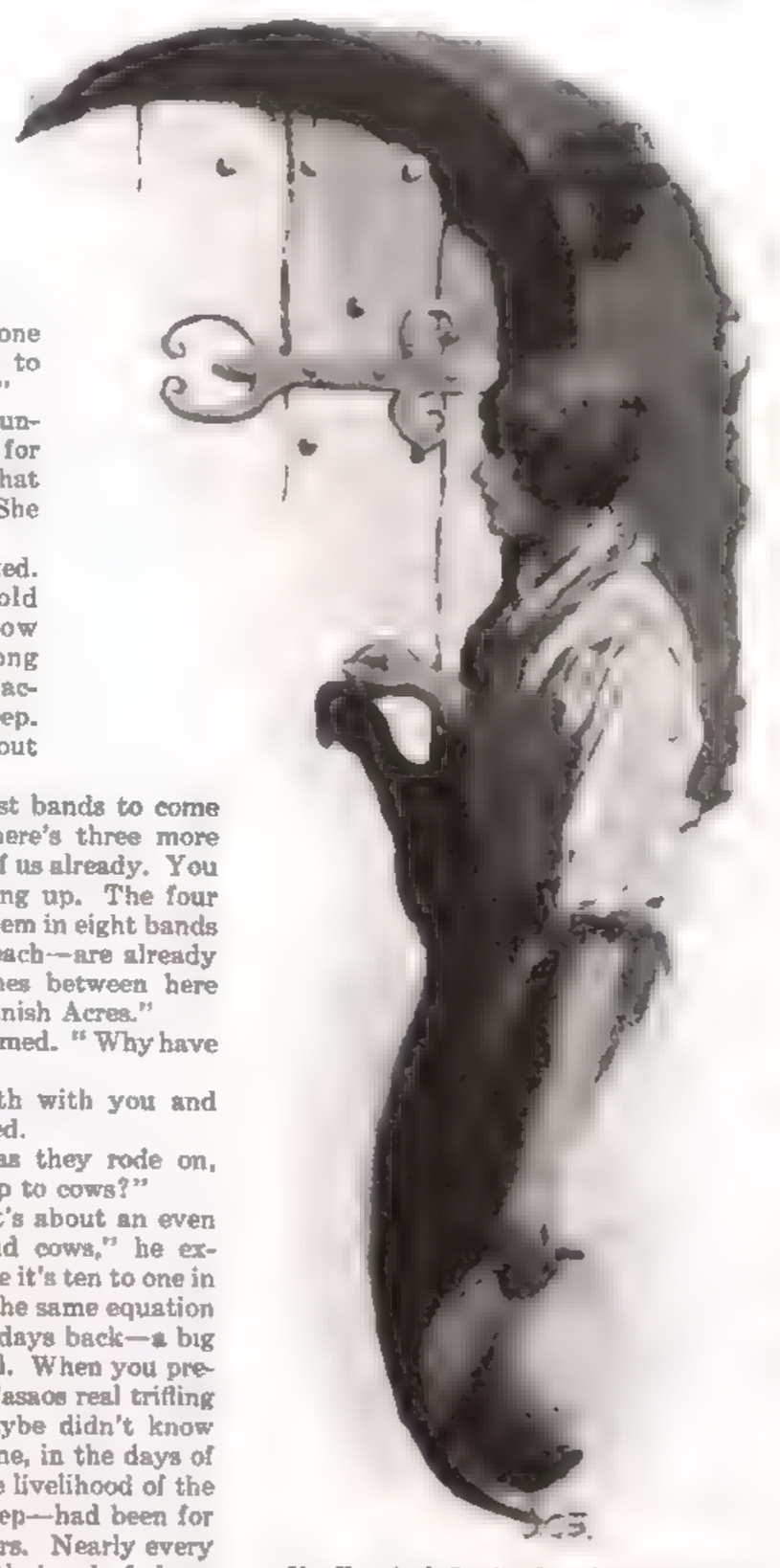
"Just that," he said. "It will eliminate a big cash monthly pay roll for a swarm of herders and camp tenders; no big grub bills to foot for expensive canned goods; no shearing crews to hire and feed. Above all, the Tasaos love sheep. It's a passion with 'em, and they'll live with their flocks the year round, tending 'em like infants. This way my help don't cost me any cash outlay, after I can let loose the white hands I'm paying now."

"Not cash; but you're paying for it just the same," she said. "I saw Sutanak today and he told me certain things. The tale had to do with your conveying to the tribe of Tasao Indians the Valley of Springs and Pueblo Tasao. It was a big, generous thing to do. I've felt, someway, that you were capable of just that sort of thing."

His eyes and smile caressed her in silent thanks for this tribute.

"But I'm not presenting them with anything," he hastened to disclaim. "They'll pay a pretty stiff price in labor before they're through."

"No price would be too high that will regain their village for them," she insisted.



She Knocked Again, Standing Close to the Door, the Depression in the Thick Walls Effectually Concealing Her From the View of Anyone Peering From the Windows on Either Hand

"But the other outfits will combine to fight against your bringing sheep into the Rolavi Sink."

"No need for them to," he said. "There's hundreds of thousands of acres of good grasslands in the grant itself, and plenty that don't grow a hatful of grass to the acre; but everywheres, all through it, there's mile on mile of mesquite, black browse, salt sage, buckbush and other natural forage, with grass growing in spots all through it, oceans of natural sheep range. Spanish Acres will support upwards of a hundred thousand head of sheep without ever grazing a band outside on the open range. The other outfits can go on as they always have. I won't trouble them."

"But they'll contest your right to bring sheep in here anyway," she predicted.

"Likely," he conceded. "I'm coming in here peaceable, aiming to side-step trouble if I can. But I'm playing for a big stake here, and if they crowd me, I'll have to meet it whatever way I can."

They rode out onto the edge of a valley. Below them, on the far slope, a band of seven hundred sheep grazed under the ministrations of a Tasao Indian, his half-grown daughter and a pair of sheep dogs. Just beneath the two riders a newly erected hogan of rocks and adobe nestled at the mouth of a sheltered draw. Several children scampered about and a half dozen pups sprawled in the sunshine. Four fresh sheep pelts were draped across juniper boughs under a bank that sheltered them from the sun. Strings of meat, suspended in small strips from ropes that were stretched from one sandrock to the next, were being sun-dried. Two newborn lambs tottered about the hogan on awkward, uncertain legs.

"Some of them are dropping lambs already. The main bunch will come on in another week. That's another point in favor of Tasao herders. In every band there'll be plenty of bum lambs: weaklings, maybe, or orphans whose mothers died in lambing, or possibly the weaker one of a pair of twins. In a big outfit they can't bother with bum lambs, and there's always a stiff loss that way. A Tasao family will nurse its bums through by hand. Then, too, the Tasaos aren't fastidious feeders, and whenever it's tolerable certain that a ewe is due to die in lambing, or from most any cause whatsoever, they'll dress it out and cure the meat."

"But right now, with your sheep scattered in small bunches and with only Tasaos to protect them," she said, "isn't that bidding for trouble?"

"That's one point I failed to enumerate when I was cataloguing the astounding number of duties an Indian didn't have to perform for himself—that the Government undertakes to do for him," he explained. "An Indian don't even have to protect his own property. The Government undertakes to do that little chore for him too. And every Tasao family is part owner in the particular bunch of sheep it tends."

"But if the Tasaos start shooting at white riders, even if they're raiding their sheep, it will cause such a storm of protest that there will either be a general shooting up of Indians or the Government will order the tribe back onto the reservation," she objected.

"That's what I know. I've had Sutanak give strict orders that no Tasao is to lift a hand to protect his own sheep, but to scurry into his hogan with his family if there's a raid on, and stay there. There will be other protection on the way."

"When I heard that you owned Spanish Acres, and recalled the number of Tasaos that were slinking round over here, I was afraid for you," she said, "with everything that has happened, and that Tasao spell on the place. I thought it possible that they were watching you, waiting for a chance."

"They were watching over me so that no other party would get a chance," he explained.

"Then the curse on Spanish Acres is lifted," she said.

"At least it'll remain inoperative for a time, as far as the Tasaos are concerned," he predicted. He moved an arm in a comprehensive sweep. "Look—a big country. Peer ahead a few years, girl. The day's a-coming when you and me can ride from the Rio Tasao to the Palo Verdes and from Monab Wash to Solado Arroyo, and every way we'll turn we'll see a Tasao family tending a bunch of sheep—a picture like that down there. An' over in the Valley of Springs they'll be growing their own corn, peppers, squashes, beans and such; all our hands part owners in their own flocks, every family self-rationing; a big inland empire with hundreds of retainers to do our bidding, an empire stocked with a half million head of sheep—your sheep and mine, Sarah Lee." He turned to her. "Because, girl dear, when all that comes to pass, you'll be sharing it with me, now won't you?"

1,000 Men Wanted

these new comforts in a Shaving Cream

. . . now please accept a 10-day tube Free

GENTLEMEN:

In Palmolive Shaving Cream there is a unique story.

It, for once, gives men exactly what they, on their own statement, said they wanted in a shaving cream. Not what some maker thought they *might* want or like. . . . Grasp the distinction?

* * *

Some years ago we set out to create the ideal Shaving Cream.

We were qualified, as you know. This laboratory is 60 years old. It has created, for every purpose, some of the greatest soaps. One of them has become the leading toilet soap of the world.

First we asked 1,000 average men to tell us what they most desired.

Then, step by step—by making and testing 130 separate formulas—we met these desires to the utmost.

The result is a new attainment, better in at least 5 ways than any shaving cream you know.

Men have welcomed it as they never have welcomed anything else in this line. Millions of delighted men have changed from old-type shaving creams. . . . So will you when you know.

The results men wanted

Abundant lather. Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

Quick action. It softens the beard in one minute.

Lasting lather. It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

A clean shave. The extra strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting, so they don't lie down.

No irritation. The palm and olive oil content leaves the face in fine condition.

Let this test prove that we have secured these wanted effects—as no one else has done. Do this in fairness to yourself and us. Clip coupon now.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE
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2863

10 SHAVES FREE and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1026, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

Slowly she shook her head and essayed a laugh.

"That was all make-believe," she said.

"No," he returned gravely, "it wasn't not with me; and I someway can't believe it was altogether that way with you. It may be a long day before we meet up again, so I'm going to tell you. There's never been a day since I first set eyes on you that I haven't thought of you almost every living second. Wherever I ride, you're riding with me; and whatever I do, I talk it over with you in my mind. It will always be that way with me; and if I was to win out here, I'd still feel that I was a heavy loser unless you were sharing it with me."

"No," she said, "it can't be that."

"If I thought you'd never alter that, I'd feel like letting it slide," he said. "It wouldn't amount to anything after I'd got it. But there's time for you to change. I'm noways near ready to share anything with you yet, for the reason that I haven't a whole lot to share. Fact is, if I'd invoice right now, I'd likely show a deficit. I wouldn't wish a half interest in my present affairs on anyone but an enemy."

He gazed out across the rolling hills of Spanish Acres.

"It's like this," he explained: "If some party was to buy a big piece of land for what it was worth, and paid two-thirds of the price in cash, he'd be rated as solvent and well-to-do up to that extent, even if he was owing the other third. Now if another party should purchase the same ground for a third of its value and pay nothing down, how would his fix compare with the first? Would he be better off, or worse? The answer to that equation is the answer to whether I'm insolvent or real well-to-do. I bought Spanish Acres for a third what it's worth—nothing down and nothing due for five years. I could do that, while no other party could buy it at any price whatsoever. Some day I'll tell you the reasons. So I can't offer to share it with you now; not till it's paid for and the smoke has cleared. But I could go at things with a lot more joy and satisfaction if you'd only tell me that you'll be waiting to share it with me when that day comes around."

"It isn't that. If I could go into that at all, I wouldn't sit back and wait until you had accomplished everything by yourself. I'd come to you now and help you through with it. You know for a certainty why I can't come to you—ever."

"Ever is a long, long time," he said. "Is it because of sheep?"

"You know what it is. It's because I'm a Langford," she returned.

He nodded.

"Yes, I do know," he said. "But I wasn't wanting to mention it."

"I know the significance of those riders that came in with your sheep, and I know my brother quite well. This means war between you and the Bar Z Bell. Art Langford will never outlive his obsession to own Spanish Acres. Dad raised him with that as the chief object of life, and he made a thorough job of it. You're not the sort to give up. I know what that means. I've been through this sort of thing all my life. Art and I don't agree on most subjects, but that doesn't alter the fact that he is my brother and that I am a Langford. I couldn't come to you with a bitter feud running between you and my brother. Don't you see that?"

"I do see it," he said. "I've been speculating considerable along that line myself. I was wondering—with you as the mistress of Spanish Acres, it would be in the Langford family, sort of, now wouldn't it? Why couldn't the three of us pool interests, you and Art Langford and me, and run this country to suit ourselves?"

"Would you do that?" she asked. "Would you pool interests with the Bar Z Bell if he will?"

"I'd do anything within reason under the canopy to have things come out right between you and me," he declared. "There's reasons why I'd rather string with Langford than not. He likely wouldn't listen to me on the start; but when he comes back, you tell him."

"Yes, I'll tell him," she said.

"And now tell me, if I can avoid war and make my peace with Art, can I come riding over and take you back home with me?"

She broke into the old bubbling laugh that he remembered from the hour of their first meeting at Pueblo Tasao.

"That's not the polite way any more, just to ride off with a lady," she chided. "And besides, you shouldn't want everything all at once, Spanish Acres one day and me on the next—the two chief prizes of the Rolavi country. What would you be wanting tomorrow?"

"With both you and Spanish Acres," he said, "I expect my wanting would be fulfilled for life."

"I just couldn't be responsible for reducing your ambitions to that state of repletion. What would you think of me?"

"More every day," he predicted.

"Then I'd better wait a few days," she decided.

"But our days are so far apart, only just an hour now and then, scattered out weeks apart. I can't hardly expect to have you come riding over to see me; and the way things are shaping up, it appears that I'll have to keep under cover and confined to my own bailiwick, so I can't be riding over to pay you a visit. Our next glimpse may be a long while removed. I've been wanting you every living second, something strenuous, ever since that first time I set eyes on you. And now, because it's meaning so much to me, and because you're too much of an honest-to-God woman to tell a man one thing when you're meaning another—why, you tell me."

"Oh!" she said, laughing. "A case of laying our cards on the table!"

Then, because she was just what he had said, an honest-to-God woman, she told him.

"After that first day, I most confidently expected you to turn up at the Bar Z Bell at daylight on some pretext or another—to borrow a pound of prunes or a pipeful of tobacco. But you didn't, that day or the next. By the third day I was sure that something had happened to you, and for the next two or three days after that I was just on the verge of riding over to Pueblo Tasao. Every rider that showed up, I thought sure must be you. Then I was so mad—well, I just up and went down south of the Rio Tasao to visit the Fentons and stayed there. And on the way back, I intended to miss the Castinado ranch house by a margin of not less than twenty-five miles; but someway I just rode right on up and knocked on the door. So now I've told you. Don't you think I've been terribly shameless, to do all the calling myself?"

"I know for sure that you're the loveliest little thing in all creation," he said. "Things can't help but break right for us after this. And now ——"

He leaned toward her.

"Oh, no, not now," she said. But she leaned toward him, too, and for many minutes their horses stood very still.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WORLD-WIDE GOOD WILL

The United States Supreme Court has defined Good Will as "the disposition of a pleased customer to return to the place where he has been well treated."

Good Will is also the disposition of a customer to recommend a satisfactory product to his neighbors and friends.

It can be created by the printed word only in so far as that word reflects the integrity of the institution behind it.

Good Will is admittedly the most valuable asset that any business can possess. And no organization has so impressive a reason to appreciate the magnitude of its value as Dodge Brothers, Inc.

This value—this unprecedented and world-wide Good Will—is founded on a few old-fashioned principles of good faith and good workmanship which the world has come to associate with Dodge Brothers name.

Building ever better and better, Dodge Brothers have simply earned the trust and friendship of the public by consistently fulfilling public expectations.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DRIVING HOME FROM GEORGES

(Continued from Page 17)

"Who could 've guessed? Anyone but a fool could 'a' guessed it. I guessed it when I told you to set it as I did."

Usually he was an even-tempered man; but the Juniata was by now twenty or more miles on her way to Boston and he was vexed. However, he intended to overhaul her.

We had forty-five thousand pounds of fresh fish on deck as we headed her northeasterly to clear Georges North Shoal. The pens on both sides of our deck, from fore rigging to the after end of her cabin house, were filled rail-high with fine fat haddock and cod.

As we went swinging through the fleet, past the green and red sailing lights of jogging haddockers, past the white anchor lights of the hand-liners, Maurice turned the wheel over to her spare hand, Dan Curran, saying, "Have a care with her, Dan. You get careless and you might wash a few thousand o' fish overboard—maybe a man or two."

He went below to haul out his charts. He needed no charts, but he wanted to show me. He spread his Georges Bank chart out on the cabin floor and marked her course thereon.

"I'm going now through twenty fathoms o' water. There—see?"

I knew that twenty fathoms of water was dangerously shoal water on Georges in wintertime, and said so.

"So it would be in an easterly, but with this sou'wester makin' up, she'll be all right. We won't get caught—and o' course, there's the Juniata."

By midnight the men had the last of the forty-five thousand pounds of fish dressed up and stowed away. A fresh breeze—no more—was blowing. She was under a bank fisherman's regular winter sail—jib, jumbo, foresail and mainsail—and was easing herself nicely through it. She had the name of being rather an easy vessel in a seaway and was living up to her name. She would take a little hop now and then; but except for the flying spray, of which there was plenty, she was carrying a fairly dry rail to it.

I slept in the after port bunk in the cabin. The vessel being on the port tack, that put me to the windward side—the high side of the vessel. I was waked up by being hove out of my bunk. It was light now, six o'clock in the morning. I had been hove out into the clear space in front of the lazaret, in behind the cabin companionway. As I crawled out into the open, Oscar—The Swede, as the crew called him—was picking himself up from the cabin floor and feeling of his side.

"I tank I broke two-t'ree rib," Oscar was saying as he felt around with his fingers.

He had been hove out of his bunk, which was the one forward of mine, and laid across the top of the cabin stove. There was a coal fire in the stove. The man in the weather bunk forward of Oscar was sitting on a lee locker, looking surprised.

"She shot me across the floor," he explained. He gave a sympathetic glance at Oscar feeling for new broken ribs, climbed back into his bunk and said, "When I come off watch at four she was steady enough, but she's jumpin' to it now, boy!"

The skipper slept in a little stateroom across the cabin. He was looking out from his bunk, wide awake, with a pipe in his mouth.

"She took a little lurch, boy," he said to Oscar, and got up and settled himself in his easy-chair in the lee corner formed by the after bulkhead and his stateroom, and continued calmly to smoke.

The cabin companionway on the Binney was set in well over to the port side of the vessel, which, luckily for our comfort now, was the windward side; that is, the high side of the vessel now. One of the deck boards, fifteen inches or so high, had been early set up in the companionway and was now serving to keep the piled-up water on her after deck from rolling down the cabin steps. The top slide was drawn over the companionway.

I stepped up, drew the top slide and had a look around. All I could see was high moving hills, mountains of wild water all around. The vessel, sailing pretty well on her side, was in a valley of water set down among the high rolling hills. She was of the narrow deep models, with plenty of pig-iron ballast, the Binney; and now, with one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of fresh fish packed away in twenty tons of chopped ice, she was sitting very deep in the water. She lay down to her work, seeming hardly to lift to the seas. She lay mostly on her side and with a hissing roar was sifting through them. To leeward of her for twenty feet or so was a white belt of boiling suds; an endless belt, always new-making ahead, coming over her bow at the lee catheads, rushing aft over the nest of dories, over her gurry kids, over her cabin house, over her wheel box and stern rail with a steady roar. The cabin roof was half a foot higher than her quarter rail, and the pipe of the cabin stove stuck through the middle of the cabin roof; yet a piece of tarpaulin had to be laid over the stovepipe vent to keep the water from spilling down and putting out the cabin fire.

The three-foot-high wheel box was buried under the rushing water. Tom White had the wheel, and he was standing to his waist in water beside it. His right name was LeBlanc, and now he was singing little French songs to himself. The crew used to say that about a year before this somebody had tried to cleave Tom's skull with an ax, and he had not been the same man since—more irresponsible-like. The two other men on watch with Tom were in the waist of the vessel, both clinging to the dory lashings—one to the forward, one to the after gripes. One of them now called back to Tom:

"Wonder you wouldn't call to the skipper about takin' the mains'l off her!"

"Call him, you!" retorted Tom, showing he wasn't so irresponsible perhaps. "I know what he say to me. 'You scared, Tom White,' he say. No, no, I no call him." Tom continued to saw away at the spokes of his wheel and to sing his little French songs to himself.

At this time we had cleared the North Shoal of Georges and were straight on our course—west-northwest—for the Boston Lightship.

I pulled the slide to and dived back to the cabin, taking my place with my back against a windward locker and one foot braced against the knot of rope which was used to lift the hatch to the cabin run. Oscar and the man in the other windward bunk had abandoned any hope of sleeping further, and were balanced on the windward lockers. The cabin floor was steeply slanting. Every once in a while she would take a leap and a lurch and all of us windward ones would go sliding down to leeward. The skipper in his easy-chair, the same jammed into his snug lee corner, remained calm, smoking steadily.

Boot heels came pounding along the deck. The slide pushed back. Two men dropped down into the cabin, the last man pulling the slide quickly to the combined roars from us all in the cabin not to let any more water down. Besides what flowed over the top of the companion deck board, a steady stream of water had been coming down by way of the binnacle box; a good six inches of water was slopping around the lee side of the cabin floor.

Two more men came from the foc'sle, bringing the cheerful word that hot coffee was ready forward, but that it was worth a man's life to go the length of the deck to get it.

"Men may die, but also men must live!" caroled one of the cabin gang, and slid forward the cabin slide and leaped through to the deck and slid back the slide, almost in one continuous motion, and was gone. Two others followed him.

I was getting pretty hungry too; I decided to try it. As I thrust my head from the cabin, Pidso Flaherty, who by now had the wheel, warned me to have a care. He was a great, gaunt, dark giant of a man; and, like Tom White, also lashed and standing waist deep in the water, he had a habit of singing softly at the wheel. Pidso sang now:

"Oh, westerly she goes, boy,
A-westerly she goes ——"

I could catch no more than that against the rush of wind and water, as I drew and closed the slide and dashed to the main weather rigging, where I braced my feet to the steeply pitched deck and had a look around, clinging to the weather rigging the while.

The air was choked with spray, which the wind was picking up and carrying across and down the deck in almost solid masses; and breaking over her regularly came little seas from the wild caldron of water outboard. Curiously enough, I had no worry of the outcome; it was faith in the superb seaman calmly smoking his pipe in the cabin. Any man in his company for a fortnight of winter bank weather could not help having faith in him. Of course, something might happen; but with such a man in charge, whatever happened could not help happening—it would be fate.

I dived down the sliding deck to the saddle of the mainmast. I clung to the pinrail there, scooted then for the lee gripes of the windward nest of dories. I crawled around the watch, who was clinging to the same dory lashings, hurried to the forward dory gripes, where the other man on watch was hanging on. From there, when the chance offered, I slid back the foc'sle hatch and dived down the ladder into a gang of oilskinned men rummaging the grub locker for bread and cheese, pie and cake and whatever else was there, or helping themselves to another round of coffee from the big coffeepot, which had been lashed to the stove while boiling but was now hanging from a hook in a beam just over the stove, swinging there like a hammock. They gripped cups of coffee with one hand and bunk boards with the other, the while they gulped their coffee down; or with their backs to the butt of the foremast, braced their legs to the pitching floor. Others lay in their bunks, with their feet braced against the beams overhead to keep from falling out.

Everybody was talking, shouting—they had to shout to be heard against the roar of wild waters outside that thin planking. The passage was inspiring them to recollections of other hard passages under other hard-driving skippers.

"I was with Tommie Bohlen in the Nannie"—Harry Bluhm, a great Dane of a man, was gulping his coffee and between gulps shouting. "We left Flemish Gap on Tuesday, and Friday night we ——"

"Big Bat, it was—Bat Whalen, who else? Boy, boy! We were coming up by the Highlands in a winter nor'wester ——"

"Were you ever in the Mary Whalen? Oh, man, oh, man, what a vessel to wind'ard in a gale! Three days an' nights she never lifted her lee rail clear o' the sea ——"

"—— the Sarah Prior, boy, when Tom McLaughlin had her. A solid ledge o' water ahead of her an' no seein' a len'th beyond her rail, wind'ard or loo'ard, it was that thick o' fog. She came up to ——"

"Huh, what talk of other vessels and other skippers? Stay with this man aboard here an' you'll get your fill o' makin' passages. I remember the time the Belden here came from the North Shoal, and by cripes ——"

The lamp, in gimbals at the foremast butt, was still lit; by its light their wet flushed faces shone, their eyes glittered, as they yelled into one another's ears, as excited as if some desperate sail-carrying captain was even then alongside and challenging us to have it out to a finish.

Meanwhile a steady stream of water from the deck was coming down by the pawl post; loose sea water a-plenty was sloshing about the foc'sle floor. Before this trip she had been pretty well racked forward under Whalen's hard driving. Men in the port bunks were now complaining of the water sluicing in on them between the loose windward planks.

Somebody said a word of the Juniata, but only a word, the confident general opinion being that we had passed her when we cut a corner off the North Shoal in the night. I finished my cup of coffee, my hunk of cold meat and bread and pie, and made my strategic way back to the cabin. As I went down, the skipper got up from his easy-chair and had a look through the drawn slide of the cabin hatch.

"Better take in a bit of the fore sheet," he called to the watch.

Half a dozen from the cabin went on deck to help with the fore sheet. The vessel was luffed, the sheet was taken in. The men came back to the cabin. One of them, Uncley Foley, began to talk. He was an incessant talker.

"Like an iron bar, that fore sheet, wasn't it?" he appealed to the man nearest him.

"Just like. Did y' know your lip's bleedin', Uncley?"

"Hah? Is it?" shouted Uncley, and put up a finger to his mouth, and took it down again and looked at it. "So it is! I oughta known it. Remember that little sea came aboard whilst we were haulin' on the fore sheet? Didn't look any bigger than a hogshead, did it? No, sir. I paid no attention to it comin', an' damned if she didn't pick up three of us an' roll us down into the lee scuppers! Didn't she, Jack?"

"You never went into no lee scuppers, Uncley."

"I didn't? Well, on'y for the lee dories I woulda. We made a grab for the dories goin' by; an' grabbin' for the dories, Big Tom's arm swipes me one in the mouth." His tongue curled up around the cut in his upper lip. "I knew somethin' was happenin' to me, but I was too busy reachin' for the dory."

Another man from the foc'sle dropped down among us; an old shipmate of the skipper's, who dared to talk to him.

"It's wicked up there now, Maurice. I think you ought to take that mains'l off afore somethin' happens to her."

Everybody went quiet; even Uncley forgot his split lip to hear the answer.

"I thought you were all in a hurry to get home for Sunday, bein' over two weeks out," came the answer. "If you ain't, all right—take it off. Pass the word to the gang for'ard—all hands on deck to take in the mains'l." The man from the foc'sle went up the companionway. All hands in the cabin started to get into oilskins and boots. "Tell them to wait till I oil up and lay her on the other tack while you're gettin' it off her."

He got into oilskins and big boots and followed them up onto the deck; they all hung grimly where they could, while the skipper executed a sweet bit of handling in that gale of wind and that high sea. He laid her so that the big mainsail bellied to them on the windward side long enough for them to get a start on it. They could now work fast and unafraid, knowing that if a sea did board her they would be swept into the belly of the sail and not over the side. The man who went out on the foot rope over her stern—he had to look out for himself.

The mainsail was furled, the main boom set in the crotch, the crotch triced to the deck. The storm trysail was bent over the main gaff, and away she went!

We were barely below when there was a report—we could hear it above the roar of the wind. Her jib had blown out.

(Continued on Page 83)

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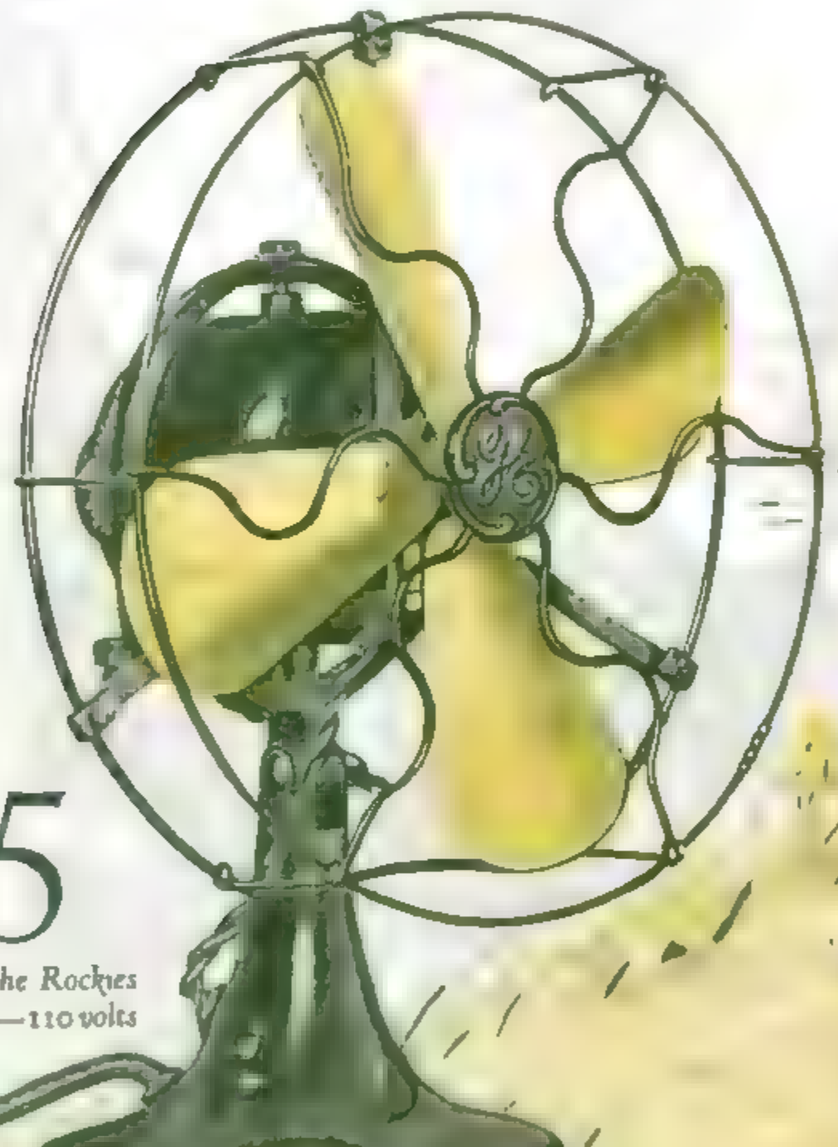

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(Continued from Page 60)

"That's Billy Murphy, o' course, to the wheel," commented the skipper. "He sees a squall comin' an' he gets worried an' has to luff her. He's always luffin' an' slattin' headsails in a breeze o' wind."

He oiled up again and went on deck, and put the vessel stern to the wind while half a dozen men raced out onto the bowsprit to furl what was left of the jib.

We were on our way once more, when Big Tom came off watch to say, "That compass needle, skipper, is jumpin' four points—from west to no'west. No knowin' how she's headed half the time."

It didn't seem to surprise them. They knew about it.

"The night before we put out from Boston," Uncley confided to me, "somebody monkeyed with the compass. Tried to steal it. The watchman on the dock was havin' a drink or somethin'."

"But that stuff 'at floats around in between the card an' the glass is all flowed out of her," said Tom to the skipper.

That didn't surprise the skipper either.

"I know it; but no great harm, Tom, if you will listen to what I say."

The skipper slid back the hatch, thrust his head up into the air, took a look and a sniff, and we next heard him shouting to the man at the wheel:

"This wind's fair from sou'-sou'west. Keep it fair abeam o' the vessel and she'll be on her proper course, west-no'west for Boston." He resumed his corner seat and began to fill another pipeful.

A man came bouncing down from forward to announce that all hands in the wind'ard foc'sle bunks had been washed out.

"The planks in a couple of 'em are 'most wide enough apart to let a good-sized flounder float in, skipper!"

"She is maybe a little bit loose for'ard," admitted Maurice.

The foc'sle man lingered. The cabin gang, having nothing else on their minds, maneuvered him into standing under the binnacle box, through which an almost steady stream of water was pouring. A barrel or two of cold sea water came through the binnacle and down the back of the neck of the innocent foc'sle man, and everybody shrieked with joy—everybody except the victim. All that morning the cabin crowd had been springing that trick on the latest unsuspecting man from the foc'sle.

Before leaving the grounds, one of the crew out in his dory had picked up a model of a little boat that came floating by and had brought it aboard to save for his boy at home. He had put it under the cabin stove to dry; but there was by now so much loose water in the cabin that the little model came floating out from under the stove and into the skipper's room. He watched it sailing past his feet, and—"Fair wind! Drive her, boy!" he shouted.

Slipshods that men had trusted to rest against the windward lockers were being regularly rescued down by the lee lockers and hove back to the windward bunks. It was growing wilder above. The second board had been put in the companionway to keep the loose water on her deck from filling the cabin entirely. We heard a hurried scraping of boot heels on deck. They were coming aft—rushing aft, whoever they were. They had by this time generally given up coming aft from the foc'sle. The hatch slide was slid back, the two forward men of the watch leaped through. We could hear Eddie Bligh calling out from the wheel: "There's a sea comin', fuhlas, clear white an' high as the masthead!" The two men came tumbling together down onto the cabin floor.

"Hang on, Eddie!" yelled somebody up at him.

We could see him with his feet braced against the steep deck as his two watch mates pulled the slide.

"Hang on, Eddie!" shouted half the cabin crowd, by way of cheering him up and half scaring him to death.

We felt the advance lift of the big sea and braced our feet for it; but nobody was quite ready when it came, so suddenly did it come.

Over she went—fair over. Our cabin floor stood straight up and down. Flying to leeward, we went from our windward lockers. Men who had braced themselves in the windward bunks came out, flying out and across the cabin.

She was hove down. We needed no vivid imaginations to visualize her; she on her side, her masts almost flat out on the water, the seas rolling over her mastheads. She hung there for no saying how long; but for quite a little while—long enough for us to disentangle ourselves from one another. From out of the mêlée we heard the quiet voice of the skipper:

"Never fear, she'll come back!"

She came back; slowly at first, then with a snap.

We rushed up on deck; we looked around for Eddie Bligh. We found him lying across the top of the main boom, carried there by the boarding sea. I have spoken of the main boom, with the mainsail furled, being set in the crotch. The bottom of that boom was seven feet above the deck. The boom was a foot thick. The sea had washed Eddie atop of the main boom, eight feet above her deck. There must have been some loose water pass over her deck to do that!

He had been lashed to the wheel, but not lashed tight. Fishermen do not lash a helmsman tight. If they did that, he would be too often smashed against the wheel and crushed. They run the bight of the line over his shoulders and make fast the end of the line to the weather bitt.

We hauled Eddie down by his long life line. For perhaps half a minute he spat and coughed salt water out of himself. When he was able to speak, he looked around from one to the other of us, shouting wrathfully:

"Who was the—who was the—who was the loony-eyed son of a sea squid who sung out to me to hang on? What d'y' think I was goin' to do—jump overboard?"

We jumped down into the cabin, where a timid one—or say he was prudent; there is one, sometimes two, in every crew, even in a fishing crew—where such a one, speaking in a low voice to his neighbor on the locker, was saying could the luck be always with them and next time wouldn't they be capsized for fair and make an end of it. Probably he didn't want the skipper to hear him; but the skipper did hear him.

"No fear, she won't capsize," said the skipper. "The spars will come out of her first. I've tried her too often not to know her by now. She's got one hundred and twenty tons of ballast cemented down next to her keel, and eighty-odd tons of fish and ice atop of her ballast—the spars will come out of her before she capsizes."

The words—and the tone—were reassuring, or should have been. But—"A hell of a place for the spars to come out of a vessel! And the shoals o' Cape Cod under our lee when they do come out!" growled the timid one.

"No, no, nothing like that," replied the skipper soothingly. "We could put her under jury rig afore that."

Outside, a fog was coming on, and it was drizzly.

"No lookin' past the end of her bowsprit," complained the prudent one. "Suppose she drove in on the Cape Cod shore in this thick weather."

Maurice paid no attention for a while. Finally he looked up.

"I don't s'pose you'll feel easy till we heave her to an' take a soundin'. Go ahead an' heave her to. You'll lose five foolish minutes doin' it, but go ahead. Tell 'em on deck to heave her to an' let go the lead. You'll get seventy fathom o' water, or maybe seventy-one, an' hard gray sand."

They hove her to and sounded, and they got seventy and one-half fathoms of water, and the bottom of the lead showed hard gray sand.

"Now," said Maurice, after looking at the lead, "put her on her course again and"—he glanced at the clock—"at half after five, if you don't check her, she'll be drivin' her bowsprit through Minot's Light."

At 5:25 we were abreast of Minot's. The wind was blowing eighty miles an hour as we crossed Massachusetts Bay. We were fairly in the way of making a great passage from the southwestern corner of Georges; but with Minot's hardly under our quarter, the wind jumped into the northwest—dead ahead. It just hopped around with hardly a let-up in the force of it. Into Boston Harbor and up the Narrows we had to beat against a cold hard muzzler of a northwester.

The lower harbor was crowded with big steamers waiting for the gale to moderate. We could see their anchor lights swinging high above us, the loom of their high hulls against the sky. Maurice went forward and lay out on the knightheads to pick a course for the vessel. His orders as he called them out were passed by the gang in the waist to the two men who were now needed to hold her wheel.

Across the narrow channel she would tear till Maurice would yell "Hard-a-lee!" And back the other way till again his "Hard-a-lee!" would check her—back and forth, back and forth. Figures yelled down to us from above the high rails of anchored steamers along the road—were we tryin' to run them down or what? Shadowy arms waved us off; and "Hard-a-lee!" Maurice would call, not even looking up at them, and the Binney would come around on her heel, passing on with a foot to spare, or maybe the end of her bowsprit just scraping the side of a black hulk, and across the channel she would drive on her course again.

That was in the lower harbor; the upper harbor was even more crowded with steam and sail at anchor. The skipper had it in mind to make T-Wharf that night. But what was the use? There is no market after dark and next day was Sunday, and so ——

"We might sink somebody or ourselves on the way," he explained. "We'll come to an anchorage over behind Castle Island till mornin'. Those that want to get home tonight can take a dory and go ashore from there."

No sooner were we anchored than Oscar peeled off his woolen shirt to see how many ribs he had broken that time he was hove out of his bunk and across the cabin stove. His whole side was black and blue. He felt around among his ribs; he could find no one rib that acted as if it was broken. He was a disappointed man—he had been boasting how hard he had hit the top of the stove, and here he was sound as could be.

He forgot his disappointment long enough to go forward to the foc'sle—all hands went forward to the foc'sle to have a mug of coffee from the big coffeepot that was back on the stove again, a mug of coffee and a slab of cake from the cook's locker. Then all hands but the watch turned in for a good sleep.

We had almost forgotten the Juniata that had got us going in the first place, till about daybreak, when the watch let a whoop out of him that brought us piling onto the deck to see a fishing schooner slipping up the main channel.

There was no mistaking her; she was the Juniata of the iron keel.

We had beaten her nine hours besides the two hours start she got on us. We had cut a corner off the North Shoal, of course, but cutting corners off shoals is allowed in making a passage if you're willing to risk it. It was a good beating—nine hours—a damn good beating.

After breakfast we got under way and tied up on the south side of T-Wharf. The Juniata was tied up on the north side; she was locked up and her crew gone when we got there.

That was Sunday morning. Some of our gang met up with some of their gang on Monday morning. Not seeing the Binney at the wharf ahead of them, the Juniata's gang thought they had beat her home. They took to bragging:

"Hullo, boy, when'd you get in? Did y'know we carried a double-reefed fores'l all the way from Georges in that breeze? D'you know how hard it blew off Cape Cod yesterday mornin' when we swung by? Eighty-odd mile an hour—official report. Yes, sir, jumbo, trys'l an' two-reefed fores'l we carried all the way."

Then our gang did a little talking:

"We got in Saturday night. Yeh. Did y'know we carried trys'l, fores'l, jumbo an' jib till the jib blew out? Dijjer? And no reefed fores'l—no, sir—a whole fores'l all the way, an' she's got the biggest fores'l out o' Boston. You an' your old wagon an' your iron keel!"

Our fellows went up on Atlantic Avenue to have a couple of hot Tom-and-Jerries on the Juniata's gang—which was more reward than they usually got after a hard winter passage.

THE WHITE HERON

(Continued from Page 39)

had not come back at ten o'clock she understood perfectly that he had made up his mind to be free from the mess.

"A very pretty woman," Sheriff Dunkley commented, still speculating.

The random comment seemed to touch a chord in Hemphill's mind. In the way of one making an intimate confession he said, "I've had a lot to think about, Sam—last evening and this morning. Maybe, one time, it was all touch and go—flip of a coin." He was thinking of the portentous sixty seconds while Wheedon waded out from the hook.

"A mighty pretty woman, as you say." His eyes turned toward the Sans Gene with a slight indicative nod. "But that would be bootleg for me. I knew it in my bones. So I cut it out." He turned philosophical for a moment. "Of course it's all the same, Sam, whether it's hooch or cards or a pretty woman or murder; if you're going to cut it out—why, cut and done with it; just chuck it into the sea, head, neck and heels, and don't think about it any more." He gave his friend a faint grin. "Maybe you suppose I was sitting on the beach last night thinking about her. But I wasn't. I'd cut that out, and done with it.

"All the same, it had stirred me all up from the bottom. Probably just touch and go, at one time, you see. It had missed me then, but it might not miss next time. I was all stirred up, you understand. So I was thinking about somebody else—a girl of my own kind. You know her."

The surprised sheriff seemed, after a groping moment, to make the identification, and to become transfixed with a new idea. At the bed rock of confidence, Hemphill went on:

"She's sort of scared of me, Sam; got an idea, I guess, that I'm reckless. I said at first that if she felt that way about it I wasn't going to bother her. But this other business stirred everything up. I seemed to need her, you see. She's the one I was thinking about." Humbly he added, "No doubt I was too impatient and stuck on myself—with her—upstage, you understand. But I believe now I can convince her that, whether it's Germans or a woman, I know how to stand without being hitched."

The sheriff clapped a hand on Hemphill's shoulder.

The Farmer is Out of Hock!

For the first time in six years, the farmer has money to spend for something besides debts

Fertilizer sales are running 10% ahead of last year. Tractor sales set a new mark for the industry. Manufacturers of farm machinery report the best business in six years.

Most significant of all, the sale of farm lands increased 42% in 1924 over 1923, and the farm land division of the National Association of Real Estate Boards forecasts a further increase of from 40 to 50% during 1925.

A large part of last year's surplus from some seventeen billion dollars' worth of farm products went to pay old debts. Today the banks report the farmer out of pawn.

Every indication points to a farm income for 1925 equal to, or greater than, that of 1924—for the outlook is good, and farm prices are up more than 10% over last year.

This year the farmer is going to have his money to spend as he pleases.

Every business man will find interest and profit in reading the Editorial on Business Conditions in

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

July 4th.

The Poets' Corner

Salt Fish

HADDOCK and cod, mackerel, scrod—
They lie in the market place,
Salted and dried and side by side,
And the scent of them wafts through space.

Salt, salt fish from the tumbling seas,
You give them a wry-faced glance;
For who would sniff in the smell of these
The savor of high Romance?

Yet ever the trawlers put to sea.
Manned with their salt-cured crews,
To take a wallop at Destiny,
Bucking with brain and thews
The roaring might of the combers white
And the cold spume's stinging swish,
And reef and squall and the gray fog's pall,
For the sake of a mess of fish!

The gambler plunges now and then,
Risking his final chip,
But the tribe of deep-sea fishermen
Are betting their lives each trip.
They shove their stack into every pot
In a calm prosaic way,
For risks are merely their daily lot
In the kind of a game they play.

They trawl in the lane where the liners swift
Come ripping and plunging through,
Far spread, their tiny dories drift
Beyond the lookout's view;
Before the dawn and when day is gone
At their fishermen's work they keep.
When the hold is full and for home they pull—
Why, then they can get their sleep!

Reef and shoal take their heavy toll,
For the fees of the seas are high,
And the fleet comes back on the homeward track
With part of its roster shy;
Comes back from a fight with the old gray sea
That Homer might well have sung;
Comes back with a load of fish, to be
Cheated and bilked and stung!

Deep-sea fish from the deep-sea trail
Stacked in a trawler's hold—
Ah, here's a gallant and pulsing tale,
A saga too seldom told,
Of men who battle and sweat and freeze
And dice with the great god Chance.
A cargo of fish from the tumbling seas,
Fish salt with the true Romance!

Haddock and cod, mackerel, scrod—
They lie in the market place,
Salted and dried and side by side,
And the scent of them wafts through space.

—*Berton Braley.*

My Slippers Like to Dance

MY SLIPPERS like to dance. My dress does too.
Especially they like to dance with you.
My party dresses all remember clearly
Your laugh, your tone. My sashes like you dearly.
Even the silver bandeau on my hair,
With metal leaves and tendrils, has its share
Of gay excitement when the music starts,
The signal for the flutter of our hearts.

My shoulders like the fleeting touch of yours,
Swift happiness that dies but yet endures!
My hand lies quite content within your hand,
And listens to the rhythms of the band.
And as the music and the lights combine
With youth to brew for us a potent wine,
Whene'er they feel upon them your swift glance,
My little silver slippers want to dance.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Counsel

SEEK not in others sympathy,
But dwell
Alone in your own soul and free,
For well
Time teaches that no other mind
Or heart
Can with your own its real bliss find.
Apart,
Then, wander with your dreams, and know
As true—
Only that self within the self can go
With you.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Sea Wisdom

WHAT do I know about the sea?
First, let me tell you this:
The edges of the very sky
Accept the last wave's kiss.

What do I know about the sea
That lies beyond the slip?
Why, greater than to walk with kings
Is the sea's fellowship.

What do I know about the sea?
I know that in the storm
True sailors rise to doughty deeds
That heroes' selves perform.

Oh, I went down to sea in ships,
And there my soul did find,
Despite rough speech and rougher ways,
That God's great hand was kind.

The sea is strong, the sea is deep,
Its waves are wide to scan—
Oh, I went down to sea, a fool!
The sea made me—a man!

—*Harry Kemp.*

Nesting Time

"ORIOLE, questing,
Where are you nesting?"

"High, where the glowing
Elm boughs are blowing."

"Wandering Phœbe,
Where may your tree be?"

"Up where the fountain
Bursts from the mountain."

"Thrush, are you telling
Where is your dwelling?"

"Down where the locking
Alders are rocking."

"Eagle, wide faring,
Where are you lairing?"

"On my crag steeple,
Far from all people."

"Where will you build, Wren?"
"Where there are children!"

"Come then and build, Wren;
Here there are children."

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

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SUMMER COMES TO THE RANCH

(Continued from Page 4)

to the southward all the time, and in the spring came the round-ups and the branding of the calves.

When the winter losses were sufficiently offset by the number of calves, the cowmen prospered and the herds grew.

But with the first wire fences the open range ceased. Now the cowmen must lay up hay for the wintering of their stock, and a steer will eat two tons. So the cattleman today must raise hay in quantities and stack it in his meadows; and when the spring is very late and the haystacks are gone, he is fortunate indeed if he can get wagons through the snow with a reserve supply of fodder. Only too often he has to stand by and let them die, or later on take a revolver, poor chap, and put it to the heads of his dying cattle.

Small wonder he is selling his one and two year olds, and that a long winter may turn his herd from an asset into a liability.

Another situation has arisen also. Range cattle are grass-fed cattle, and an increasing discrimination in beef now demands that prime beef be fattened before marketing. For the old method of shipping straight to Chicago, there has had to be substituted a stop in the Corn Belt somewhere, a complicated and expensive business. Or the packers buy them at a lower rate and themselves send them to the feeders.

Small wonder, too, then, that the old cowman, whose expenses a few years ago consisted only of the initial purchase of some cows and a handful of men to punch them, is unable to meet the new conditions. When to these are added high shipping rates and the increase of wages and all expenses at the Chicago abattoirs, so that mature beef on the hoof is now bringing only nine or ten cents a pound, his problem becomes acute.

As a matter of fact, he has only met the fate of almost all the single-crop raisers of the country, and he is turning, as they all must turn, to a diversity of crops for his salvation. The once-despised sheep—so detested that even to wear a black Stetson, the sheepman's hat, was to mark yourself of a hated and lower caste—the sheep have come into their own.

Sheep and dudes.

Autocrats of the Corral

"Of course," says Alden resignedly, "a sheep has two crops, lambs and wool, and—well, it is understandable." But he looks away. There are no sheep on this ranch, and there will not be. They have taken to dudes instead. And maybe the dudes will have a double crop; health and a better Americanism. Who can tell?

There are, however, no dudes as yet. True, a half dozen old habitués of the ranch are already here, but they are not dudes. They are not greenhorns or tenderfeet anyhow. They saddle and unsaddle their own horses; they occasionally rise early and help to wrangle in the horses; their big Stetsons and high-heeled boots show the marks of long wear. Perhaps their bridles are a bit too ornate; they rather run to silver mountings.

But they do not attempt familiarities with the autocrats of the corral, as do the newcomers. Mostly they sit quietly on the bench in front of the barn in the sun and speak when speech seems to be required. This is the essence of corral usage, and marks them of the elect.

Except for them, and the family in the main house, the ranch is still empty. Spread out like a small town, its streets of cottages are practically deserted. From one of them now and then comes the squeal of a portable phonograph in the evening, but it has an unearthly sound. Like the preliminary stirring of a sleeper soon to awake. For before long the season will be on; the cottages will open like buds, to change the figure, and from them will emerge girls in riding clothes and sport clothes, and men in shiny new Eastern riding apparel, which they will shamefacedly exchange, very shortly for overalls from the store, tucked into high-heeled Western boots.

A Welcome in the Little Cabin

Even the store is getting ready. Throughout the winter it carries only ranch necessaries, but soon it will become our emporium. For years and years the woman head of a great school in Minneapolis has been Mrs. Levy at the store. Big and strong and humorous, she comes out at the end of her term, gets behind her counter, and sells us our pop and our candy, our creams and toothbrushes and face lotions, our Indian rugs, neckerchiefs and trout flies. And when fall comes and she has to go away she goes through sheer stark tragedy. No one must say good-by to her. Her farewell to her horse takes place behind the barn; she does not dare to turn and look back as the car carries her to the railroad station, twenty miles distant.

For this is her country. Long ago her father drove his family through the lower part of this ranch, over the old Bozeman Trail into Montana. Drove it through hostile country, for this has been the last stand of the Indian in his fight against the whites, and settled just north of here.

Now and then I have seen her on horseback at sunset, at the gate in the wire where the old trail crosses a small hillock. It is a small tribute she is paying, a sort of sunset prayer.

The ranch house is busy too. Domo is coming back from a visit to Kansas, and they are preparing a surprise for her.

All last week they were making curtains of a golden yellow sateen, and on Saturday I was privileged to make my small contribution; a set of dishes, bright and sturdy, for her cabin shelves. Dunc has been building a tiny footbridge to her cabin, over the irrigating ditch which runs beside it, to replace the uncertain old plank which used to float away after each rain, leaving Domo marooned. Not marooned either. You do not maroon indomitable little women like Domo. Be sure she simply tucked up her skirts and waded across.

They say Domo knows every cowpuncher between the Rosebud and the Powder River, and that any stranger from another range who comes riding in this direction just naturally ties his horse to the cottonwood tree beside her cabin and heads in.

And now Domo has found sanctuary after a busy and troubled life. Her little cabin was like nothing on earth when I first saw it, down on the lower ranch. Now a part of the surprise is a new rustic porch in front, and Dunc's bridge to match, and the yellow sateen curtains. And you should see what already she had done to the inside of it before she went east to Kansas. The shelves she had put up, and the painting! She had brought a sick daughter here to get well, and Domo has cured her. Wouldn't you know she would cure her? Now the daughter is off in Montana teaching school, and Domo is coming back.

"What do you suppose she'll do when she sees it?" I inquired yesterday.

"Do?" they said. "She's going to laugh and cry and generally have a fit."

You see, it takes so little to make happiness for some people. And we are so apt to forget that little, back East.

I stopped my horse there a day or so ago to watch Dunc at the bridge. And there was Scout, older and grayer than ever. And "deefer," Dunc says.

"Dear old Scout," I said, "I was afraid he'd be dead by this time."

"Dead nothing," said Dunc, gazing at the old dog. "He's got twenty dollars' worth of chocolate to eat before he dies. He can't die."

The Chocolate Endowment

Which is the case indeed. A guest last year discovered the old dog's sweet tooth, and left a sum to endow him with chocolate for the rest of his natural life. An understanding person, this, who would have sympathized with Hugh Walpole's old lady who was secretly greedy for little cakes with icing on them. And one who knows that age cannot live on memories alone. Scout, dreaming of bears—for he has been a famous bear dog in his day—has earned the right to waken to a bit of indulgence.

So inside, the old log house is ready for Domo. Her windows are washed, her walls freshly kalsomined. The little old Confederate flag, full of bullet holes, in its frame on the wall, has had its glass newly polished. For Domo's father was the first Confederate officer to fall in the Civil War, and Domo's mother was both a mother and a widow at eighteen. Somehow that flag escaped when the Indians burned Domo's ranch house to the ground years ago.

All that long and busy life raising a big family, all alone, Indians, widowhood, struggles, and now sanctuary and peace. And even a plank securely fastened so she can dip water out of the creek without wetting her feet. It takes so very little to make happiness.

Up at the corral, of course, there are some changes. Pete, who took part of the photographs illustrating this article, is off taking pictures in Egypt; Ben has got married and is off on his honeymoon; and Bruce has taken a carload of horses to Pittsburgh

Saddling in the Bucking Chute

But how long and sad a time it seems since Howard used to travel East in a box car with fifty or sixty elk for the parks there, emerging at the end of the trip pretty weary and with straws stuck to his clothes and in his hair, but smiling and cheerful. And having brushed his clothes and generally cleaned up, went in that same old gray sack suit and soft hat to dinners in great houses, and graced those tables, too, by heaven, from the White House on down.

But Howard is gracing the table of the good Lord God now, and riding the trails of Paradise. Only somehow, lately, when I have been seeing the elk about—

Curley is not here either. But Curley is still young and still alive. I saw him ride his first bucker, and now he is with the Hundred and One Ranch outfit, riding, roping, and bulldogging steers. Earning good money, too, but probably not saving any of it. You will know him if you see his show this year; the small dark-haired boy who isn't afraid of the worst of the rough string.

"Scratch him, Curley!" we used to yell, and Curley would scratch him higher and higher. And if this means little or nothing to you, let me say that this scratching is not a caress such as one uses on a pet dog, but that art of the rider of a wild and bucking horse which requires him to scratch his horse's neck with his spurs. The higher he scratches, the more points it counts. And by the same token, the higher he lifts his feet the less purchase on the saddle. It's a rough game, but a fair one; man against horse, and all the advantage to the horse.

How disappointed that grand-stand audience was at the Montana State Fair when the announcer through a megaphone announced the presence there that day of the—let's be modest, but this is what he said—"celebrated writer, Mary Roberts Rinehart," and they thought he had said "rider"!

But there are others here who ride as well as Curley. Bill and George and Bruce. A day or two ago they brought in a few of the bad string and we had some riding.

In the old days, I remember, we had no bucking chute, and the wild horses had to be saddled in the open. It was a time to pick out your shelter and get ready to make for it. But now they saddle in the chute, working through the bars, and to the accompaniment of wild squeals and savage kicks. When

(Continued on Page 71)

My Cottage is a Log One, the Outside Old and Mean

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TRADE MARK REG. U. S. AND CANADA

STAINED SHINGLES

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(Continued from Page 66)

the saddle is on and the cinch well tightened, the rider climbs up over the top and lowers himself carefully. Then he settles himself in the saddle and takes a death grip on the reins, and when the word is given and the door is opened, out shoots a malignant, twisting, roaring and rearing devil, whose one ambition is to get his rider off and then turn on him and trample him.

Man against horse, you see, and all the advantage to the horse; but somehow the man wins. Mostly. Now and then, of course, there are mishaps, and there is a sort of dreadful silence. But mostly the hurts are small ones. A few compresses, a day or two in bed with the phonograph going, and perhaps a crap game on the counterpane, a delicious turning over when at four A.M. comes the call: "Turn out, you fellows."

And then again a drawing of names out of a hat:

"What have you got?"

"Satan. What's yours?"

"Dynamite again."

"You better watch out, boy. You're going to break that horse one of these days!" And so it goes.

The saddle horses have not come back from their winter quarters on Wild Horse Creek, just beyond the Powder River at the Bar Eleven Ranch. Within a day or so now Bill is going after them to drive them up. Bringing three hundred horses a hundred miles was no trick in the old days of the open range, but the range is wired now and so it means sticking to the roads.

Gentle hints on my part that I would enjoy seeing the drive, nay, even being a part of it, have brought no response as yet. This West still draws a fine line between what is fitting for a woman to do and what is man's work. Even although it has a woman governor, whom it dubs in facetious moments the governess, and seems rather to like her. But even there there was a reason. Partially it was sentimental, this appointing of the governor's widow to fill his almost expired term. But partly, too, it was good politics, for it was too late for the party to groom a new candidate.

Still, it is not so long since a woman who wore riding breeches out here instead of a divided skirt was likely to be regarded with a certain suspicion.

The Bull in the Pig Pen

So it is spring on the ranch, and will soon be summer.

The milk herd is giving great pailfuls of creamy milk, and tiny calves are learning to drink out of tin pans.

"Don't you ever let them—er—nurse at all?" I inquired timidly of Pete, the Danish dairy maid, whose name is certainly not Pete at all.

And Pete, who is milking a fractious cow and has her legs tied together, says: "No. It iss not good. I yust feed them out of a pan."

In the barnyard are still a goodly number of young Hereford steers, sad remnant of the great herd of the past. And in a small and private inclosure is the shorthorn bull. His eye is mild, but his manner is not. He has a habit of scraping the ground with his forefeet, which is less polite than it sounds, and this afternoon I caught him stealing the pigs' milk. In vain they protested, in vain they got into the trough and tried to edge him out. With one thrust of his great head he shoved them aside, amid furious squealing, and drank and drank and drank.

Time was, and not so long ago either, when such a thing as a milk cow was practically unknown on a cattle ranch; when condensed milk was as staple as bacon and canned tomatoes. Indeed, riding up the trail yesterday with Peter, who is a young British scion of nobility and a visitor to a ranch near by, Peter confided to me that condensed milk not being to his taste, he was milking a cow once daily. "Nobody else can milk," he explained, "and I am not much good at it myself. But anyhow I have to leave some for the calf."

The blacksmith's shop is already in full blast. Just now he is repairing the broken irons of farm wagons; his fire glows as he works the bellows, and is reflected in the hundreds of horseshoes hung on the rafters over his head. But it is when the rest of the horses come back that he will have his rush season. Quiet horses, with an upturned foot between his leather-clad knees; less quiet ones; "Whoa, boy! Stand still there." And wild and terrified horses, lunging and rearing.

Wham, bang! Big shoes for big horses, little shoes for small ones, and the stocks for the crazy ones who aren't willing to stand at all.

Stalking the Wary Elk

Two great wooden frames hinged to the wall are brought out parallel. The frantic horse is placed between them and a strong web band thrown across underneath him. The turning of a handle, and he is lifted into the air. Now let him struggle and bite and kick. The foot to be shod is securely tied, and if a horse could faint with horror, it would happen now.

Wham, bang, bang, wham! And so the shoe is on, and the horse freed. He rushes out and into the corral, there to reflect on what has happened to him, and to store up in a singularly retentive memory these insults against another attack.

But there are other signs of an early spring. For in five minutes' walk yesterday evening we saw ten deer feeding in these comparatively low meadows. Not so low, really, at five thousand feet. Later on they will retreat into the interior of the range, and fight flies in the heat of the day in brush and timber. But now they are still here, black-tailed deer with round white rumps which give them, in retreat, the appearance of small white bowlders leaping up the hillside.

They are not easily alarmed, however Rather, they are curious. They are apt, if you are a bit wary, to come toward you, tense, watchful and inquisitive. The buck leads and the does follow. But he is filled with responsibility, and before long his caution stops him. He is unarmed and knows it; his new spring headgear is just sprouting and is still only a pair of velvet-covered prongs, some three or four inches long. His last year's ones he scratched off against a tree some time ago.

But it is the elk which really thrill us. Stalking elk is a difficult matter. They are very wary, and have already commenced their retreat into the interior fastnesses. To see our elk, then, we have had to climb on horses up to the head of the cañon, and then go still on and up to nine thousand feet, toward the salt lick. A long pull, this, and a hard one.

A rattlesnake under a stone in a ticklish spot causes a small excitement; it is rather early for him, and a trifle high; some misogynist of a snake, perhaps, leaving his kind for these upper levels, and rattling his venom at a passing world; an orange marmot on a rock, sentry for his colony and ridiculously sticking to his post until we are almost on him; blue grouse, flying into trees and so protectively colored that only a keen eye can see them against the branches; little water ousels, their nests under waterfalls so that their babies are true children of the mist.

Up and up. The horses are still soft and are covered with sweat. Already the men from the ranger station have cleared the trail, but to the novice it is still an adventure. Here it hangs on the edge of a cliff, here it twists and turns on itself in a switchback.

Again it strikes an open spot and the horses pull hard at the reins; they want to eat the grass and early flowers, they yearn to lie down and roll, for under the saddles they are intolerably itchy with the heat. One indeed tries it. I turn around and see Moxie clear down and preparing to roll, and a white-faced young Eastern woman still hanging to the saddle and rather bewildered.

"Kick him!" I yell. "Jerk him up! He's going to roll!" She jerks, and Moxie lifts an annoyed head, slowly following it with his body.

"Why in the world did you let him do it?" I inquire.

"I just thought he was tired and wanted to lie down," she explains.

And she is still more bewildered by the laughter that follows.

Riding Bluebeard

My own horse is Bluebeard. He is a new horse, and I have so named him because at the angle of his jaws his roan-ness becomes a blue-white whisker. He is still very strange, and highly suspicious. He seems to feel that this new home place is filled with rocks that may at any moment turn out to be something else and probably something dangerous; and he hates deep fords and irrigation ditches with a strong and lusty hatred.

But his particular antipathy is gates. This morning, for instance, it became necessary for me to close a gate along a narrow trail. Now the time has gone by when I nimbly slide off my animal, close a gate and swing myself into the saddle again. I prefer to close the gate while still mounted. So the process this morning and each morning is something like this:

(*a*) I ride through, carefully turn Bluebeard, and kick him toward the gate.

(*b*) Bluebeard sidesteps almost off the trail and down into the creek, recovers himself, and turns to depart.

(*c*) I kick him around, he takes a fresh grip on the bit, and starts up the hill, knocking my head on the low-hanging branch of a tree.

(*d*) I feel my head, find it still intact, and then repeat the performance.

Tame and Plentiful

The final result is achieved only when, passing the gate on a jump, I catch hold of it and swing it to. The bad moment is the one when either the gate gives in or I do; so far it has been the gate.

But we have not found an elk yet.

Now it is a peculiarity of elk that when they lie resting in a sunny meadow they greatly resemble the rocks of their native habitat. From a distance, at least. The result was that we were fairly on the lot of them before they rose leisurely to their feet and turned out to be what they were. Even then they were not frightened. We rode slowly toward them, but although they retreated a bit they did not run. They looked at us with a sort of eager curiosity, their long ears erect, their big, tawny bodies ready for flight, but not flying. Not indeed until we stopped within easy snapshot distance of them, did they turn and move in single file into the timber.

There are twenty-two thousand of them here in Wyoming, and soon, if they continue to multiply, the question of their winter feeding is going to be an important one. In fact, the protection against hunters of wild game has already made this a problem in some regions.

To one who loves the wild life as I do, it would seem less cruel to thin the herds by judicious and quick killing than to allow them to increase to such numbers that they must inevitably starve. The East can have little idea of the rigors of these Western mountain winters; of the depth of the snows, or the hardships entailed by a late spring. Better, far kinder and better, a quick bullet in some vital spot than the slow anguish of starvation.

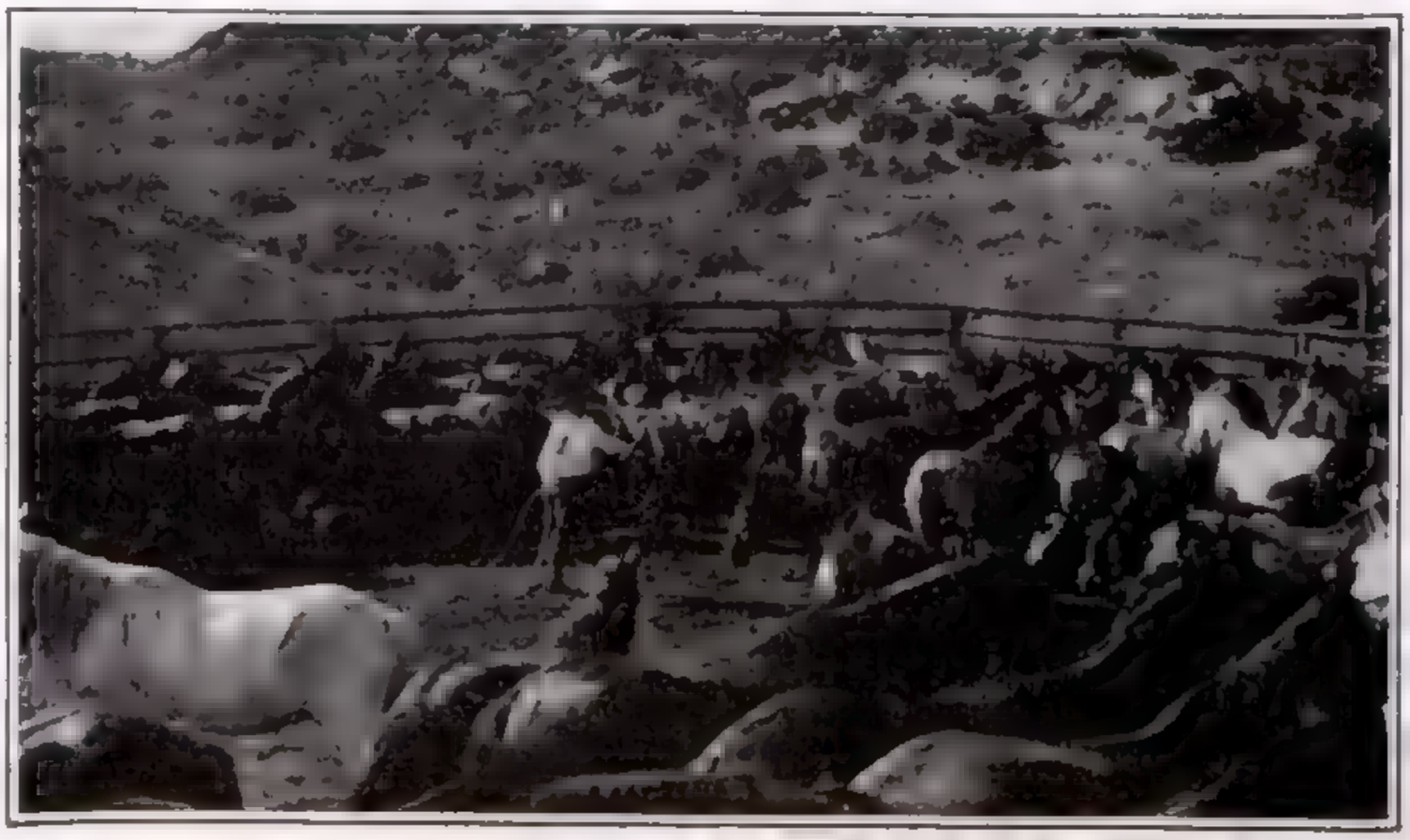
Nailed on the door at the store is the game warden's announcement of the open season for game. It says:

"Bag limit: One elk, one matured male mountain sheep, one male deer with horns, each season.

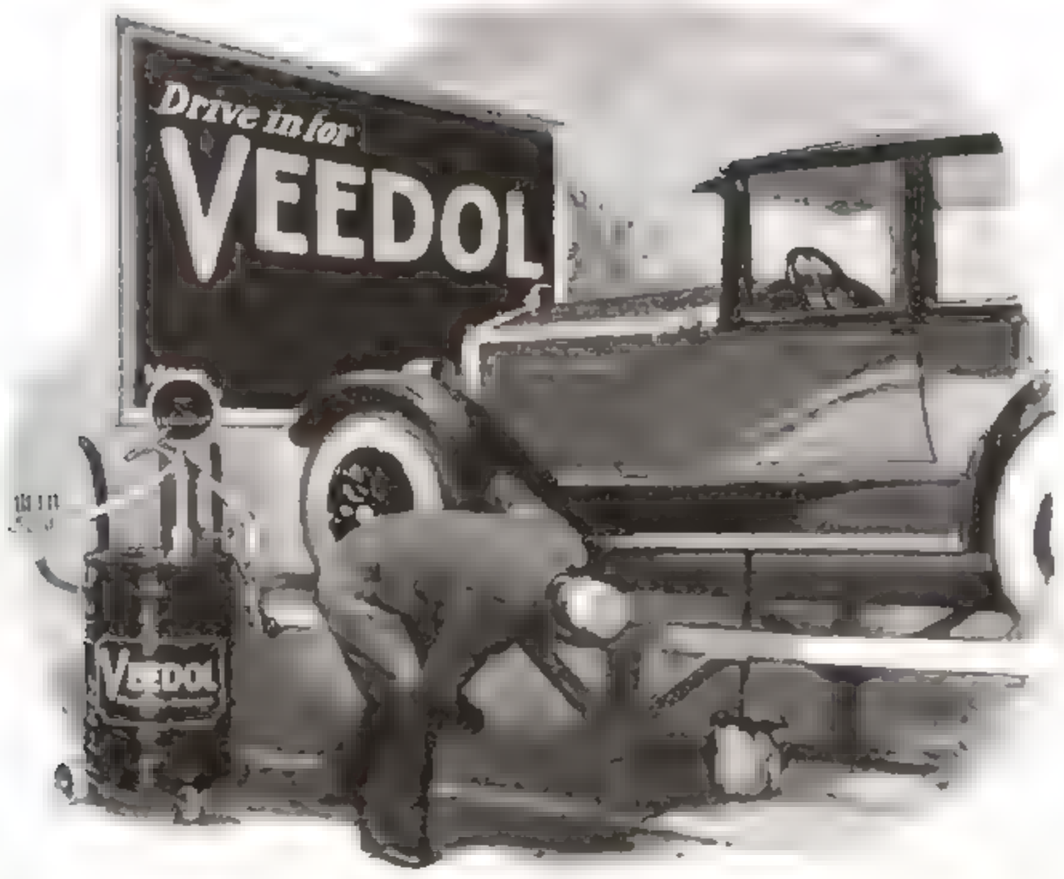
"Not more than thirty fish in possession at any one time, or more than fifteen pounds of fish."

But it is easy to write of killing off some of the game, out of kindness!

Yesterday, Alden having ridden ahead, I was surprised to see him slide off his horse and crawl to the edge of a hillside, making the while frantic motions for silence. When we got up to him there were elk below us, and looking up. Five of them, and not a hundred feet away. I may preach the killing of them to reduce their numbers; I may and do believe it will yet have to be done, in all



In the Corral



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There are high quality Veedol lubricants for your transmission, differential and chassis bearings—as well as for your motor. Each Veedol lubricant is made in Tide Water's own refinery. Each has the same superior Veedol quality. Each gives the "film of protection" that safeguards each moving part from deadly heat and friction.

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1. **Motor**—Have your crankcase drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil, specified by the Veedol Motor Protection Guide, a lubrication chart at your dealer's.

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VEEDOL

New complete

LUBRICATION SERVICE

kindness. But if I had had a rifle in each hand I would not have fired a shot.

As to the thirty fish or fifteen pounds, it sounds rather a joke to me just now.

Today it is raining, and after working at this article all morning, the suggestion was made that although the day was fit for nothing else on earth, it might do for fishing.

"Fish?" said I. "And with the water the way it is, how could they see a fly?"

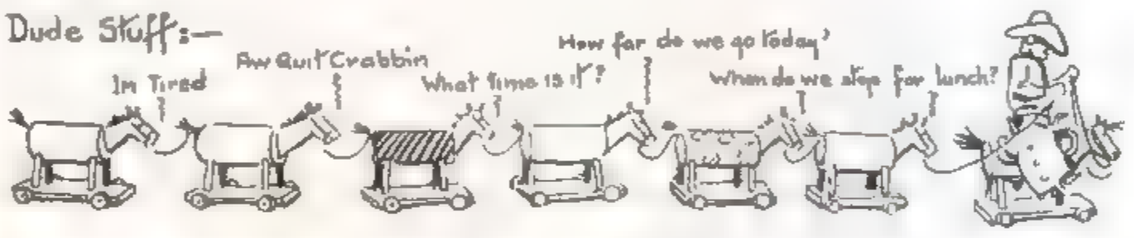
"Who said fly?" retorted the suggester. "A worm! A good, active, prehensile worm at this time of the year."

And little Billy having offered to dig some worms, shortly thereafter we started for the creek, the worms securely fastened in a tin tobacco box. The rain fell; the trails were gumbo and the rocks were slippery, but who cared? Not the fish, certainly.

Great still pools and not a rise; eddies beneath waterfalls, and no worms wanted; at last the dam, and "There are always trout here. Now watch!" And nothing happening.

And so now at last the fire again, and warm dry clothing, and—shall I speak of it?—from beneath the floor of the bedroom a faint but unmistakable odor, as though not only I but a skunk has sought the shelter of my cabin on this rainy day.

This has been great Indian country. Just northwest is the Custer battlefield; and southeast, so that now and then we ride past it, is the scene of the Wagon Box disaster. It is not so long since the Crows, the Sioux and the Blackfeet finally decided to be good Indians, and they have been so, more or less, since.



But like all nomads, they have left few traces behind them. Now and then one can pick up arrowheads of course, and on top of more than one high and windy hill on the ranch we still find the circle of stones which held down the skins of their winter lodges.

They chose no sheltered valleys for these winter camps, but always the top of a cold and wind-swept hill, the purpose being to keep watch there for their enemies, I dare say.

Strange to stand there as we did today and look out over the great plains, now dotted with plowed fields where soon the wheat will grow. Strange to think back over only fifty years, hardly a day in the history of nations, and see the strange and moving panorama which has passed over these very acres.

Monotony or Romance?

First the buffalo and the Indians; tall majestic Blackfeet, crafty hard-riding Crows, and the patient, cruel Sioux. Then the first pioneers, and with them the soldiers to protect them; log forts and mud forts and long forgotten graves. Later on, moving up from the South in the eternal search for grass and water, long-horned Mexican and Texas cattle, driven by men in tall, broad-brimmed Mexican hats, with heavy silver-mounted saddles and a new terminology borrowed from the Spanish and still enriching our language. Cattle wars, water wars, wars against the sheep. Even the Boer War and great corrals built here to round up horses for the British cavalry in far-off South Africa. They are still standing, those corrals, and some of the English who came over at that time are still here.

But now ——

A railroad runs through the valley, and tourists ride through and gaze patronizingly from the windows of their Pullman cars.

It looks monotonous to them, perhaps; monotonous and a trifle dreary. Because they do not see in each homestead a conquest, in each little weather-boarded town a miracle.

Nor do they know that just beyond this cultivated strip which follows the railroad still lies that portion of the old West which can never be conquered. The mountains.

Man cannot civilize a mountain.

Dude Immigrants

And now it is growing warm. The local paper said this morning that now a man can use his vest to patch the seat of his trousers, which means that summer will soon be here.

And with summer the fourth great movement will be under way. Indians and buffaloes, pioneers and soldiers, cattle and punchers, and now—dudes. They will come in their hundreds and their thousands, bringing good Eastern money in exchange for good active Western life.

And soon the cottages around me will open like buds, and from them will emerge girls in riding clothes and men in shiny new Eastern riding apparel, which they will shamefacedly exchange very shortly for overalls from the store, tucked into high-heeled Western boots.

Riding parties will be taken out, and Joe DeYong has made this little drawing out of the depths of his experience.

And the bad string will be brought in, and once a week or so Bill and George and Bruce and Curley—did I say Curley is coming back? We have just had a letter—will lead some bucking, fighting devils out to the chute and risk life and limb. So that next winter a number of people can be showing rather blurred-looking snapshots and saying:

"It isn't very clear. The great brute was coming right at me. But you can make out what it is."

The old ones are coming back too. They always do.

They leave their worn but beloved old garments here, and in half an hour they are in them again and looking about for changes. Half fearful too. They don't like changes.

But we have one for them this year. They have harnessed Wolf Creek! "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away." From up toward the cañon a great conduit leads down water from the creek, and by a system too intricate for my intellect produces enough electric current for a small city.

Proudly did they lead me to my cottage and proudly did they show me my illumination.

"It is wonderful," I said.

But I am not so sure. Just a little do I miss my feeble oil lamp, set in the wash-basin beside the head of my bed. There was something somnolent about it; to rise up, half asleep, and blow it out had been my last conscious thought for so many summers. Now I reach up and turn a switch.

I have a terrible feeling that the hand of civilization has reached out, even here, and caught me; that some day I shall return and find the horseshoe knocker replaced by an electric bell; and that they may even board in the shower bath on the side porch, and that never again will I hear wild shrieks from it as the water is turned on, and a voice calling:

"For heaven's sake, somebody, come out and fasten this sail cloth! It's blowing straight out!"

A New Body by HUDSON

The Brougham $1595

Freight and Tax Extra

on the Famous Super-Six Chassis

This is an entirely new type Hudson. It has all the smartness of the finest custom-built body and the advantage that Hudson offers in all models—the advantage that large volume gives in low price.

Hudson quality and Hudson prices make Hudson the

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HUDSON SUPER-SIX COACH		HUDSON SUPER-SIX SEDAN
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TIP-TOP THE OCTAGON

Silver dial $3.75
Radium dial $4.50

Tip-Top *challenges* you to match him at the price

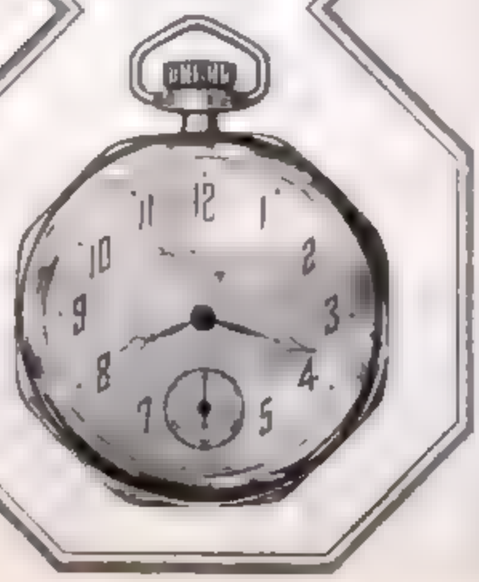
YOU wonder, when you actually see Tip-Top, how you can get so much perfection in so handsome a case, at so very low a price. Tip-Top is an *octagon* True Time Teller. His eight-sided case is an exclusive pride with him; and his time-accuracy is positive. Tested through four runs of 24 hours each, he keeps on telling time truthfully with an almost soundless tick.

The Tip-Top pocket watch is ideal for sports and general wear. His sturdiness is as great as his accuracy and good looks. Clear beveled glass crystal, open hands, cubist numerals, pull-out set. See the Tip-Top pocket watch at your dealer's. Try to find as much value in any other watch at so low a price. Take a look at another Tip-Top *octagon* True Time Teller—the smallest low-priced wrist watch on the market.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Tip-Top pocket watch
White dial $1.75
Radium $2.75



ONE MAN'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 16)

comfort me. I was inconsolable. If I for a minute succeeded in gaining control of myself, my wrongs and humiliation would return upon me, and I would break up the session by convulsive sobs, until the teacher finally had to send me home. After that she was afraid to punish me.

I suspect that this episode did her no credit in the neighborhood, for it was her last term there. Yet to her excellent instruction I owe much. She started me on the life of books and reading which has made of me about all that has been valuable or successful. That whipping of such an awful good boy did her harm, I have no doubt.

I wonder if any of us know our own children. I feel sure that those of us who have retentive memories of our very early years recall things that our parents never suspected which indicate that the secret individual life begins at a surprisingly early stage in our development. I was such a little chap when we lived on the Fuller Place, and so weak and clumsy that I had little efficiency in mischief. Once I tipped over a whole boiler of soft soap which my mother had made. I went directly to her and weepingly told her of it. This was one of the things which caused the old women of the vicinage to assert that Mrs. Quick never would be able to raise me—I was too good a boy.

And yet I remember that one day while I was going the forty rods or so to school—and that, too, after reading in my book a lesson against cruelty—I saw a tortoise crawling slowly across the road. I felt a sudden brutish impulse to be cruel. I wanted to know how it would feel to be a cruel boy. So I got a stick and deliberately beat this poor tortoise to death. I still can see his beautiful shell cracking under my blows and the blood running out into the dust of the road.

Exercising My Conscience

I recall, too, as if it were yesterday, that one day while I was alone I walked about a pit filled with water, and while throwing clods in it I did "swear horrible." Why, I had and have no idea. Perhaps I felt with Sir Toby Belch "that a terrible oath, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him." Proof, in the Belchian sense, I certainly lacked. I forget just what these terrible oaths were, but I have no doubt they were sufficiently dreadful; for though I never heard a profane oath from the lips of any of my family, I had lived for a while in Steamboat Rock, where swearing was not a neglected art.

These crimes gave me a wicked satisfaction and hung heavy on my conscience. I never noticed that my mother was anxious at the suggestion that I was too good for this world. I believe she understood me pretty well, as she seemed to understand most people of her acquaintance. The hero of Tolstoy's Resurrection was one in whom the tide of virtue ebbed and flowed. After he had been devoted to righteousness for a while, he lapsed into something else, and was only redeemed finally by an encounter with Maslova after his own sin had brought her to the very depths. One may be certain that this characteristic of Nekludoff was a part of Count Tolstoy's autobiography—anyhow, I feel certain of it.

I have revealed that in my early childhood, at least, I had a tendency to a similar ebbing and flowing. I am willing to accept thus much of likeness to the man who wrote what I think the novel of novels which is most nearly without fault. I do not mean Resurrection, but Anna Karénina. Tolstoy and Hardy are alike in this—that each wrote things of unsurpassed art until overcome by the yearning to preach while writing fiction. Hardy's descent from the heights began with Tess of the D'Urbervilles; Tolstoy's, as I remember it, with The Kreutzer Sonata. Neither's fiction was ever the same again.

Up to my eighth summer we lived on rented farms. The Widow Fuller Place was the last of these. My father had bought a piece of raw prairie ten or twelve miles from the river, and that summer it was broken up. In those days we always allowed the land to lie fallow from the April and May of one year to the April of the next before putting in wheat, which was, in a way, a year wasted. Settlers farther west, after a generation of prairie experience, learned to sow the new breaking in flax as soon as it was turned, and thus often got a crop the first year as profitable as any reaped afterward. Many of them sold their flaxseed of this crop—for they did not use the fiber—for enough to pay for their land. But our farm was broken up in the early part of 1868, and as the snows went off in the spring of 1869 we moved out.

Moving to the Hagen Place

This is my first memory of moving. We had no covered wagon, for the distance was but a few miles. The household goods were loaded in the wagons, the cattle were driven before us, and out we went across the treeless waste, passing, I believe, only one house on the journey. My brother-in-law drove one team and my father the other. Just south of our new farm was a brook, swollen by the spring thaw. Father halted on the brink of the angry little flood, while my brother-in-law, with a boldness which impressed me deeply, waded out into the water. He was testing it for bottom. The ice was still strong.

"It's as solid as old cheese," said he. "You can drive through."

Father drove through while I trembled. Half a mile beyond stood our new house. It was a building which many farmers nowadays would not think good enough for a henhouse; but it was ours. There was magic in this word. A block of this black, turned-up sod half a mile long and a quarter wide was ours. That house with sides of boards running up and down and with no lath or plaster was home. The stable was made of crotches cut in timber and set in the ground, with poles over the roof, which was covered with prairie hay spread on with a pitchfork. We had no knowledge of any such thing as thatching. The teams turned in before the door, the goods were unloaded, the stove was set up for the house warming and the cookery, and we were installed in the Hagen Place, as we afterward came to call it.

We were farther out on the prairie than ever before; but the settlement was now spreading over the whole country like a rash, of which we were only one of the numerous pimples. The doom of the prairie was coming upon it. No sooner was the thaw over and the broken sod a little dried than my father and brothers were out putting in the wheat.

As for me, it was learned that two miles to the south, in another district, I and my sister would be allowed to enroll in the school in District Number 9.

One of the most dreadful experiences of my life was this of my going with Stella and entering this school. It was a long tramp for me over the prairie. I was barefooted, and I suspect dressed in nothing much but pants of blue or brown denim and a hickory shirt. These may or may not have been patched. As we drew near to the schoolhouse we could see a few children playing about. They were to me very terrible beings. We slowly made our approach to the edifice, and found ourselves the objects of a sort of astonished curiosity.

Not one of the children spoke to us; they simply sheered off from us and stared. I felt a strange sense of being insulted and humiliated. I felt a consciousness of outrage which I cannot describe. These little fellow beings, it seemed to me, not only despised me but were actively hostile. I shrank from them and slunk around the corner of the schoolhouse, while my sister, who had more fortitude and confidence than I, but not very much, tried to comfort me. The world has placed me in many trying positions since that day in 1869, but never through any contact with my fellow human beings have I suffered as I did that day. We talk of the trials and sorrows of childhood as trifling; but they are tragic to the sensitive child—and who shall say for any child that he is or is not sensitive?

Those children did nothing to me except stare at me. They were known to one another, and that gave them the advantage over us; but like us, they were born to the solitudes. The intrusion among them of a strange boy and girl embarrassed them too. We were all, in a sense, hermit children to whom companionship came only after meetings, the beginnings of which were pangs.

Presently, by the ringing of a hand bell or the rapping upon a window, the teacher called school. The other "scholars" went in, and slowly we sneaked rather than crept in after them. Stella was given a seat on the girls' side of the room, and I, because of my small size, one down near the front alone, but on the boys' side; and as I looked about at all those—few—strange forbidding faces, I broke down and wept all over the place. The teacher, a kind country girl, came and comforted me, took my name and age, and was surprised because I had been through the Fifth Reader time and again, and had a big geography. Soon, of course, I was an intimate in the little society, and as happy as any schoolboy. And in this schoolhouse I was to receive all the formal schooling I was ever to have.

Readers who think of the barefoot boys of the prairie as condemned to that condition because of poverty are wasting sympathy. We went barefoot because it was more comfortable. In cold weather we wore boots after reaching the age of seven or eight years. These had legs coming well up toward the knees and were pulled on by straps at the sides. This, I take it, is the Wellington boot of the British writers. Younger children wore shoes, and for a while these were tipped with copper at the toes.

When we first lived in Iowa the children's shoes were made by my father and mother; but I do not remember these. I recall the fact that they were never rights and lefts. But shoes were alike, and I suspect they had only one excellence—they were better than nothing. As for me, I threw off my boots the earliest of all the boys; for my feet were deformed by infantile paralysis, and walking in boots which never fitted very well was always painful.

The Lot of the Barefoot Boy

The sense of freedom and lightness which I felt when I could go barefooted was one of the exquisite pleasures of spring, as it was to most boys; and I not only put off boots as soon as the frost was out of the ground, and sometimes before, but I left them off until frost in the fall imperatively demanded of me, as it did of Whittier's hero, that I must, "like a horse, for work be shod."

The burned-over prairie had its drawbacks for locomotion with bare feet. The soles of our feet soon grew toughened to the ordinary paths and fields, but the fires left the stems of the grass sticking up in stubs, as we called them, which pricked our feet, and sometimes penetrated them and gave us festered sores—the Iowa grievance analogous to the stone bruise of the East, of which we heard our elders speak.

To the boy with feet sore from these stubs, or to the one who was obliged to walk over the newly burned prairie just robbed of its carpet of grass, the mischievous

(Continued on Page 77)

That's how *they* learned about it

"We'd better take a few cans of Carnation Milk—for emergencies." *So they said, with temperate enthusiasm, as they pointed the radiator toward Yosemite.*

* * *

But that was then! *It was another story when the trusty car rolled home with 4136.9 new miles on its speedometer. . . .*

"Those flapjacks were marvelous, if I do say it." . . . "Remember that night at Silver Lake? Never did *taste such coffee!" . . . "Say, don't forget that rice pudding with raisins that Mother made for Jimmy's birthday. Gee!"*

THAT'S the way it happens. *Most* people buy their first Carnation Milk just to have something on hand for emergencies—and a very good plan, too!

They use it—gingerly. *And then they make discoveries.*

They find that it is splendid to cook with, really improving the flavor and texture of foods.

They grow enthusiastic over Carnation in place of cream for coffee, fruits, and cereals.

And, before they know it, this ideal *emergency* milk is their *everyday* milk—their pure, nutritious, handy, economical milk for every use.

It isn't surprising, when you know what Carnation Milk is—just pure, rich, full-cream milk made doubly rich by evaporating part of the natural water content.

It is utterly safe milk, because it is sterilized. It retains, in concentrated form, all the high food value of the original milk. And it is *unsweetened*, so you can use it, diluted or undiluted, precisely as you ordinarily use milk or cream.

Your grocer sells this fine milk. Get a few cans of it today and learn for yourself how satisfactory in every way is this "insured milk in a modern package."

You can dilute the double-rich contents of this can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk

Write for the Carnation Cook Book, containing 100 of Mrs. Mary Blake's famous recipes. It's yours for the asking

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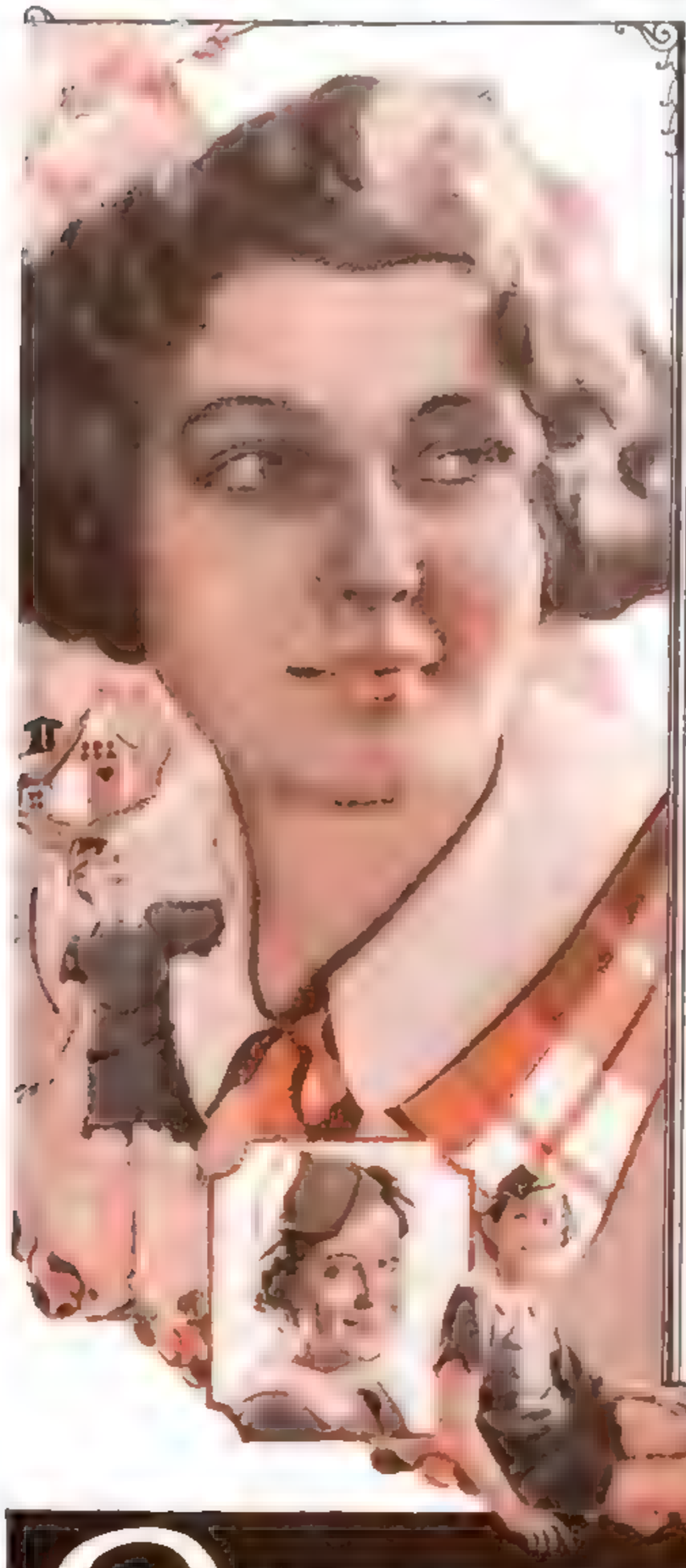
Personalities of Paramount



BETTY BRONSON

Watch a tropical sky in the evening, and suddenly a star appears where there was only deep blue before. So with Betty Bronson! A little while ago, who had heard of her? Today, who hasn't? And the world gave welcome to something more than a perfect Peter Pan, glorious gift as that was!—welcome to the kid spirit of happy innocent play within us all, healthy as the red of the apple and as mischievous as a kitten with a work basket. Goodbye deep blues, now Betty's Paramount stardom has dawned!

Her new season Paramount Pictures will be A Kiss for Cinderella, Not So Long Ago and The Golden Princess.

RAYMOND GRIFFITH

Congratulations if you were one of those who picked Raymond Griffith last season as the biggest rising star in comedy!

And he's even more than that! Watch the gymnast, too! A regular jumping cracker for agility, giving us all more unexpected laughs than a gold-fish takes turns in a bowl.

Perhaps you remember the silk hat comedian in Changing Husbands, The Night Club or Forty Winks. His new season Paramount Pictures will be made by Paramount's special comedy production unit—the finest feature comedies on the screen.

TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures
PRODUCED BY FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR—PRESIDENT

Paramount Pictures

Make more of your life with Paramount

Are you waiting for life to come to you, perpetually hoping that tomorrow will bring a good time?

Take care you don't wait in vain!

Much better to go half-way to meet life's great Shows!

You have a schedule of Work. Get a schedule of Play. Don't let life cheat you of the hours that thrill! They are the silver lining of the clouds of either dish-washing or business worries!

See a Paramount Picture tonight and you will realize this message is more than an ordinary advertisement.

All of us, rich or poor, with smooth hands or rough, have a right to a certain amount of healthy excitement every day that dawns—to entertainment—to adventure—to the thrill of swift happenings that show the life of men and women in its most vivid and stimulating phases.

Modern work contains an over-proportion of routine. You fall spiritually sick unless you balance it with modern play, the great Paramount Pictures.

See one tonight at the nearest good theatre and notice the feeling of satisfaction and contentment that pervades you as you go home.

You have *lived!*

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"

(Continued from Page 74)

rodent known as the pocket gopher was a true friend. This little animal is a cousin to the mole. It lives in galleries a foot or so underground. It is not blind like the mole, but sees after a fashion out of little eyes buried in its lovely, silky brown fur, which would now be worth its weight in national bank bills were it not for the fact that the skin on which it grows is so thin and tender that the fur value of the pelt is destroyed.

A strange animal is the pocket gopher. It has no ability to take care of itself when out in the open, and if one is caught even a yard from its hole, it will make no real effort to seek shelter—being hopeless of finding its way, I suppose -but will rear on its haunches and die fighting. As it bores its runways under the ground it throws up a mound of nice soft earth every two feet or so. The barefoot boy used to greet these irregular lines of gopher mounds with joy; they were so soft to tender feet, so cool for fevered ones. There were many of these between the Hagen farm and the Place schoolhouse where we attended school that summer. I have often been drawn far from my proper route by this carpet, better than a Persian rug. My sister, who wore shoes to school, would pursue a direct route over the greening swells of sod, while I would follow trails of gopher mounds until far off my course, and then be forced to walk as far over the stubs as if I had gone along with her.

On these walks over the bare prairie we had many adventures with snakes. It was not cruel to kill snakes, but rather a duty, we thought; and one evening I killed seven within ten feet of one another, pulling the last by the tail out of a hole into which it was crawling. These were harmless snakes, if we had only known it, and probably useful. But the conquest of this snake convention was a great achievement for an eight-year-old boy.

Our only venomous snake was the small prairie rattlesnake, which my father always called by its Indian name, massasauga. There was a large spotted snake which was a fearful thing in our minds. Some called it the rattlesnake's mate, others a bull snake. When exasperated it would set the tip of its tail quivering exactly like a rattlesnake, though it had no rattles. Here is a problem for the evolutionists. Did the rattlesnake develop rattles because it found them useful to a serpent which quivered its tail when in danger, or did the bull snake quiver its tail because it once had rattles? I have a theory covering this important matter, but shall not develop it here.

Epidemics of Land Buying

A land boom now affected my life and made Midwest history. It was not the first which had swept over Iowa, nor the second. The landscape was dotted with town sites long before we arrived in the state—most of them abandoned. The early epidemics were times of feverish investments in farm lands by speculators who usually remained nonresidents, and by men who founded or sought to found cities. They called them cities, even though they consisted mainly of rows of stakes at the lot corners. Hardin City was one of them, only two or three miles from my birthplace. Many of these which actually came to function as towns have in recent years been inclined to slough off the "City" part of their names.

After my father's wheat on the Hagen Place had grown so that it stood tall and green and rippling like a lake, a German immigrant offered him a price for his land which seemed too good to be true. He had paid something like five to seven dollars an acre for it. He was now offered something like twenty—I think it was twenty—for the land and crops as they stood, with the stable made of crotches with hay for a roof, and the little house boarded up and down.

This was when the great German immigration reached Central Iowa. It had flowed into Illinois some years before, and many of our German neighbors came from that state. Illinois was jealous of the drawing power of Iowa. People took sides between these two states as they do now between football and baseball teams. I remember a story of toast answering toast attributed to two German farmers in a saloon -one for Illinois and one for Iowa. It will not bear setting down here; but it shows the keenness of this partisanship.

Mr. Hagen paid my father his first payment and father never thought of putting it in a bank. I do not believe he ever had a credit account at a bank, though he often had notes there. He brought the money home to the up-and-down-boarded cabin, which we had not yet vacated, and gave it to my sister Kate for safekeeping.

And that day we had an adventure. All through the afternoon a solitary man was seen wandering through the grass of a wide slough to the west of us. It was not the hunting season, and those of the family who noticed him wondered what he could be doing. As darkness shut down over the lonely house a man—we had no doubt it was the wanderer of the marsh—came to the house or, rather, approached it.

Curley Saves His Hide

Now we had a big black dog, called, from his coat, Curley; a perfectly amiable dog that never felt at liberty to assail anyone, and was never allowed to do so. This night wanderer came up the slope toward the house and turned in at the track leading to it. He was wet to his waist, bedraggled with mud and seemed very weary. In his hand he carried a small bundle. Curley walked toward him with the bristles standing up on his neck, a fierce growl rumbling in his throat. The man thrust out the bundle toward him and Curley sprang at his throat. Missing the clutch, the dog found himself in the grasp of my father, who was also enraged. He seemed enraged with as small a reason as that which animated the dog. Poor old Curley became the victim of my father's anger because he had violated the rule that he must not molest strangers. Picking up a pair of old-fashioned tongs which had come down to us from fireplace times, father belabored Curley. Curley finally yielded, still growling, and the man asked in language which seemed to be very broken German if he might stay all night.

"No!" said father curtly; and this seemed a terrible thing to me. It was such a breach of our habitual hospitality.

Our would-be guest protested, still in broken speech, about being tired and hungry. Father told him that a mile or so farther north he would find the home of a German, with whom he would be more comfortable. The man protested still more emphatically. He would stay! Father stepped up to him, holding aloft the bent tongs.

"Did you see what I did to the dog?" he asked. "Now you git, or I'll use these tongs on you too!"

He got; and my sister Kate reported that as he passed the corner of the house he was filling the summer air of Iowa with curses in as fluent English—of a colloquial nature, of course—as one had ever heard. Evidently our visitor was not a German. Evidently, too, he was pretending to be something he was not. We found out afterward that he had not asked for shelter at any house in that region. The episode looked suspicious; and I still believe that poor old Curley, the companion of my boyhood, as worthless a dog as ever lived under ordinary farm conditions, instinctively felt in the man's presence something evil and threatening. I believe that our caller belonged to a gang of outlaws who lived within fifteen miles of us, and who subsequently terrorized the whole countryside. I suspect that Curley made an issue which gave my father the resolution to pull the latchstring in with a gesture that intimidated a man with robbery in his mind.

Curley lived to become a canine wreck, so rheumatic that he would sit up and howl rather than come for his victuals; but he invariably tried to sneak past another rule—that he must not follow the team to town. When the team started, Curley's rheumatism was immediately cured. He would sneak out along the road for two or three miles, and then come frisking out, wagging his tail as if, now that he had come so far, sending him back home was really not to be thought of, and, moreover, suggesting that his going had been agreed upon all along. One morning after he had reached the point at which his condition called for his being mercifully disposed of, father, who had always been talking of what a fine pair of driving mittens Curley's hide would make, addressed the dog as we were sitting at our breakfast, eaten long before daylight because the team was going to town with a load of wheat.

"You old cripple," said father, "I'll let you follow me to town today—you're always so fierce to go—and I'll have Rice, the tanner, tan your hide!"

But when he drove out with the rattling wagon full of bags of wheat, Curley made no proffer of his company. This had never happened before within the time whereof the memory of man ran. It was remarkable. As the team turned into the road father called him, but Curley refused to budge. Had he understood that threat of having his shaggy black hide tanned? The load of wheat was halted in the road and an effort made to wheedle him. Instead of following, Curley made a retreat toward the stables and disappeared; and it was not until long after the noise of the receding wagon had been lost in the distance that the wise old rascal came back to the house for his breakfast. And from that time he declined and refused to follow the team off the farm.

Dog Instinct

Was it thought transference? I do not believe that it was just pure coincidence—he had had such a mania for following teams. Neither do I believe that the fury with which he attacked the man with the false German accent who asked to stop with us the night when we had in the house the purchase money of the farm was anything purely fortuitous. I believe that Curley, through instinct or that understanding of language which dogs acquire, or in some other mysterious way, was impressed with the feeling that going to town with the wagon was not a good thing for him, and shrank from it ever after. I believe that something evil in the mind or soul or appearance of that man aroused the enmity of the dog.

His hide was never tanned, I am glad to say; he lived a long time after his escape, died of an accident, and was wept over by the children. He was the first dog by whom the writer was ever owned. If in some other sphere our faithful dogs shall bear us company, I am sure to be met by old Curley, who will leap upon me and smear my white or other garments with golden dust from the street or with black from the coal pile.

The German immigrants, who began to come in as soon as the railways reached us, brought in their children a new element in my boy life. It so happened that with some of these German boys I was as intimate as with the American youngsters. The German boys were mainly good, honest, unspoiled children of the goose-herd type from the shores of the North Sea. To step from the atmosphere of frontier Iowa to a land of wooden shoes and peasant simplicity gave me the spiritual experience of a trip to a foreign land and to a new moral world without leaving the farm. A part of the time I lived in the social and mental atmosphere of the peasants about Emden.

When they came these folk knew nothing of prairie life. They were possessed of the Nordic conceit which is now stimulating the production of so many books; but they made up for their initial Nordic refusal to adapt themselves by their unremitting industry, their high racial intelligence and their willingness to adopt the

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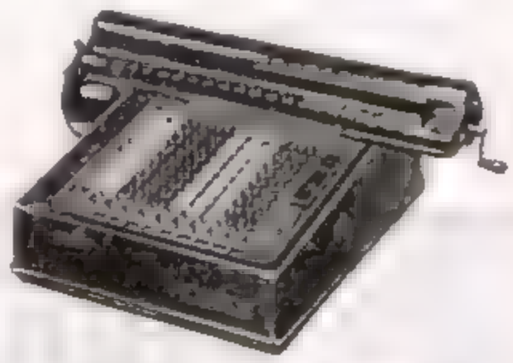

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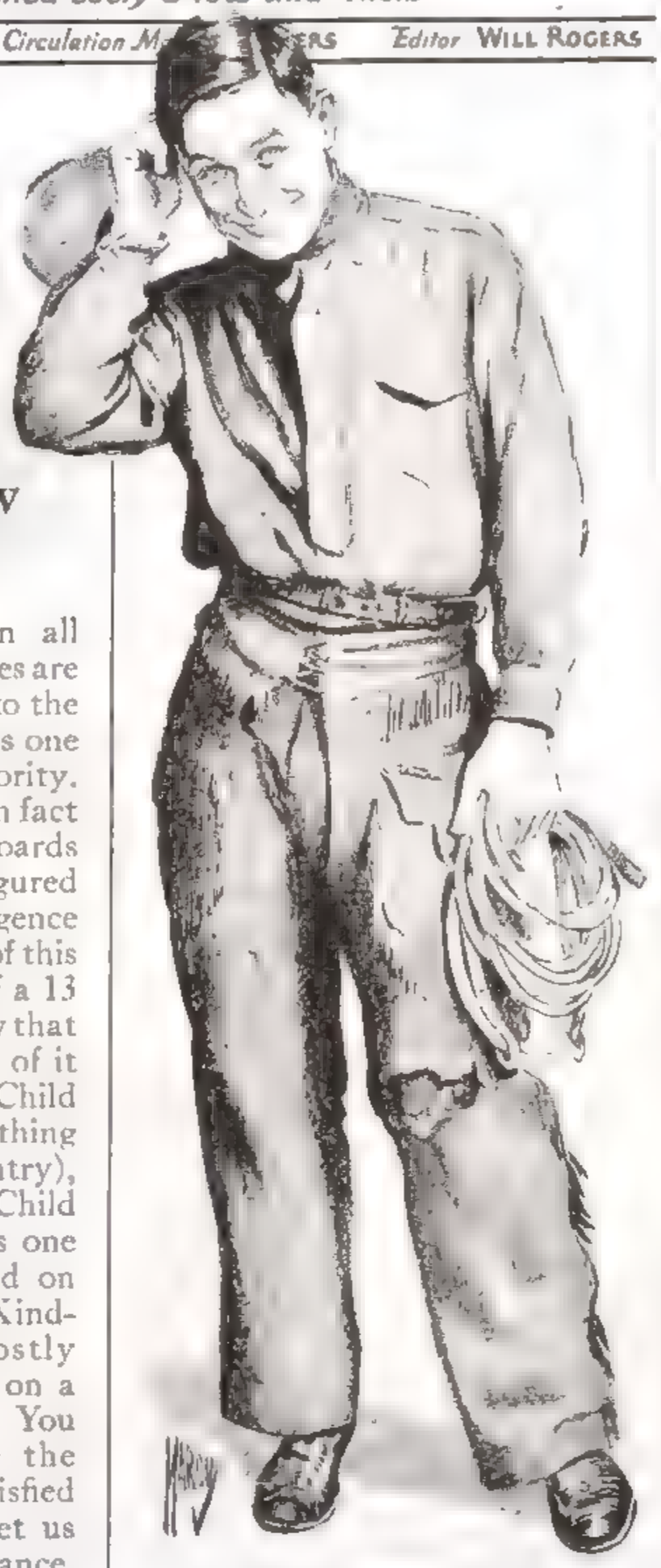

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Will Rogers

P. S. This last sentence is all that saved the add.

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prevailing modes of agriculture when convinced that they were profitable.

The process of the assimilation of these people into our population began, as is always true in such cases, with conflict of minds. Our philosophers and statesmen do not deign to consider these in detail; but they are of much more importance in the great American problem of immigration than such things as distinctions of Nordic, Alpine and Mediterranean.

The things I had learned in school were immediately brought into the field of controversy as I became a boyish visitor in the household of Jacob Riemann, a German who settled on the farm east of us. Jacob crushed me when I was ten or twelve by attacking as impious and against the Bible the doctrine of the earth's revolution around the sun. If the earth had been doing the revolving, he angrily asserted, Joshua would have commanded the earth to stand still, and not the sun. That was all there was to that! It was wicked to teach such stuff as the teacher told his children in this Iowa school.

I asked him how large he supposed the sun to be. He replied that his old teacher in Germany taught him that it was as big as the hind wheel of a wagon; but as for Riemann himself, he thought it was bigger than that. In making this concession to modernism he assumed the attitude of an advanced progressive, not bound by the size of the hind wheel of any wagon. In Germany, he said, there came a day once in a while when the sun came by "yumps"—that is, it rose a rod or so high, stood still for a while, and then "yumped" again. He was not hoaxing me. He believed what he was saying.

To a rather Smart-Aleckish boy like me, this seemed a killingly ludicrous figment of a darkened mind; but in the matter of revolutions in orbits I have since had the conceit taken out of me. The theory now accepted by the scientists teaches us, I believe, that the atom is really a minute solar system with a central nucleus; and that the office of the planets revolving about it is assumed by electrons. These revolving electrons, we are told, not only jump habitually from an inner orbit to an outer one, and vice versa, but do so without taking any time in transit, and without passing through the intervening space. Thus there takes place in the atom billions of times a second, let us say, something quite as incredible as the act of the sun called for by the Riemann theory. So I have withdrawn my denial of the Riemann statement of what took place in Germany until we hear further from Doctor Bohr's studies of the electrons. There may be a sort of Einstein truth in it. Maybe the sun does "yump."

Courtship, German Style

Our German neighbors, so far as my acquaintance went, all believed in witches. They followed our American custom of using the term "witch" as a noun of common gender. One of them told me that "vunce in Chermany," on a bitterly cold day in winter, while he was threshing grain with a flail in his master's barn, a butterfly came fluttering through the place. How could that be, he asked, when it was so cold?

"It hatched out in the warm barn," I ventured.

"It vasn't a butterfly at all," he explained scoffingly. "De man ve vas vorkin' for vas a vitch. He made himself into a butterfly so he could fly in to see if ve vas vorkin' hart enough!"

"Vunce in Chermany" became to me the equivalent of the "Once upon a time" of the fairy tales. "Vunce in Chermany" a witch had displayed to the people a rooster walking about with a huge sawlog attached to his leg. The fowl jerked the log about as if it had been a feather. But in the crowd was a child who was superior to the wizard's enchantment—I believe because it had not been christened. To this eye of innocence the sawlog appeared for what it actually was merely a straw tied to the rooster's leg. Witchcraft was balked. It was thus that, when with our German neighbors, I lived in a strange and very un-American world.

To us rather primitive Yankees, as they called us, their courtships and marriages were matters of astonishment, not to say scandal; as much so as the amatory conduct which, according to Diedrich Knickerbocker, the young men of Connecticut endeavored, with some initial success, to introduce among the maidens of the New Amsterdam Dutch. When one of our young Germans courted his flaxen-haired Fräulein, he made no effort to conceal the process. He just went ahead and courted. There was no assumption, as among us, that he had dropped in to talk about the weather or the Hessian fly in the wheat. He did not bring a pocketful of candies with mottoes on them to furnish a substitute for conversation between him and the girl until the men of the family pulled off their boots, set them by the stove and retired. No, our German swain, as often observed by me, sat in the family circle in the presence of the whole world, with his pipe in his mouth and his arm about the waist of his girl. He did this very much with the air of a knight planting his banner on the battlements, not so much for the pleasure of it as from a sense of duty, and as a sign of conquest. It was the thing to do.

Importing the Wrong Girl

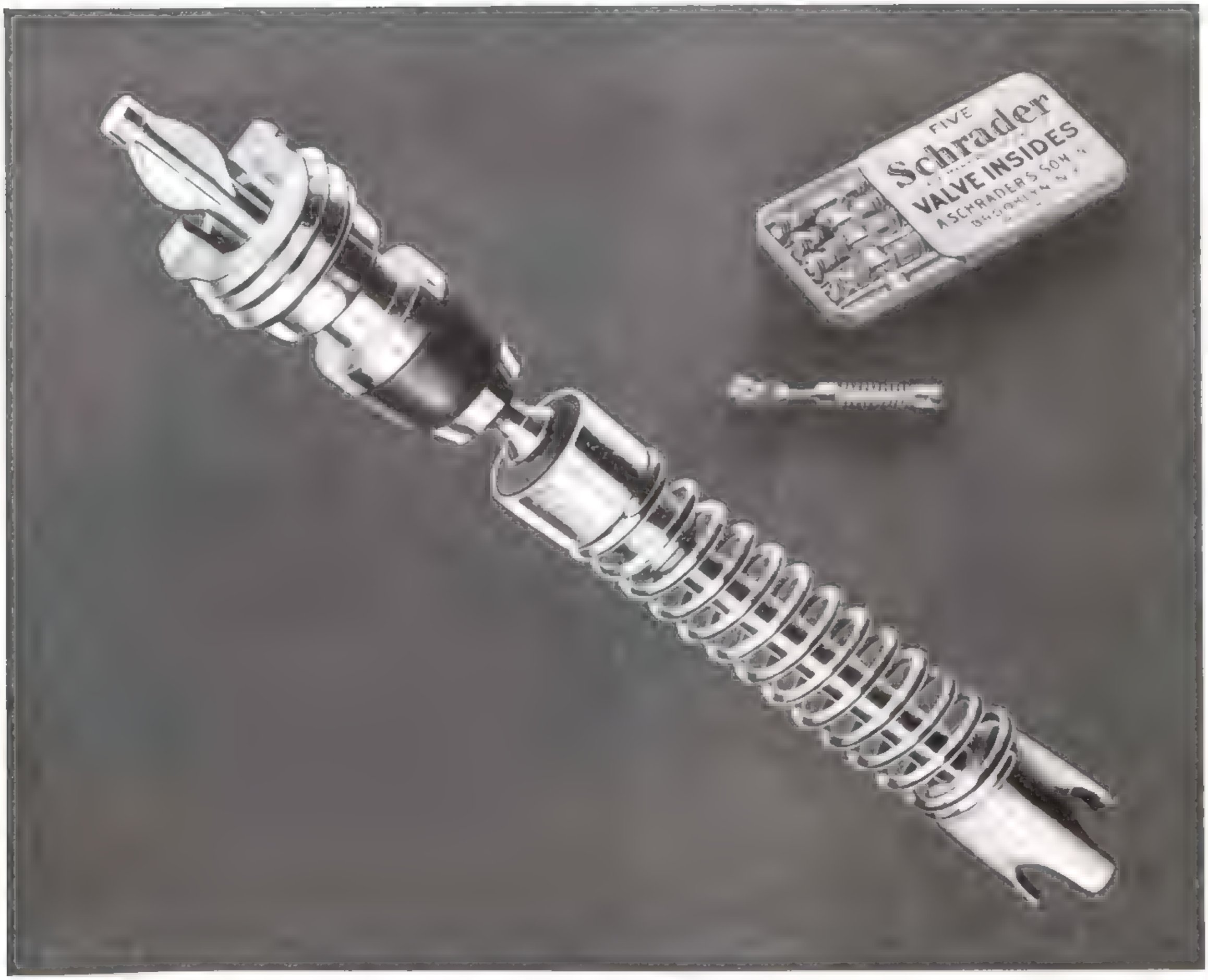
Some of their peasant ideas as to marriage were equally surprising. An instance is in point: One of our neighbors had left in Germany a sweetheart who, he said, had promised that she would join him on the farm which he confidently expected to acquire in America. This expectation having been realized, he saved the money for the girl's passage. The business of bringing immigrants from Germany to Iowa had grown to be a profitable one, and was in the hands of Germans with talents developed in that direction. To one of these Fred intrusted the money for the girl's passage. The land-and-immigration agent went to Germany with the money and returned with a cargo of Germans—and a girl for Fred. He was astonished, he told us, and, I think, strangely put out at first to find that it was not his old girl at all.

"It vas dis vay," he explained: "Ven he got dere mit my money, dis olt girl I hat didn't vant to come any more. Maype she vas scairt of the vater. Maype she hat anodder feller yet. So anodder girl sait she'd come. De feller dat hat my money looked at dis new girl, an' he t'ought she'd do all right for me. 'All right,' he sait, 'I dank you'll do.' Ven she got here I vas mat, but I looked at her; and after a vile I sait, 'You'll do all right'; ant ve got marriet. You see, I hat all dat money in her. She's a goot vorker. She'll do goot!"

Now among us the sentiment of love was scarcely ever mentioned save in the agony of courtship. Such mention involved a concession to sentiment which was extraordinarily difficult. But as the basis of matrimony, the sentiment itself was conclusively presumed to exist. Such a thing as Fred's matter-of-fact acceptance of the substitute mate, and its failure to be regarded as anything but a good joke on Fred by his fellow countrymen among us, had a tendency to set him and them off from us as a different order of beings. Such things are important factors in the process of the assimilation of peoples.

As for Fred's marriage, I do not see how it can be denied that it was a success. He had bought a small tract of what we called inferior land on a contract by which he paid for it by a share of the crop. It was soon paid for. If babies had been treated as are motor cars now, Fred and his wife would have been obliged to get one more set of license plates every year as long as I knew them. There was a new pupil in school every year from that family. And I am informed that, starting with eighty acres of

(Continued on Page 80)



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(Continued from Page 78)

land, Fred has given to each of these sons on his coming of age a hundred and sixty acres, and to every daughter a thousand dollars as a wedding present. I regard it as proved that the substitute wife has, as Fred predicted, "done pretty goot."

Through these our foreign neighbors I first learned to mistrust the printed word. In my geography book it was set down to be memorized that the Germans were distinguished by their high general intelligence, the universality of education among them, and by their cleanliness. I began to question their education when Mr. Riemann instructed me in astronomy—and then there was the matter of their cleanliness. I found out afterward that there were among them some remarkably good cooks and housewives; but for some reason this was far from the rule. I suppose that most of them had been living lives of deep poverty and economic depression in the old country, and they had the lack of cleanliness which usually goes with such poverty and depression. One could be brought to a nauseated realization of this by running with a threshing machine which threshed their grain.

The presence of chickens and pigs in the house was common among them; and they ate things which revolted us, both as to matter and manner of preparation. Doctor McCollum tells us that we Americans have gradually ceased to eat the best parts of the animals which furnish us our meat, and that the savage who devours all glands as well as the other internal organs is much better nourished than we. Our German friends did not equal the savages in utilizing the whole carcass; but they did consume things which we rejected. If one will consider the barrier which varying standards of food raise between peoples, he will be able to see how these things affected the attitude of those two classes of citizens toward each other.

Refuting the Geography

We found other and less debatable indictments against their habits. The sale of fine combs became brisk in our stores as soon as the German children began coming to school. So rare is the present necessity for this implement in America that I feel obliged to explain that the fine comb was an instrument for removing lice from the hair. In that great division of the melting pot, the public school, the German and American pupils sat together; and from the fair German heads bowed over books with ours we got the parasites which called for the use of the fine comb. During this period our girls began to cut their hair with a long bang across the forehead, and my sister once insisted that the bangs of one little Gretchen were often so covered with these insects as to resemble bead fringe. This was, perhaps, an artistic exaggeration; but the bugs were there, and their presence did not seem to me to harmonize with the statement in my geography. Nor did the fact that that disease of filth, scabies—vulgarly called the itch—so often came along with the foreign population of the hair. That it did is a truth of history, as I can personally testify. Our mothers fussed and fumed and execrated "the Dutch," as we called these people, and greased us with red precipitate and lard and something mercurial which they called "angwintam"—which I take to be dialect for unguentum—and gave us doses of drugs, which were of no more use in combating parasitic troubles than they would have been for fallen arches or frostbites.

As I write this, Dr. Charles Eliot Norton is giving the press much to say in discussion of his utterances on the assimilation of the races in America. He is quoted as having said that the melting pot is nonexistent, and that assimilation is neither possible nor desirable. I suspect that what he said has been misunderstood. Surely he could not have meant that assimilation has not taken place in the past. He could not have denied the assimilation of such races as the British, the Irish, the Germans, the Dutch and the Scandinavians in the history of the United States.

Take the Germans, for instance. Our first great inland frontier was largely Germanic. From the Hudson to the Delaware it was preponderantly Dutch. Southward along the Cumberland-Shenandoah Valley and on behind its mountain wall clear to North Georgia, it was more German than anything else; but—and here is the significant thing—it was strongly impregnated with English, Scotch, Irish and in some localities Scandinavian. Read Doddridge's Notes or Kercheval's History of the Valley; study the names in any directory in those regions today for proof of the great infusion of German blood among the pioneers who wrested the Appalachian valleys from the Indians and held them against the French.

The Iowa Melting Pot

Our Germans in Iowa were not pioneers. They were never covered-wagon people. But in that first great frontier, the most important in some ways which our country has had, the Germans pushed out into the wilds with their families. They built block houses and defended them against the savages. They fell before Indian attacks as they cultivated their fields, were scalped and burned at the stake; and then turning on their foes, hunted them to their death in the strangely cruel wars which all races indulged in on that outline of civilization. They furnished such frontier heroes as Lew Wetzel. And even in that era the assimilation of all the races I have mentioned had begun in that region. It has gone on until no distinction can be made between the descendants of the various races. In fact, the Americans of that region are a blend of all the original stocks. German, Irish, Scotch, British, Scandinavian and other races are literally melted together in the short space of a century and a half. I have seen Pennsylvania Germans named Oneil and Oharrow. The very names have been altered, and the original traditions and customs have been merged for all these nationalities into a homogeneous American character. The alloy of races has been formed, and is complete and perfect.

But those who lived their youth with me in Iowa do not need to refer to history for an example of racial assimilation. I have rather extendedly described the human elements which were thrown together into a human hash in our state, and from it time has cooked a dish of perfectly good Americanism.

Our German neighbors rapidly grew prosperous. They came in a marvelously short time to be excellent farmers even under their new conditions. Their children went to the common schools and, especially along the margins of their settlements, mingled with the Yankee children, studied with them, played with them, fought with them; and American farmer changed work with German farmer, traded with him and with him discussed their common problems. Gradually the things in them which offended us disappeared, or were better understood and lost their offensiveness. They became used to us too.

With their ascent from the intellectual and economic status of European peasants to that of independent American farmers, they shed the practices entailed on them by their old poverty. This would have been inevitable no matter where it might have taken place. For a long time intermarriages between them and us were unknown. As time passed they became frequent. Costumes became identical. Our German friends soon abandoned their wooden shoes, and the German girl passed the stage of pulling up her skirts to get at the huge patchwork reticule which hung under her clothes from a belt around her waist. Dress, language, circles of acquaintance, politics, lodges, the common interest in roads and schools, farm organizations—a thousand things gradually produced forgetfulness of those early differences.

The German neighborhoods in Iowa are now as American as the rest of the country. I believe that the assimilation is actually more complete than in the more purely German counties of Pennsylvania, where the American residence has existed for the better part of two centuries. The melting pot does exist where the conditions are right—and it should exist.

Not that the Midwestern immigrants from Europe have lost their racial traits. Of course not. They are still German or Scandinavian or Irish or Bohemian or what not where the blood has not been crossed with other strains, with all the inherent virtues and shortcomings which go with the race whatever they are. But all Americans possess these peculiarities. They have ceased, however, to be divisive influences as between man and man, citizen and citizen, and neighborhood and neighborhood. They have become individual traits, and not mass traits. And having become such, they have ceased to be barriers to association in the various activities required by our common American life. Such traits make neither for nor against the assimilation of peoples into common citizenship. The melting pot does not change the atoms of the citizenship. It merely adapts them into a good alloy.

Elements That Won't Mix

There is no such assimilation as I have described between the huge blocks of foreign populations which are planting themselves in our cities. I have seen the melting pot do its work in Iowa in my time, and in Minnesota and the Dakotas. No one living will see it do the same thing in Chicago or Pittsburgh or New York City. The conditions are not there which are necessary for assimilation. The proper conditions did exist in the Cumberland-Shenandoah Valley in the last half of the eighteenth century, and in Iowa in the nineteenth.

It is the passing away of free land and land which was almost free that makes our immigration problem a grave one now. In other words, assimilation can take place rapidly when immigrants enter the rural life of their new home. The racial alloy will not form successfully when the included race settles in large blocks which are merely broken-off fragments of Europe or Asia. And even under rural conditions it will not form when the included group differs widely from our own population in color, or where it possesses a radically alien culture that it cannot gradually abandon.

The physical appearance, the complexion of immigrants, has an importance which is neglected by some thinkers and writers on the subject of immigration. The Northern European races are the ones which assimilate most quickly for several reasons, one important one being that as soon as they adopt our costumes they cannot be visually distinguished in any gathering. They blend into the human landscape. As we pass southward in Europe, to people of darker and darker complexion, we find them a bit more refractory in the melting pot. Armenians are still more difficult, notwithstanding the fact that their religion offers no obstacles to assimilation.

In portions of New England the Portuguese seem to take on Americanism very slowly as compared with Scandinavians in the next town. Italians from the Po Valley are digested into Americanism more rapidly than are the Calabrians or Sicilians; Spaniards more quickly than Portuguese; French more quickly than Spaniards; Mexicans of the peon class, with their Indian blood, very slowly indeed. The presence of people of the same race already Americanized aids enormously in the melting, because they are accustomed to us and we to them. The principle on which our present immigration quotas are fixed is a correct one. It is only in details that it needs amendment.

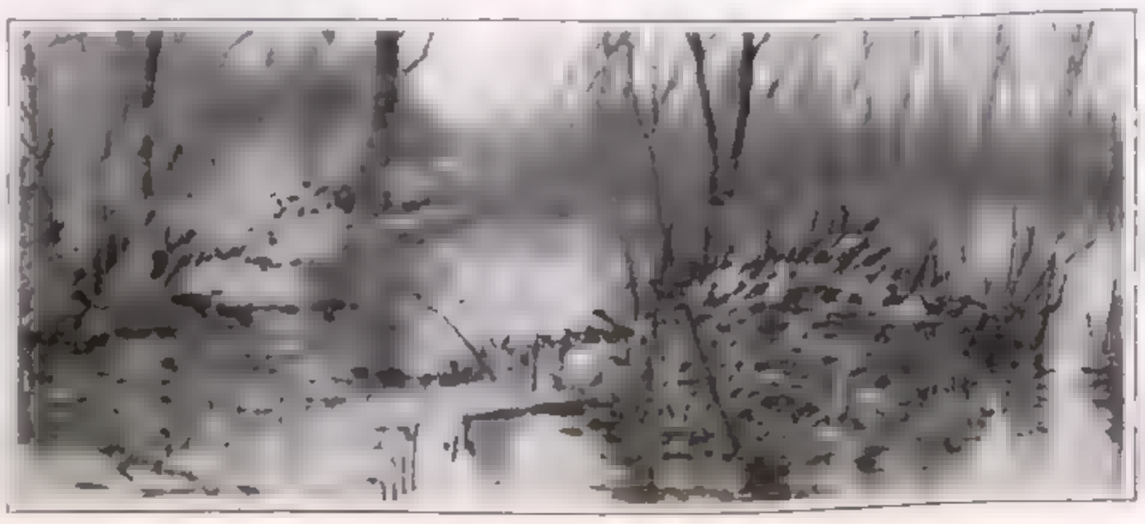
The Clash of Traits

Scientists are unable to agree that any race is superior to any other. Certainly, Chinese, Japanese and Hindus seem as human beings to be equal to Americans or any other race. But that does not mean that they are desirable elements. One chemical is as good in its place as another, but a mixture of two harmless and useful ones may explode or form a poison. These Asiatics have ineradicably stamped upon them the traits of their ancient civilizations and religions and habits; and their color and general personal appearance are such as to set them off in the minds of the common people of America as aliens, as something different.

It is not what we should think or do if we were all philosophers that counts. It is what our common people will inevitably think and do. Our people cannot ignore this matter of color. The Latins seem more tolerant in this regard. Our prejudice may be a weakness on our part, or it may be a protective instinct against what the breeders call too much of an outcross. Anyhow it exists.

If a Japanese could mingle with the average American company without attracting more attention than does an Italian, he would be much more promising material for the melting pot. Their sense of superiority to us, our sense of superiority to them—both of them errors, probably—plus our differing colors and features, keep us apart and give a solemn warning that we should not attempt to mingle in the same population.

I have emphasized the clash of traits between our German neighbors and ourselves in Iowa. When I come to speak of my boyhood associates, I shall give the Germans all the best of the comparison. I have shown that there were some things to harmonize in our differing characters in this irruption even of Nordics. These differences never led to anything like enmities. There was room on the land for all of us on tolerable terms. And the Iowa Germans have assimilated. The present generation of these formerly ignorant and superstitious peasants are blessed with all the virtues and cursed with most of the faults of average Americanism. They live in electrically lighted farm homes, have bathrooms, plumbing, telephones and radio sets; drive about in their motor cars, struggle to make the farm pay on its recent monopoly values—or they have migrated to California, where they live on their rents and sing the praises of their old home or explain why they cannot live there. And the old home is Iowa, not Germany.



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(Continued from Page 9)

crowd toward a long low shed devoted to stock exhibits

"But why?" panted Katie, wild of eye. "Why?"

"I thought mebbe youse might like to see the fancy hogs," he panted back; and added, "I'm thinking some serious of going into pigs."

"But I wasn't no hurry fur to see them," she puzzled.

Elisha cast a hunted glance over his shoulder as they entered the shed. Upon the edge of the crowd Gustifer Holzappel was wrathfully dabbing at his trousers leg.

That there was anything of significance in the fact that Holzappel had been immediately to his rear did not occur to Elisha at the time. He had something of absorbing moment, of terrible moment, to occupy him. His fingers convulsed about the lonesome dime in his pocket. It seemed too horrible to be true that he was starting upon the long, hot afternoon with Katie Klemmer upon his arm and one dime in his pocket.

One dime! He must spend it for something large, something filling—and he must not spend it for hours yet.

A sharp thing impinged against his ribs. "Peanuts! Po'corn! P'tat' chips!" An urchin with a laden tray suspended from his neck eyed him unflinchingly. Elisha surreptitiously shook his whip at the boy and nudged toward the door.

Before them stepped Gustifer Holzappel. A smiling Gustifer, a hat-touching Gustifer. Oh, of course, something of challenge in his brief glance at Elisha, something of impudence as he curtly summoned the urchin.

"Give the lady bag peanuts!"

Scarcely had his dime landed upon the tray when it landed upon the ground, swept thither by Elisha's hot palm.

"Give the lady popcorns!" he countered redly. His fist shot into his pocket, seared there about the coin, fumbled it forth.

"Popcorns make more with me than peanuts." Katie was clasping her palms loyally. "It ain't nothing more elegant to what popcorns is."

Gustifer's laugh crashed after them. There was challenge, definite, appalling, in that laugh. And it was following them closely, closely. Elisha felt the sneering figure to their rear; the tendons of his legs drew

"What is it at that there tree?" demanded Katie. "Would it be, mebbe, that calf with the tails at?"

They veered toward congestion beneath a locust tree. There a sudden rift in the crowd gave them approach to a small table behind which a slender gentleman with nose slanting toward the right and with mouth slanting toward the left seemed about to play a game. Upon the table were the halves of three walnut shells and a pea-size ball.

"All right now! Who's the next one got sharp eyes? A dime against a dollar now!"

At that moment another stranger, shorter and plumper than the first and with an impediment in his speech which caused him to puff his consonants explosively, elbowed toward the table, pushing Samuel Feltbinder, the cigar dealer, before him. "Here's a man says he'll risk a little dime to get a big dollar. Let's go! Everybody keep your eye on the little ball now." He tapped his teeth and exchanged a glance with the man behind the table.

The latter commenced to manipulate the shells, lifting them, moving them about. But he made the mistake of letting the rim of one of them set awkwardly for an instant upon the little ball. Feltbinder grabbed off the shell.

With exclamations of chagrin the manipulator handed Samuel a dollar. The puffing gentleman upon the edge of the crowd thereupon furiously exploded: "He got a dollar! A dollar! Hold it up, young man! Hold up your dollar! Your dollar! Your dollar!"

Katie was hugging Elisha's arm and saying, "Ooh! Ooh! The easy yet!"

Elisha was saying over and over in rapt astonishment, "I seen the little ball! I seen the little ball!"

"One at a time now, gents," the generous gamester was pleading. "Give the winner first chance. Now, mister, are you ready to bet me another dime?"

Katie turned a smitten face upward. Elisha turned slow horrified eyes downward. "'Bet'?" she was repeating. "Then it's—it's gambling!" They turned simultaneously and flailed from the spot of corruption, fled past Holzappel there upon the edge of the crowd, grinning at them slantwise.

In open space they stood and gazed at each other. Katie summarized, trembling fingers pressed against her cheek: "We was conniving with sinners and the fruits of sin. And us converted and Bible perfessers a'ready!"

Elisha himself was considerably shaken. "But we was innocent of the great transgression anyways," he quoted vaguely, and sought to draw her on.

But her anxious eyes remained upon the throng beneath the locust tree. "It wonders me if a body had ought to stay by—some such as gambles—fur to snatch them from the pit," she murmured.

"I should guess anyhow not!" declared Elisha stoutly. "Not while they've up and slid that fur down a'ready. No! Men knows men," he added darkly as he propelled her toward the main artery of the traffic; propelled her incautiously toward a booth tinkling with frosty glasses, pink and white.

"I guess it never was a day no hotter," she observed.

"Oh, I don't know!" Elisha lifted his streaming visage in the still air. "It seems like I am feeling a breeze from somewheres."

"Mebbe," agreed Katie bravely. She placed her hand upon his arm, Elisha grasped his whip and they drifted on.

A familiar voice crashed after them: "Give me one of them pink ones!"

Chill did zigzag Elisha's spine at that instant. This, then, was Holzappel's game! This stealthy following, this stealthy watching, this stealthy waiting.

During the ensuing hour and a half Elisha proved the impossible. He proved that a soul may be at one and the same time both in heaven and in hell. Heaven with a Katie Klemmer clinging to his arm. Hell because a Katie Klemmer was clinging to his arm. A Katie Klemmer hungry! A Katie Klemmer thirsty! And he himself penniless. Penniless!

Passed on every hand various familiars flanked with cone, paper bag or fizzing bottle. Some of the more prosperous sprouted watermelons under their armpits. And always near them, to the right of them, to the left of them, clanking loud dimes upon enticing counters, the plethoric Holzappel.

Not that he again accosted them. But he was always there, he and his rattling pockets, in front of them, behind them, leaning against a tree, watching—waiting. Waiting!

Beads of perspiration dotted Katie's small nose. She sagged forlornly from his arm. She looked as though she would never smile again. And he had told her she could have all she wanted anywhere. Elisha groaned aloud.

Yet it was the calf so prodigally equipped with caudal appendages which finally precipitated the catastrophe. History does repeat, sometimes with stupefying similarity of detail. Even as the Golden Calf in the dry desert of old so demoralized the wandering Israelites that they fell into deadly sin, so now the Saffron Calf with two tails completed the demoralization of that dry and wandering evangelical, Elisha. Indeed, Elisha had a dizzy conviction that the animal had been following him about when he found himself for the fourth time in front of a canvas from which a painted calf with tails rampant stared at him blandly. Above upon a larger canvas was inscribed the command:

SEE THE WORLD'S GREATEST MARVEL
A CALF WITH TWO TAILS
TEN CENTS

The calf looked at him trustingly; Katie Klemmer looked at him—no, this time not trustingly.

For the fourth time she murmured, "It's the calf where wears the two tails."

And for the fourth time Elisha faltered blankly, "It is, ain't it?" and added after a moment: "We could let it go till a while yet."

Her hot tired eyes stared wistfully at the calf, then drifted toward Holzappel—toward Holzappel, who had sauntered up to the ticket window and who leaned there surveying them coolly and coolly swigging an ice-cold soda pop.

"I'd as sooner buy two tickets on this calf, or either three, as what I would one," he flung his challenge direct.

Elisha whipped upright and tugged at his companion. For the first time she weakly resisted. She gazed upon the calf in weary fascination, then stared vaguely at the dewy bottle in Holzappel's fist.

"Well, I—we might, mebbe ——"

She was pulling from him—toward Holzappel! Elisha fairly lifted her off her feet as he swung her about. "I'll git youse a ticket on the calf," his parched lips were fumbling. "I'll git youse a ticket on the calf."

To the shed where the Holstein cattle champed in proud monotony he led Katie Klemmer. There he left her with his brother Adam, who was in charge of the exhibit. But first he drew Adam aside and demanded: "Kin I borrow the lend of twenty cents off you?" Adam stared at him with the distrait expression peculiar to the insolvent and confessed to assets of a dime. Elisha snatched the coin. He warned behind a tragic palm: "Keep her by you!" And to Katie Klemmer he explained: "I got to see a man—on such business oncet," and arrowed from the door.

Down the hill, down the hill toward that moral blight under the locust tree. "I seen the little ball, I seen the little ball!" his lip framed soundlessly. It was like a swift, staccato march—down the hill—toward the locust tree.

Yet it was with a vague gesture of protecting himself against a vague something that he pulled the collar of his wrinkled duster about him as he hesitated on the edge of the crowd. The puffing gentleman saw the gesture and ran his eye appraisingly down Elisha's length. The crowd seemed apathetic. "Skin game," muttered one as he turned to go. The puffing gentleman heard him, started angrily, then sidled toward Elisha. Elisha's mouth woppered open; his teeth chattered.

But he hadn't really said he'd do it, not really; and yet here he was, moving, moving like a toy on wheels pushed by a puffing something from behind. He was in front of the table now.

"Plunk down your dime now. Watch this dime grow into a dollar. Watch it, folks, watch it!" The shells were beginning to move, lifting, covering, circling.

Elisha's hand shot out. He had it! He had it—the little ball! And a moment later he had—a dollar!

Eyes starting, breath stopping, he'd got to get out, he'd got to get out. He flailed off the stout man who insisted that he hold up his dollar, his dollar, his dollar; and ran.

He ran. Harsh mocking laughter echoed in his ears: the face of Gustifer Holzappel swam before him. But nothing was real. It was as though the round metal wedged into his palm were a talisman which reft him from serious Elisha Maice into quite another. A reckless chortling other, who burst into the Holstein exhibit flourishing three varicolored bottles of soda pop.

Ensued orgy. An hour of zigzag triumph over the route so recently pursued with harried step. Even the pirate was handsomely forgiven and patronized once more.

Katie proved that she was companion meet for such delirium. Such time as she paused for breath, Elisha raised loud laughter over nothing in particular. At least, it appeared that there was no reason for this emotional vent. In reality there was. Continuous clamor was necessary to stifle a voice which insisted on rising to the top of his brain and hammering against his skull: "You have committed the great transgression! You have committed the deadly sin!"

He would not listen. He would not listen. But at last he had to.

At last, seated in appointed festal spot, all necessity for his own initiative gone, the voice resounded even above Mrs. Klemmer's excited babble as she tugged and pulled a red tablecloth into rectangle upon the ground:

"This here twins plagued me into peanuts and here if I didn't got to go and give a ten-cent dime fur them yet," she was shrilling to Mrs. Plapp, the minister's wife, who had been invited to partake of the Klemmer bounty. "They say still that Sam Feltbinder went and hired off this here fair to some such crew of sharpers from Andore City or wherever. It's them where's been fetchin' the dimes off us in place of the usual nickels. Helmer! You swaller your mouth empty and then don't you fetch yourself another bite of nothing till I give you dare. The very ideas! And them ungodly shelled men—it wonders me now if preacher got Sheriff Kutz fur to jail them yet? If it was me, I'd jail them where was hangin' after them too."

Elisha forgot to breathe. Even his hair seemed to rise stiffly as he sat staring at Mrs. Klemmer.

"Us we never fetched no worry ower the dimes." Katie flashed a prideful glance at Elisha. "Nobody flaxed us at the spend, that I can say." She raised her blond pompadour elaborately with a hairpin. "He says he might go into fancy pigs, mebbe."

"It wonders me," quiet Mrs. Plapp remarked in a worried tone, "if reverend remembered to furgit the collection plates fur the rewiwal. I don't mind of seeing them into the tent."

"The collection plates!" shrieked Mrs. Klemmer. She pitched down a shining new kettle of odorous sauerkraut upon the cloth and began to weave like a large caterpillar from side to side. "My souls! Of course he ain't! The collection plates! Och, elend! What's now to do?"

"Well," suggested Mrs. Plapp, "there's your new kraut pot now. If we could oncet eat it empty—and if we could get some such other one ——"

"The kraut pot yet! The kraut pot! To be sure, the kraut pot! The kraut pot anyhow!" Mrs. Klemmer chanted the inspired refrain as she rose upon her knees and scanned the environs for its mate.

Elisha had comprehended nothing of the agitation concerning the kraut pot. He was involved in horrific agitation of his own. From afar he had beheld them coming—Preacher Plapp and Mr. Klemmer. And with them Gustifer Holzappel. Gustifer Holzappel!

The eyes of all three were upon him as they came on. Upon him as they came on and on, Preacher Plapp's inquiringly, Mr. Klemmer's sternly, Holzappel's exultantly.

Like prisoner summoned for sentence, Elisha shriveled to his feet as they stopped on the other side of the red tablecloth. He gazed at the ground while the preacher stilled Mrs. Klemmer with: "No, the sheriff didn't put the shell men to the jail. But he drove them off the grounds a'ready under threats."

"But Maice got his dollar off them anyway!" Holzappel burst out with triumphant grin.

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At the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs, one of America's most celebrated resorts, Maxwell House Coffee is today served exclusively

Chosen for the great Broadmoor Hotel

—the same blend of fine coffees that first won fame years ago in the old South

"Set like an Italian villa at the foot of the purple mountains," so one writer has described the Broadmoor Hotel at Colorado Springs.

Sheer beauty alone would explain its nation-wide fame. But it is far more than this that has drawn visitors in ever-growing numbers from all parts of the country.

With its terraced gardens, its polo grounds, its golf course, its superb facilities for sport and relaxation, the Broadmoor is equipped with a magnificence that gives it a unique place among America's great resorts. For its every detail, the world has been ransacked to find what is most lovely and most luxurious.

It is not strange that for its dining rooms, Maxwell House Coffee was chosen out of all others. The rare flavor of this blend is a gift to the Broadmoor from another hotel, also great and unique in its way.

From the most celebrated hotel of the old South

Years ago the Maxwell House in Nashville was famous throughout the Southern states for its delicious food. In that land of "mammy" cooks and beaten biscuits, the news of good things to eat traveled far and fast.

And always it was the coffee served at the Maxwell House that its distinguished guests praised most highly—a special blend wonderfully rich-bodied and mellow. Wherever they went they carried with them to their homes the memory of this coffee.

In city after city the families who most appreciate good living have heard of Maxwell House Coffee and have secured it for their own tables.

At the Broadmoor Hotel today it is this same blend of fine coffees that is served to the critical people who gather there from far and wide for pleasant holidays.

And the same man who perfected this blend years ago, Joel Cheek himself, still supervises with his associates the blending and roasting of it today.

For your own breakfast table you can have its smooth richness and rare flavor. The same coffee that delighted the guests at the old Maxwell House is on sale in sealed tins at all better grocery stores. When you first taste this coffee, you will understand why it was selected for the Broadmoor and why it has made the name of the Maxwell House famous from coast to coast. Don't wait longer to try it. Ask your grocer today for one of the blue tins of Maxwell House Coffee.

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There is *one* tire that measures up to this standard of quality. It is the Dayton Thorobred Extra-Ply Cord, for standard rims, *the pioneer low air pressure tire*. We believe that this is the kind of a tire you want.

And if you want Balloon Tires—if you want Balloon Tire comfort with Cord Tire economy—Dayton Thorobred Balloons will give it. Back of them is the experience of the pioneer builders of the low air pressure tire. That is your warranty for comfort, mileage and economy unapproached in tires of this type. Dayton Balloons, like Dayton Thorobred Cords, are built upon the principle that there is no substitute for quality. For 20-inch and 21-inch wheels.

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The all-important details depend on printed forms

BIG things seldom go wrong. It's usually neglect of some little thing that causes the big trouble and the big expense.

In a successfully operated business there is no such thing as an unimportant detail. And printed forms—be they bills of lading or time slips, memo sheets or order blanks, requisitions, or any one of a hundred others—are the things that keep business detail moving smoothly.

They have no human failings—they never forget—they never blunder—they get things done correctly and on time. Printed forms have made modern business possible.

And printed forms are paper with printing on them. It has to be strong paper to withstand careless handling. Hammermill Bond is strong. Its unusual strength makes records lasting.

Utility paper must be surfaced properly for its job. Pen, pencil, typewriter, carbon ribbon and printing are all one to Hammermill Bond.

Color plays a part of tremendous importance in business routing. Hammermill Bond comes in twelve standard colors and white.

Last, but not least, you must be able to get your forms *when* and *where* you need them. Good printers use and recommend Hammermill Bond—all can obtain it promptly and many carry it in stock.

The price makes Hammermill economical; the standardized qualities make it indispensable.

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Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

(Continued from Page 8)

Silence. Then a collective hiss of indrawn breaths. Then the wide whites of eyes, turning; turning upon Elisha, who was reddening in spots, whitening in spots; turning upon Elisha, who damned himself by his own feeble retort, "Youse bet on the gum anyhow!"

"To be sure I did," snorted Holzappel brazenly, squaring toward Katie Klemmer, "but I'm a man that much that I ain't playing a game behind no girl's back anyways."

Silence again. Even Mrs. Klemmer was silent, though she began to do violent setting-up exercises.

Katie Klemmer got swiftly to her feet. Her fists clenched.

"He ain't neither! He ain't never to my back oncet all the after."

"Wasn't he, now?" grinned Holzappel.

She clapped fingers to a lengthening cheek. "Well, if he was," she faltered, "he was seeing a man on such business." She turned pleadingly toward Elisha. "You passed me your word a'ready where nothing nor nobody could git youse into a gamble. And it ain't—was it?"

"Well, what about it?" sliced Mr. Klemmer. "Let's git down under the roots of this here. I ain't leavin' my girl travel by no sports now, that I give you!"

The lash of his tone stung Elisha's eyes upward for an instant. The instant was sufficient to tell the time so far as he was concerned: Mr. Klemmer's neat features marked the zero hour. Elisha's Adam's apple creaked and hoisted, but it got no word to the surface.

Kind Preacher Plapp laid a hand upon his shoulder. "Elisha, Elisha," he said sadly, "you—in the courts of the wicked? Where are the fruits of your sin, then? Repent and lay them upon the altar, boy."

Elisha flinched from under the gracious hand. His eyes rolled in naked terror.

"Yes. Where, anyway?" cut in Mr. Klemmer.

Elisha's whip deflected like the needle of a deranged compass toward Katie Klemmer. "In her," he husked.

She stared at him, uncomprehending. Everybody stared, uncomprehending. Then she clapped a palm of pain to her middle. The fearful realization that she was at that moment in process of actual assimilation of the tainted coin caused her to sway slightly. She was, in very fact then, his paramour in wickedness! She stared at him, away from him, and back to him again in horrid fascination.

Even then she strove to be valiant. "Well, then," she reasoned dazedly, "if I et it, I et it, and it ain't to be come by no way. Youse can't plague him into layin' it on no altar." She gazed uncertainly about the little group, then creased to her knees and buried her face in her arms. "Here I go to work and throw one such ower fur playing on the gums and then if here this other ain't up and feedin' a sinful dollar into me. Is all men liars?" wailed little Katie Klemmer in desperation.

"We will see oncet what this here is!" Mr. Klemmer cracked the tragic moment. "I will see oncet is my girl gittin' fed with the moths and rusts of corruption!" He strode around the corner of the cloth.

Elisha backed. That earnest Christian soldier was marching onward—toward him! And he was marching as to war. Preacher Plapp's thin goatee was pointing toward him—like a dagger. Like a dagger pointing toward his heart!

Elisha threw out his arms. He erupted an indeterminate sound, dragged his heels in backward circle and fled into the afterglow.

"Runnin' ag'in!" Holzappel trumpeted after him. "A-runnin' always, that feller!"

After moments, or hours, Elisha found himself in a remote section of the grounds, stumbling about in a copse of young trees. He kept on stumbling. Darkness came on, and he lay down, numb and exhausted. He spread his palms to the warm ground and pawed it softly and continuously, as sick young animals sometimes do. Then for a long time he lay, thinking nothing, scarcely feeling.

But, after all, he was Elisha Maice and he had deep eyes, fiery hair and a forward thrust of chin. He sat up. He saw Katie Klemmer again with fists clenched for him! He got up.

Through the darkness he made for the revival tent, guided thither by vibrancy of sound. The worshipers, early forgathered, were venting their fervor in hymns.

"O wanderer on a dreary waste,
How dark thy life must be!"

sang the happy souls within. How dark! Elisha's bosom heaved.

"Come home, come home
While open stands the gate."

soared his erstwhile friends in fervent high C of invitation.

The wanderer on the dreary waste sidled to the flap. There, there near the pulpit he found what he sought—a white halo encircled by blue forget-me-nots. Forget-me-nots! Upon the pulpit Preacher Plapp was earnestly announcing his text: "Touch not the evil thing."

The evil thing! He himself had touched the evil thing. He was not fit for that goodly company. He sagged down in the outer darkness; but close, close, to the sacred canvas.

He was so close that he heard Preacher Plapp's voice as he announced the taking of the collection. He was so close that he heard the coins as they began to rattle into the kraut pot which Mr. Klemmer would be extending.

For a moment it seemed his own heart throbbing painfully in his ears—that muffled sound. Then he realized that through the blackness around the tent were slipping hurried footsteps. Through the blackness were puffing explosive whisperings.

Immense hatred stiffened Elisha as the two forms stopped just beyond him. These were the devil's agents who had compassed his ruin. What were they doing in these sacred precincts?

The plump one edged to the flap, then backed to the other. "Nick o' time!" he puffed. "They're ketchin' the swag now. Gimme the gat." They ranged on either side the flap.

The defective organ drew hoarse breath, spat a couple of flatted notes, then swelled upon triumphant strain. The congregation rose. Mr. Klemmer would be standing ceremoniously at the rear now, kraut pot in hand, ready to march up the aisle with the concluding bars. Elisha, tense as a trigger, saw his heels as he faced about toward the pulpit.

Then in swift flash he saw all of Mr. Klemmer—Mr. Klemmer yanked through the flap like a carp from a pond; saw in the instantaneous slice of light a hand over Klemmer's mouth, saw the kraut pot jerked from his hand; heard, then, Klemmer's heels as he was dragged by the collar off toward a whir in the darkness

The astounded Elisha did not know that he had whiffled after them until he found himself doubling down behind a sumach bush, unstrung by fright.

They had stopped by a whirring automobile. Against the dim radiance of the headlights he saw them silhouetted: The plump man held the kraut pot and a pistol; the other was knotting something about the struggling Klemmer's windpipe.

"Bear a hand here!" panted the slim man. "Stop your wrigglin', you blasted angleworm!"

The plump man set down the pot and grasped at Klemmer. Elisha had never been so terrified in his life. But there, not five feet from him, glistened the kraut pot with the collection! It was a kettle about the size of a man's head, which narrowed into a crease beneath its slightly flaring top. Elisha eyed that crease, then, swift as impulse, looped the pliant end of his whip into a slipknot. Prone upon his stomach, he fished for the kettle.

He caught it! The loop of the whip settled over the flare. Elisha yanked it cannily about the crease and began dragging it to him swiftly, noiselessly over the dew-drenched grass. He was reaching for it, his fingers were touching it.

The plump man pounced about for the pot. The tail of his astounded eye beheld it retreating from him around the bush.

With a hoarse bellow of surprise he grasped his pistol and plunged, plunged head first around the sumach, plunged head first into the pot.

It fitted! Elisha found himself jerking, jerking with insane vigor the pot down over the head which had rammed so neatly into its flaring top. It suddenly gave way, the crease settled about the throbbing neck.

What might have been a yell crashed and echoed horribly within the metal thing; the pistol dropped from the startled fingers. The Man in the Iron Mask, bunting blindly this way and that, bowled into Elisha. Elisha struck the earth. His hand simultaneously struck the pistol. Without knowing what he had grabbed, he bolted upright with it.

"Gimme my whip!" cried the distraught Elisha as a slender thing whirred past him. Which was obviously an unfair request, since the whip, still knotted about the crease, was hanging down the man's back like a queue, its butt whacking his rear at every jump. Elisha grabbed for it, caught it. He pulled. It held. Elisha, utterly beyond reason now, yanked again, yanked the whip and the stumbling thing at the end of it around the bush and into the open. In the flare of the headlights he whirled about, saw the thing lunging behind him and, entirely unnerved, whacked the pistol down upon the plunging kettle, his finger convulsing about the trigger of the pistol as he did so

A windshield crashed. The slant man yelled and hopped about in a rain of glass. He threw up his arms and backed, gibbering. Elisha dropped the whip, but his finger still twitched spasmodically about the trigger. The center of his own terrific artillery, Elisha whirled about. He must get away—he must get away—somewhere—anywhere.

He started blindly for the tent. But he started in the wrong direction. He found himself face to face with the slant man, who, with hands still upraised, was attempting to dodge backward out of his path.

Elisha himself leaped backward then, but he leaped backward into arms which clamped him like steel! All virtue went out of him. He belched a dying groan and resigned from life.

But life did not resign from him. Enough remained to send him staggering round and round when suddenly released, and ultimately to acquaint him with the realization that the arms into which he had made his backward leap belonged to Sheriff Kutz, who had for the nonce mistaken him for the miscreant and who was now backing the slant man toward a tree.

People were running about and there was a great deal of noise. In the midst of it Elisha beheld, as one who gazes upon a spectacle in which he himself has had no part, the man in the form-fitting kraut pot kicking and backing like a calf with its head in a pail and, zigzagging dizzily from the shadows, Mr. Klemmer with his hand to his throat and eyes starting from their sockets

It was Mrs. Klemmer who first realized the excellent bank vault into which her metal pot had been converted. Above all the confusion there had been a continuous sonorous clatter, but that it was the church collection bouncing and rattling above the plump man's skull did not become popularly evident until Mrs. Klemmer raised shrill agitation.

"He's a-wearin' the collection onto his head! Into the kraut pot yet!"

The cry was taken up, resounded with variations alto, bass, soprano and falsetto.

"It was Elisha Maice where done it!" Sheriff Kutz was loudly proclaiming. "He captured both two to oncet. In all my sheriffing I ain't seen such a braveness. I gosh! I wouldn't mind havin' that feller fur a deputy!"

People began to shake hands with Elisha. Preacher Plapp shook hands. Mr. Klemmer shook hands. Afterward Elisha believed that Mr. Klemmer shook his hand several times. He had a confused remembrance of seeing Mr. Klemmer's neat visage continuously before him; a vertical bruise in the exact center of his forehead contributed to the illusion of an hour hand pointing to the zenith.

But, after all, the ultimate zenith was not reached until he discovered a little hand upon his arm; until he found himself gazing down upon a dim white halo which was bobbing pridefully to right and left.

"Yes, me and him, we spended the day both together," she was talking and smiling, smiling and talking. "Ain't he is wonderful? Here he up and drug pop out of the shelled men and then if he didn't go to work and uphist the collection onto one of them!"

But in the general hymn of praise there was one discordant note. Grating laughter shredded behind them. "Him? That back runner? I ain't believin' it. He'd have to show me."

Elisha showed him. He whirled about and caught that scoffing chin with a purposeful fist. Mr. Holzappel threshed to the earth, flailing two faithful Evangelicals with him.

Elisha nonchalantly turned and replaced small fingers firmly upon his arm. In the clear starlight a little face, awe-struck and adoring, seemed floating up—floating up—to him. He gazed down with intensity upon it and spoke his first coherent words.

"It was just, now, meant to be that way," throbbed from him.

PHOTO. BY PAUL V. MALKASIANE

A Western Sunset

The Seal of Kohler Village

The Kohler seal like the village of neat homes which it symbolizes expresses that pride of living and doing which made the quality of Kohler products—enameled plumbing ware and private electric plants

EARLY reflections are happy ones when the bathroom is a room of magic cleanliness; when the fixtures have the rare worth and beauty which distinguish Kohler Enameled Plumbing Ware. Every home today can have at least one such bathroom—small and simple, perhaps, but a gem and a delight. The fixtures, if they be marked with the name "Kohler" unobtrusively fused in immaculately white enamel, will be of a quality that is yet to be surpassed. *Yet Kohler Ware costs no more.* . . . Write for Booklet E.

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wis. • *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis.
BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Enameled Plumbing Ware

ME AND HERCULES

(Continued from Page 19

"Well, when I got in the wings I found they had sent on another act to stop the applause, instead of bothering me, an' the act they had sent on was Hercules. He was just finishing with a flying-trapeze trick an' it went over big. If he had went on before I got the audience's hands all blistered, he would of been a panic. When he come off I got a good flash at him before his assistant handed him his bath robe, an' I'll tell the world he was good-looking. Just to make him feel good, I smiled an' told him his act had went mighty well considering the house. He mustta knew who I was an' didn't want me to think he was fresh or nothing, so he just said 'Thank you,' an' went right on to his dressing room. I hung around a while, gassing with the electrician an' killing time till supper; but Jimmy come out of his room so fast I couldn't catch up with him. Not that I'd run after any man, me being a headliner an' all."

"I understand," said Dot. "I never follow 'em either. What restaurant did he go to?"

"There was a nice place called the Blue Bird a coupla blocks from the theater where we sometimes et when we was in that town. There was one or two other food joints you passed on the way there which he mighta went in, so I looked in 'em to see what they had in the winders an' if the tablecloths was clean. By the time I got to the Blue Bird it was all crowded an' I had to take a table in the back. Jimmy Barrett was sitting so far away from me I guess he didn't want to run no chances of coming over, 'cause if I'd 'a' gave him the cold shoulder it would of been embarrassing to walk back through all them people with his face so red. He finished his meal, paid his check an' went right out. There was a traveling man sitting across the aisle from me, an' he leaned over an' told me he had seen the matinée an' how good I was, an' why did I waste my time in vaudeville instead of starring in a production? He was a nice feller, so I let him come over to my table before I paid my check."

"Them guys has expense accounts," said Dorothy, "so it didn't cost him nothing."

"I didn't want him to shell out for my feed, but he insisted; an' you know how awful it sounds when two people fights over things like that in restaurants an' attracts attention, so I let him settle with the waiter. I kicked myself afterward, though, 'cause there was a wonderful dessert I liked, marked fifty cents, which I hadn't took 'cause it was extravagant. I let him talk to me till it was time to go back. He walked part of the way with me an' ast me where I was stopping at; but I hadn't rested any to speak of on the sleeper the night before, so I give him the name of the wrong hotel."

"Maybe he wanted to send you a box of candy or something," said Dot.

"Yes, maybe, but you can't run no chances with strangers. Well, when I go to the theater, I took a lotta pains with my make-up, 'cause I figured there'd be a full house, me being billed like a circus all over town. I had two brand-new stunning costumes that had never been on my back. They had to be worn sometime, so I decided to give the natives a treat that night."

"This Hercules johnny mustta been extra good-looking for you to go to all that trouble."

"Say, I wouldn't do nothing to impress no man. I don't hafta, me being a headliner an' all. Well, I told my piano player to do one real show, if there was one in him, which I doubted; an', dearie, I went over better than usual, if that's possible. I grabbed myself eight solid bows before I quit counting 'em, an' I don't know how many after that."

"That wasn't no nice way to do," remarked Dorothy. "You knew you was making yourself hard to follow, milking that audience of all this energy. You should ought to have left a little applause for Jimmy's act."

"I don't milk no house for hands," snapped Madeline. "What I gets comes spontaneous. Besides, since when has it come in style for artists not to steal bows for fear of queering the next act? I ain't running no charity bazaar or nothing.

"Well, after the noise an' excitement over me finished, Jimmy went on with his Hercules stunt. I wasn't sure whether the folks out front would let him begin, so I stood in the wings, ready to take a few more bows to quiet 'em if necessary. But he got along fine, so I stayed an' seen what kind of entertainment he was giving 'em. He opened by lifting big iron dumb-bells an' throwing 'em around like a drunk bricklayer does his wife on Saturday night. Then he did a lotta fancy stunts with Indian clubs, followed by his swinging-trapeze work. Some of the things he done way up in the air seem awful dangerous to me an' I screamed pretty loud once or twice when it looked like he was gonna fall. He wasn't nervous or nothing, 'cause he didn't even look in the wings to see who was doing the yelling. Well, for a finish, Jimmy does a flying leap with the orchestra double forte, an' the drums an' cymbals working overtime. He gets the kind of a hand on it which spells yeller bills in his pay envelope, an' that's what counts in this greedy world we're living in."

"Did you wait for him to come off?" asked Dorothy.

"Certainly I did," said Madeline. "He hadn't been in the business long an' I knew a little encouragement from a headliner like me would cheer him up. I was right, too, 'cause when I shook his hand, impulsively, without thinking, an' told him what a wow of a finish he had, he was so stunned with joy he couldn't say nothing."

"Did I understand you to say you wore shorts with your finish number?" asked Dorothy.

"Sure, dearie, I been doing that for years. Why?"

"An' you hadn't changed or put on a kimono or nothing?"

"It was awful hot backstage; an' besides, I didn't wantta crush my dress. You ain't accusing me of trying to pull no allure stuff, are you?"

"Certainly not. Only you has got a beautiful pair of legs in tights. Letting folks see 'em over the footlights is business, but not covering 'em up backstage is immodest."

"I know how to conduct myself like a lady without no help from you. Anyhow, it worked. When he had gave me the once-over there was a look in his eyes that told me he had seen worse-looking women than me. We had a nice little chat, an' before he went to his dressing room he was so gone on me I was fooling with the lapels on his bath robe an' everything. I knew right then if I encouraged him a little, me being a headliner an' all, I could be Mrs. James Barrett whenever I wanted to."

"You sure can see matrimonial intentions quick," said Dot. "I never could read men's minds that fast."

"He was only a college boy," said Madeline, "an' hadn't learned how to hide his feelings. Besides, acrobats, even if they do come from blue-blood families, don't get a chance to team up with headliners every day. Well, from then on me an' Hercules spent a lotta time together. He always stopped at the same hotel I did, if I knew which one he intended to register at. Of course, he never ast me, but his assistant looked after his baggage an' I found out from him. Almost every morning I'd come down to breakfast about the same time he did, so he could walk to the theater with me just like it was a accident. After a while he got sortta irregular. Some mornings he'd eat at nine an' others not till noon. I told him that wasn't good for his stomach, an' he said I was absolutely right, but he hated to fill engagements what he hadn't made himself. What he meant, I guess, was that his agent kept writing him to keep his act up to date an' he had to spend a lotta mornings in the theater practicing."

"He hadn't proposed to you or nothing then, had he?" asked Dot.

"He would of if I'd let him. You see, I didn't want him to think he could get me too easy, so every time I bring up the subject of love I joshed him about how good-looking he was an' told him any woman with decent eyesight couldn't help but be daffy over him. By talking to him that way I didn't give him a chance to get serious or nothing. He come awful close to proposing to me one night when he took me to dinner, but I scared him off. It rained that day, an' I hung around the theater till he got dressed an' ast him didn't he wantta ride over in the taxi I had ordered. He said he didn't wantta impose on good nature, but he had on a new suit an' no umbrella.

"Well, on the way over we struck some rough places an' I fell up against him a few times. About the third time I did it, he grabbed me in his arms an' give me one of them long soul kisses like they uses in the movie close-ups. I jerked away after a while an' told him he shouldn't ought to have done it 'cause I wasn't that kind of a girl. He said he was sorry, an' he didn't do it again, although we went over four or five more rough places before we got to the hotel. He mustta been awful ashamed of himself for having been so fresh, 'cause he kept changing the subject every time I brought it up during dinner."

"Was you the only woman on the bill interested in Greek gods?" asked Dorothy. "There mustta been a chorus jane or so in a girl act what this Hercules feller wasted a glance on now an' then."

"Nobody had a chance with him but me. There was one girl, named Mary Hale, what could of killed me for jealousy. She was a little five-foot-two, one-hundred-an'-ten-pound pony, with no more fire than there is in a apartment-house furnace during the month of August.

"She was playing a Princess in the Spirit of the Violin, one of them highbrow fiddle acts which ain't nothing but a lotta words hung around a feller what draws a wicked bow. How anybody could of ever cast that Hale girl for a princess, I don't understand. The feller what played the fiddle was supposed to be a poor musician, doing his stuff on a benefit program, him not being able to get regular booking. The king heard about his playing an' ast him to scratch out a tune or two at his garden party in honor of the president of the Russian Workmen's Council or something. Of course, the poor mutt had to go, 'cause when a king commands a feller to play it's just like the booking office telling you they has donated your services for one night to the Crippled Children's Home. You don't get nothing for filling the date, but you lose a lot if you fail to show up. Well, this poor fiddler got what looked like a lucky break, 'cause the princess seen him an' fell in love with him, an' then their troubles began. The act run twenty-three minutes, an' almost everybody in it died except the fiddle. Can you imagine a little boyish form underweight half note like Mary Hale selling a part like that? She talked her lines low, instead of loud an' commanding like royalty does, an' she was so humble to this strolling musician you would of thought she was the gardener's daughter or something."

"He was a genius," said Dorothy, "an' she respected him."

"If I was a princess," exclaimed Madeline, "I wouldn't respect nothing, not even the king. Well, Jimmy Barrett mustta read some of the same books this Hale girl did, 'cause sometimes they'd sit backstage an' discuss the styles of different book authors an' other junk like that, instead of figuring how to get more laughs in their acts. He took her out every once in a while when I had to go to a hairdresser an' he couldn't be with me. She didn't have a bit of consideration for him, letting him take her horseback riding after he'd lifted all them heavy dumb-bells an' should of rested. Another fool stunt she'd make him do was to find a lake in some park an' hire a boat. He had to do all the rowing, while she leaned back on a cushion an' read him fool poetry. No wonder she didn't get nowhere with him, making him work all the time instead of enjoying himself.

"She come mighty near losing her job too. One day I was standing in the wings with the feller what owned the fiddle act an' I pointed out to him how bad her performance was. I told him if I had the time I'd learn the part an' play it for him some day just to show him how much could be got out of it by a real actress. He was tickled stiff with the idea, knowing how much extra publicity he could get with me in the rôle. We was all set for me to step into the part, but he couldn't find a script nowhere an' had to let the Hale girl ride.

"Well, things rocked along like that for the whole trip. I never seen a girl make such a fool of herself like this Mary Hale done about Jimmy Barrett. She'd stand in the wings while he was on stage an' stare at him like she'd never seen a man before. I used to kid her about wasting incense before statues, an' wise cracks like that; but she knew she couldn't swap hot ones with me, so she'd just walk away. Jimmy never put his arms around her or nothing, so I knew he was just brothering her a little, and she had took it serious."

"How come you three acts stayed together all season?" asked Dorothy. "Wasn't it a little outta the regular order?"

"Not on the Fleck circuit," answered Madeline. "Marty keeps his shows together that way. To be sure, though, I wrote my agent I had seen the time Hercules had laid out for him an' the towns looked so good for him to please get the same for me. I wasn't afraid of losing Jimmy or nothing, but you know how foolish young folks is when they is in love."

"I understand perfectly," said Dorothy. "I felt the same way towards my first husband till I found out he drank."

"Well," continued Madeline, "on our way back to the white lights we played Boston, which was Jimmy's home town. We opened there on Monday an' I'll never forget the audience what packed into that house. Every seat was filled an' they was standing ten deep in the back. I don't need to tell you how I went. Jimmy's friends was all out front an' he mustta tipped 'em off about me being the future Mrs. Hercules James Barrett, 'cause they certainly did treat me swell. I don't think the women had no kindly feelings towards me for coming out in shorts an' showing their husbands what a mistake they had made, but I should worry about hens when the roosters buys the tickets.

"Jimmy got a five-minute demonstration of college yelling when he come out. He couldn't do nothing but bow an' smile an' smile an' bow, till they finished welcoming him home, an' for a while it looked like the celebration was gonna last all week. Well, after they quieted down, Jimmy started his act. Everything he done was a riot, an' they wasn't kidding him either, 'cause the original Hercules himself never looked no handsomer or done his tricks no better. Finally Jimmy come to the finish stunt of the act. It was a great climax an' I knew it would tie the show up in a knot, even in Boston, an' that's what I call tying. Jimmy left the stage, run up the aisle an' took the steps to the balcony three at a time. He had a trapeze hung to the ceiling of the theater, way up in the top. When he balanced himself on the railing of the balcony the orchestra stopped playing an' you'd 'a' thought you had suddenly went deef, the place was so still. Jimmy stood there a

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minute, grinning like a mischievous schoolboy, then he grasped the rope an' hand over hand hoisted himself up to his high perch. The stunt was for Jimmy to hang by his knees an' swing himself back an' forth. While he was doing this his assistant on the stage let down another trapeze from the flies. After Jimmy had got up enough speed he would give a signal by clapping his hands an' the assistant would swing the other trapeze out just as Jimmy swung towards the stage. Jimmy would turn loose, fly through the air over the heads of the audience, an' catch the other trapeze. It was a trick that hadda be timed to the second an' took a lotta nerve to do."

"And it couldn't be faked like this movie stuff, neither," said Dorothy.

"Well," continued Madeline, "this night Jimmy started swinging back an' forth like he always done, slow at first, an' then longer an' longer trips. Everybody on the bill was in the wings watching him, an' I betcha there wasn't an eye in the audience what wasn't glued on him up there near the roof. Just as Jimmy near reached the end of his last swing he clapped his hands an' leaped. His assistant had started the other trapeze forward, but a baton backstage fell an' startled him. Instead of the trapeze going out straight, it left his hand, jerking sideways. I heard a terrible screaming an' then Jimmy's body came flying over the footlights an' landed with a thud in the middle of the stage. His arms an' legs was all twisted under him an' he didn't move a muscle or make a sound. Everybody run to him, an' before the curtain could be lowered some of his friends climbed outta the boxes an' onta the stage. We picked him up an' laid him on a roll of scenery, an' a doctor from the audience give him something to ease his suffering before the ambulance come. I guess I made a regular fool of myself, shrieking an' leaning over him, asting him did he know me, but I couldn't help it. That Mary Hale just stood there with a far-away look in her eyes instead of tears, an' that showed how much heart she had.

"Well, after the ambulance had took Jimmy to the hospital I ast the doctor what had give him the shot in the arm how bad he was hurt. He said Jimmy had several compound fractures with perhaps internal complications. That kinda answer didn't explain nothing to me, so I ast him could Jimmy play his date in Pittsburgh next week. He told me Jimmy would never do no more stunts on a trapeze. An' as if that wasn't bad enough, he said they might save Jimmy's life, but they couldn't hope to save his legs, an' he would be lucky if he could even spend the rest of his days going round on crutches."

"Poor boy," said Dorothy, "an' he so handsome an' young."

"Well," said Madeline, "the next morning I found out what hospital they had took him to an' sent him a dozen carnations."

"Carnations!" exclaimed Dorothy in surprise.

"I would of bought roses, but they was awful high priced right then; an' besides, I figured Jimmy'd be unconscious all week an' wouldn't notice 'em anyway. By the time he come out from under the dope enough to tell pinks from American Beauties they'd be wilted an' gone. I couldn't see no use of wastin' money when he wouldn't know what kind of flowers come tied to my card, 'cause the nurse had already sent 'em to the charity ward."

"Didn't you go to see him before you left Boston? A visit from you would of cheered him up a lot."

"I started not to," said Madeline, "'cause I couldn't do him no good sitting around pitying him. But I got to thinking maybe he had a good-looking nurse an' it wouldn't be bad business for me to go an' show him she wasn't such-a-much by comparisons. I was afraid, though, if I went an' held his hand he might ast me to marry him before I knew if they could patch him up enough to work, an' I wasn't in no position to support a crippled husband right then.

"Before the week was out I went, anyway, but didn't see him. A ritzy old dame what mustta been his mother came to the door an' told me Jimmy couldn't see no visitors. I ast her did she know who I was, an' she said no, but she'd have to forgo the honor, whatever that meant, an' closed the door. The next day I ast Mary Hale had she heard anything an' she said she'd phoned, an' the nurse said Jimmy had rested very well the night before. There wasn't no use in me making taxi drivers or the phone companies rich to get that kind of news. After I got back to New York I wrote him two or three letters to find out if there was any prospects of him getting on speaking terms with a pay envelope again, but the letters came back marked, No Such Patient an' No Forwarding Address."

"How long ago was that?" asked Dorothy.

"Over two years, an' every once in a while I looked through the Vaudeville Gazette to see if there was a Hercules act playing, but there wasn't. Well, about a month ago I had to cancel a date at the Riverdale on account of me having a sore throat, or a cigarette cough, I don't know which. I dropped in to a matinée just to see how awful the act what was taking my place was flopping. When they flashed the sign for the fifth act it read Atlas, which didn't suggest no rapid-fire talk to me. As the curtain went up the lights was so dim, all I could make out was a man standing on a big ball with a lotta moons an' stars shining around his head. In about a minute the lights went up a little an' the man begin juggling some prop heavenly jewels an' telling the pay customers how many millions of miles a star would hafta fall before it hit the earth. He took some more things what he called comets an' played with them while he told us what would happen if one of 'em ever dropped an' smashed into the earth. Whoever wrote his act mustta come from Chicago, 'cause there wasn't no laughs in it. All the time he was talking I thought his voice sounded familiar, an' when the switchboard operator shoved 'em in full up I saw it was Jimmy Barrett. There he was, you couldn't mistake him, straight an' handsome as ever. The minute I saw him alive an' well again all my love came rushing right back an' I wished I had sent roses, after all."

"The poets say true love never dies," said Dorothy, "an' I guess it's so."

"Well, dearie, Nurmi never made no better time than I did getting outta that house an' backstage. He was giving his assistant some instructions when I come in, an' didn't see me, so I rushed right up an' threw my arms around his neck in front of everybody. You never seen a man so surprised in his life; it was just like giving a lollipop back to a baby what you had taken it away from. He ast all about me an' I ast all about him. He told me the doctors had a hard time bringing him through, but a great specialist had done the trick; an' outside of a little limp in one leg, he was just as good as ever."

"It's wonderful what the doctors are doing nowadays," said Dorothy. "It was only yesterday I heard ——"

"Well," interrupted Madeline, "we talked over old times, an' just for fun I ast him did he remember that Mary Hale, in the fiddle act, what had run after him so before he got hurt.

"'She helped nurse me back to health,' said he. 'Her name ain't Mary Hale any more; it's Mrs. James Barrett.'

"'You married her?' I asts.

"'Yes,' says he, 'just after I left the hospital. She's playing with little Jimmy in the dressing room. Don't you want to say hello to her?'

"'I wish I could,' says I, backing away, 'but I've gotta engagement to have my nails done an' I'm late now. Good-by, glad to of seen you again.'

"I heard afterward that he'd got his share of the old man's money an' was just working 'cause he loved the theater. Can you beat it how some people has all the luck?"

WALTER P. CHRYSLER

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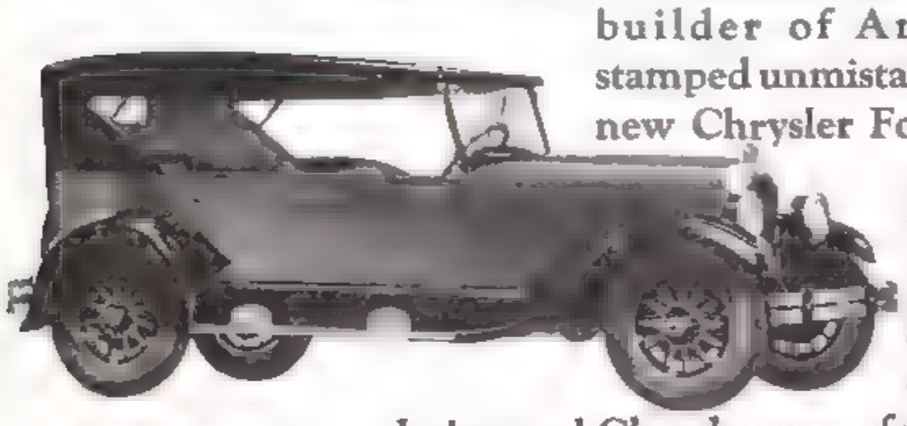

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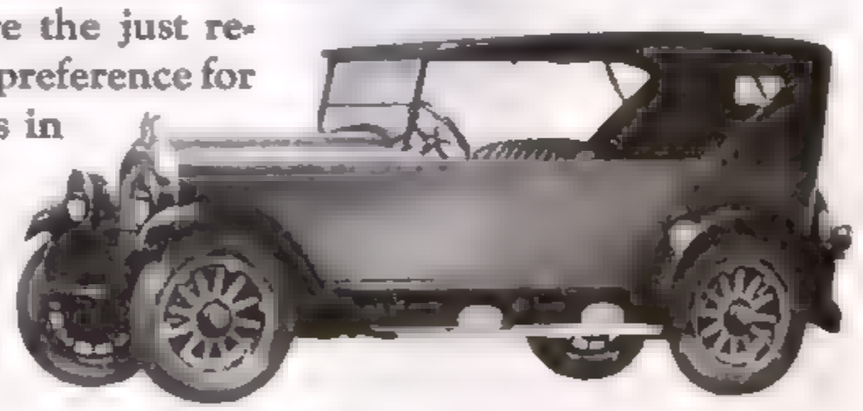

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SIX FOUR

Watch This Column

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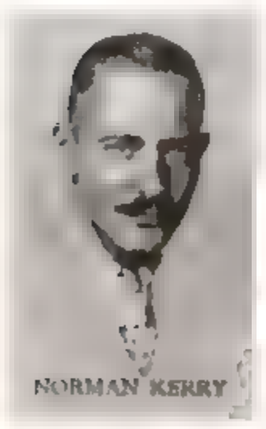
MARY PHILBIN


NORMAN KERRY

Universal will produce this year another "White List" of 54 pictures made in each instance from the best stories obtainable, and written by well-known authors. This list will encompass the whole range of drama and comedy and many of the most beautiful romances of the day.

Look for Universals and be sure of a delightful evening's entertainment. Write me what you think of Universal pictures you have seen. Let's correspond.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send for the beautifully illustrated "White List" booklet, which comes without cost to you.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

SAM IN THE SUBURBS

(Continued from Page 30)

Kay was not a girl who wept easily, but she felt strangely close to tears. She removed the agitated kitten from Sam's coat and put it on the grass, where it immediately made another spirited attempt to climb the tree. Foiled in this, it raced for the coal cellar and disappeared from the social life of San Rafael until late in the afternoon.

"Your poor hands!" said Kay.

Sam regarded his palms with some surprise. In the excitement of the recent passage he had been unaware of injury.

"It's all right," he said. "Only skinned a little."

Hash would have none of this airy indifference.

"Ah," he said, "and the next thing you know you'll be getting dirt into 'em and going down with lockjaw. I had an uncle what got dirt into a cut 'and, and three days later we were buying our blacks for him."

"Oh!" gasped Kay.

"Two and a half really," said Hash. "Because he expired toward evening."

"I'll run and get a sponge and a basin," said Kay in agitation.

"That's awfully good of you," said Sam. O woman, he felt, in our hours of ease uncertain, coy and hard to please; when pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou.

And he nearly said as much.

"You don't want to do that, miss," said Hash. "Much simpler for him to come indoors and put 'em under the tap."

"Perhaps that would be better," agreed Kay.

Sam regarded his practical-minded subordinate with something of the injured loathing which his cooking had occasionally caused to appear on the faces of dainty feeders in the foc'sle of the Araminta.

"This isn't your busy day, Hash, I take it?" he said coldly.

"Pardon?"

"I said you seem to be taking life pretty easily. Why don't you do a little work sometimes? If you imagine you're a lily of the field, look in the glass and adjust that impression."

Hash drew himself up, wounded.

"I'm only stayin' 'ere to 'elp and encourage," he said stiffly. "Now that what I might call the peril is over, there's nothing to keep me."

"Nothing," agreed Sam cordially.

"I'll be going."

"You know your way," said Sam. He turned to Kay. "Hash is an ass," he said. "Put them under the tap, indeed! These hands need careful dressing."

"Perhaps they do," Kay agreed.

"They most certainly do."

"Shall we go in, then?"

"Without delay," said Sam.

"There," said Kay some ten minutes later. "I think that will be all right."

The finest efforts of the most skilful surgeon could not have evoked more enthusiasm from her patient. Sam regarded his bathed and sticking-plastered hands with an admiration that was almost ecstatic.

"You've had training in this sort of thing," he said.

"No."

"You've never been a nurse?"

"Never!"

"Then," said Sam, "it is pure genius. It is just one of those cases of an amazing natural gift. You've probably saved my life. Oh, yes, you have! Remember what Hash said about lockjaw."

"But I thought you thought Hash was an ass."

"In many ways, yes," said Sam. "But on some points he has a certain rugged common sense. He ——"

"Won't you be awfully late for the office?"

"For the what? Oh! Well, yes, I suppose I ought to be going there. But I've got to have breakfast first."

"Well, hurry, then. My uncle will be wondering what has become of you."

"Yes. What a delightful man your uncle is!"

"Yes, isn't he! Good-by."

"I don't know when I've met a man I respected more."

"This will be wonderful news for him."

"So kind."

"Yes."

"So patient with me."

"I expect he needs to be."

"The sort of man it's a treat to work with."

"If you hurry you'll be able to work with him all the sooner"

"Yes," said Sam; "yes. Er—is there any message I can give him?"

"No, thanks."

"Ah? Well, then look here," said Sam. "Would you care to come and have lunch somewhere today?"

Kay hesitated. Then her eyes fell on those sticking-plastered hands and she melted. After all, when a young man has been displaying great heroism in her service, a girl must do the decent thing

"I should like to," she said

"The Savoy Grill at 1:30?"

"All right. Are you going to bring my uncle along?"

Sam started.

"Why—er—that would be splendid, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, I forgot. He's lunching with a man today at the Press Club."

"Is he?" said Sam. "Is he really?"

His affection and respect for Mr. Matthew Wrenn increased to an almost overwhelming degree. He went back to Mon Repos feeling that it was the presence in the world of men like Matthew Wrenn that gave the lie to pessimism concerning the future of the human race.

Kay, meanwhile, in her rôle of understudy to Claire Lippett, who had just issued a bulletin to the effect that the neuralgic pains were diminishing and that she hoped to be up and about by midday, proceeded to an energetic dusting of the house. As a rule, she hated this sort of work, but today a strange feeling of gayety stimulated her. She found herself looking forward to the lunch at the Savoy with something of the eagerness which, as a child, she had felt at the approach of a party. Reluctant to attribute this to the charms of a young man whom less than twenty-four hours ago she had heartily disliked, she decided that it must be the prospect of once more enjoying good cooking in pleasant surroundings that was causing her excitement. Until recently she had taken her midday meal at the home of Mrs. Winnington-Bates, and, as with a celebrated chewing gum, the taste lingered.

She finished her operations in the dining room and made her way to the drawing-room. Here the photograph of herself on the mantelpiece attracted her attention. She picked it up and stood gazing at it earnestly.

A sharp double rap on the front door broke in on her reflections. It was the postman with the second delivery, and he had rapped because among his letters for San Rafael was one addressed to Kay on which the writer had omitted to place a stamp. Kay paid the twopence and took the letter back with her to the drawing-room, hoping that the interest of its contents would justify the financial outlay.

Inspecting them, she decided that they did. The letter was from Willoughby Braddock; and Mr. Braddock, both writing and expressing himself rather badly, desired to know if Kay could see her way to marrying him.

XXI

THE little lobby of the Savoy grillroom that opens onto Savoy Court is a restful place for meditation; and Kay, arriving there at twenty minutes past one, was glad that she was early. She needed solitude, and regretted that in another ten minutes Sam would come in and deprive her of it. Ever since she had received his letter she had been pondering deeply on the matter of Willoughby Braddock, but had not yet succeeded in reaching a definite conclusion either in his favor or against him.

In his favor stood the fact that he had been a pleasant factor in her life as far back as she could remember. She had bird's-nested with him on spring afternoons, she had played the mild card games of childhood with him on winter evenings, and—as has been stated—she had sat in trees and criticized with incisive power his habit of wearing bed socks. These things count. Marrying Willoughby would undeniably impart a sort of restful continuity to life. On the other hand ——

"Hullo!"

A young man, entering the lobby, had halted before her. For a moment she supposed that it was Sam, come to bid her to the feast; then, emerging from her thoughts, she looked up and perceived that blot on the body politic, Claude Winnington-Bates.

He was looking down at her with a sort of sheepish impudence, as a man will when he encounters unexpectedly a girl who in the not distant past has blacked his eye with a heavy volume of theological speculation. He was a slim young man, dressed in the height of fashion. His mouth was small and furtive, his eyes flickered with a kind of stupid slyness, and his hair, which mounted his head in a series of ridges or terraces, shone with the unguent affected by the young lads of the town. A messy spectacle.

"Hullo," he said. "Waiting for someone?"

For a brief, wistful instant Kay wished that the years could roll back, making her young enough to be permitted to say some of the things she had said to Willoughby Braddock on that summer morning long ago when the topic of bed socks had come up between them. Being now of an age of discretion and so debarred from that rich eloquence, she contented herself with looking through him and saying nothing.

The treatment was not effective. Claude sat down on the lounge beside her.

"I say, you know," he urged, "there's no need to be ratty. I mean to say ——"

Kay abandoned her policy of silence.

"Mr. Bates," she said, "do you remember a boy who was at school with you named Shotter?"

"Sam Shotter?" said Claude, delighted at her chattiness. "Oh, yes, rather. I remember Sam Shotter. Rather a bad show, that. I saw him the other night and he was absolutely ——"

"He's coming here in a minute or two. And if he finds you sitting on this lounge and I explain to him that you have been annoying me, he will probably tear you into little bits. I should go if I were you."

Claude Bates went. Indeed, the verb but feebly expresses the celerity of his movement. One moment he was lolling on the lounge; the next he had ceased to be and the lobby was absolutely free from him. Kay, looking over her shoulder into the grillroom, observed him drop into a chair and mop his forehead with a handkerchief.

She returned to her thoughts.

The advent of Claude had given them a new turn; or, rather, it had brought prominently before her mind what until then had only lurked at the back of it—the matter of Willoughby Braddock's financial status. Willoughby Braddock was a very rich man; the girl who became Mrs. Willoughby Braddock would be a very rich woman. She would, that is to say, step automatically into a position in life where the prowling Claude Bateses of the world would cease to be an annoyance. And this was beyond a doubt another point in Mr. Braddock's favor.

Willoughby, moreover, was rich in the right way, in the Midways fashion, with the

(Continued on Page 95)

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(Continued from Page 92)

richness that went with old graystone houses and old green parks and all the comfortable joy of the English country. He could give her the kind of life she had grown up in and loved. But on the other hand——

Kay stared thoughtfully before her; and, staring, was aware of Sam hurrying through the swing door.

"I'm not late, am I?" said Sam anxiously.

"No, I don't think so."

"Then come along. Golly, what a corking day!"

He shepherded her solicitously into the grillroom and made for a table by the large window that looks out onto the court. A cloakroom waiter, who had padded silently upon their trail, collected his hat and stick and withdrew with the air of a leopard that has made a good kill.

"Nice-looking chap," said Sam, following him with an appreciative eye.

"You seem to be approving of everything and everybody this morning."

"I am. This is the maddest, merriest day of all the glad New Year, and you can quote me as saying so. Now then, what is it to be?"

Having finished his ordering, a task which he approached on a lavish scale, Sam leaned forward and gazed fondly at his guest.

"Gosh!" he said rapturously. "I never thought, when I was sitting in that fishing hut staring at your photograph, that only a month or two later I'd be having lunch with you at the Savoy."

Kay was a little startled. Her brief acquaintance with him had taught her that Sam was a man of what might be called direct methods, but she had never expected that he would be quite so direct as this. In his lexicon there appeared to be no such words as "reticence" and "finesse."

"What fishing hut was that?" she asked, feeling rather like a fireman turning a leaky hose on a briskly burning warehouse full of explosives.

"You wouldn't know it. It's the third on the left as you enter Canada."

"Are you fond of fishing?"

"Yes. But we won't talk about that, if you don't mind. Let's stick to the photograph."

"You keep talking about a photograph and I don't in the least know what you mean."

"The photograph I was speaking of at dinner last night."

"Oh, the one your friend found—of some girl."

"It wasn't a friend; it was me. And it wasn't some girl; it was you."

Here the waiter intruded, bearing hors d'œuvres. Kay lingered over her selection, but the passage of time had not the effect of diverting her host from his chosen topic. Kay began to feel that nothing short of an earthquake would do that, and probably not even an earthquake unless it completely wrecked the grillroom.

"I remember the first time I saw that photograph."

"I wonder which it was," said Kay casually.

"It was ——"

"So long as it wasn't the one of me sitting in a sea shell at the age of two, I don't mind."

"It was ——"

"They told me that if I was very good and sat very still, I should see a bird come out of the camera. I don't believe it ever did. And why they let me appear in a costume like that, even at the age of two, I can't imagine."

"It was the one of you in a riding habit, standing by your horse."

"Oh, that one? . . . I think I will take eggs after all."

"Eggs? What eggs?"

"I don't know. *Œufs à la* something, weren't they?"

"Wait!" said Sam. He spoke as one groping his way through a maze. "Somehow or other we seem to have got onto the subject of eggs. I don't want to talk about eggs."

"Though I'm not positive it was à la something. I believe it was *œufs Marseillaises* or some word like that. Anyhow, just call the waiter and say eggs."

Sam called the waiter and said eggs. The waiter appeared not only to understand but to be gratified.

"The first time I saw that photograph ——" he resumed.

"I wonder why they call those eggs *œufs Marseillaises*," said Kay pensively. "Do you think it's a special sort of egg they have in Marseilles?"

"I couldn't say. You know," said Sam, "I'm not really frightfully interested in eggs."

"Have you ever been in Marseilles?"

"Yes, I went there once with the Araminta."

"Who is Araminta?"

"The Araminta. A tramp steamer I've made one or two trips on."

"What fun! Tell me all about your trips on the Araminta."

"There's nothing to tell."

"Was that where you met the man you call Hash?"

"Yes. He was the cook. Weren't you surprised," said Sam, beginning to see his way, "when you heard that he was engaged to Claire?"

"Yes," said Kay, regretting that she had shown interest in tramp steamers.

"It just shows ——"

"I suppose the drawback to going about on small boats like that is the food. It's difficult to get fresh vegetables, I should think—and eggs."

"Life isn't all eggs," said Sam desperately.

The head waiter, a paternal man, halted at the table and inquired if everything was to the satisfaction of the lady and gentleman. The lady replied brightly that everything was perfect. The gentleman grunted.

"They're very nice here," said Kay. "They make you feel as if they were fond of you."

"If they weren't nice to you," said Sam vehemently, "they ought to be shot. And I'd like to see the fellow who wouldn't be fond of you."

Kay began to have a sense of defeat, not unlike that which comes to a scientific boxer who has held off a rushing opponent for several rounds and feels himself weakening.

"The first time I saw that photograph," said Sam, "was one night when I had come in tired out after a day's fishing."

"Talking about fish ——"

"It was pretty dark in the hut, with only an oil lamp on the table, and I didn't notice it at first. Then, when I was having a smoke after dinner, my eye caught something tacked up on the wall. I went across to have a look, and, by Jove, I nearly dropped the lamp!"

"Why?"

"Why? Because it was such a shock."

"So hideous?"

"So lovely, so radiant, so beautiful, so marvelous."

"I see."

"So heavenly, so ——"

"Yes? There's Claude Bates over at that table."

The effect of these words on her companion was so electrical that it seemed to Kay that she had at last discovered a theme which would take his mind off other and disconcerting topics. Sam turned a dull crimson; his eyes hardened; his jaw protruded; he struggled for speech.

"The tick! The blister! The blighter! The worm! The pest! The hound! The bounder!" he cried. "Where is he?"

He twisted round in his chair, and having located the companion of his boyhood, gazed at the back of his ridged and shining head with a malevolent scowl. Then, taking up a hard and nobbly roll, he poised it lovingly.

"You mustn't!"

"Just this one!"

"No!"

"Very well."

Sam threw down the roll with resignation. Kay looked at him in alarm.

"I had no idea you disliked him so much as that!"

"He ought to have his neck broken."

"Haven't you forgiven him yet for stealing jam sandwiches at school?"

"It has nothing whatever to do with jam sandwiches. If you really want to know why I loathe and detest the little beast, it is because he had the nerve—the audacity—the insolence—the immortal rind to—to—er"—he choked—"to kiss you. Blast him!" said Sam, wholly forgetting the dictates of all good etiquette books respecting the kind of language suitable in the presence of the other sex.

Kay gasped. It is embarrassing for a girl to find what she had supposed to be her most intimate private affairs suddenly become, to all appearances, public property.

"How do you know that?" she exclaimed.

"Your uncle told me this morning."

"He had no business to."

"Well, he did. And what it all boils down to," said Sam, "is this—will you marry me?"

"Will I—what?"

"Marry me."

For a moment Kay stared speechlessly; then, throwing her head back, she gave out a short, sharp scream of laughter which made a luncher at the next table stab himself in the cheek with an oyster fork. The luncher looked at her reproachfully. So did Sam.

"You seem amused," he said coldly.

"Of course I'm amused," said Kay.

Her eyes were sparkling, and that little dimple on her chin which had so excited Sam's admiration when seen in photographic reproduction had become a large dimple. Sam tickled her sense of humor. He appealed to her in precisely the same way as the dog Amy had appealed to her in the garden that morning.

"I don't see why," said Sam. "There's nothing funny about it. It's monstrous that you should be going about at the mercy of every bounder who takes it into his head to insult you. The idea of a fellow with marcelled hair having the crust to——"

He paused. He simply could not mention that awful word again.

"—— kiss me?" said Kay. "Well, you did."

"That," said Sam with dignity, "was different. That was—er—well, in short, different. The fact remains that you need somebody to look after you, to protect you."

"And you chivalrously offer to do it? I call that awfully nice of you, but—well, don't you think it's rather absurd?"

"I see nothing absurd in it at all."

"How many times have you seen me in your life?"

"Thousands!"

"What? Oh, I was forgetting the photograph. But do photographs really count?"

"Yes."

"Mine can't have counted much, if the first thing you did was to tell your friend Cordelia Blair about it and say she might use it as a story."

"I didn't. I only said that at dinner to—to introduce the subject. As if I would have dreamed of talking about you to anybody! And she isn't a friend of mine."

"But you kissed her."

"I did not kiss her."

"My uncle insists that you did. He says he heard horrible sounds of bohemian revelry going on in the outer office and then you came in and said the lady was soothed."

"Your uncle talks too much," said Sam severely.

"Just what I was thinking a little while ago. But still, if he tells you my secrets, it's only fair that he should tell me yours."

Sam swallowed somewhat convulsively.

"If you really want to know what happened, I'll tell you. I did not kiss that ghastly Blair pip squeak. She kissed me."

"What?"

"She kissed me," repeated Sam doggedly. "I had been laying it on pretty thick about how much I admired her work, and suddenly she said 'Oh, you dear boy!' and

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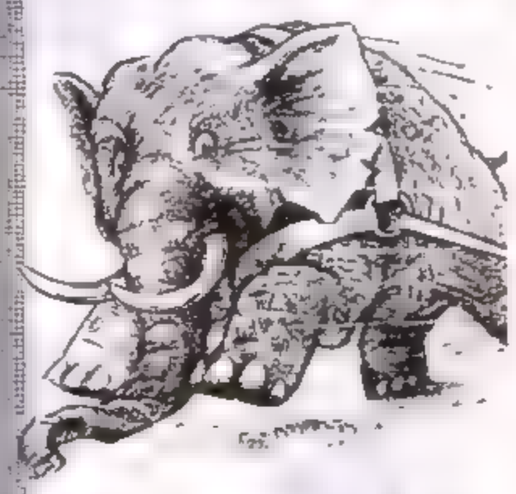

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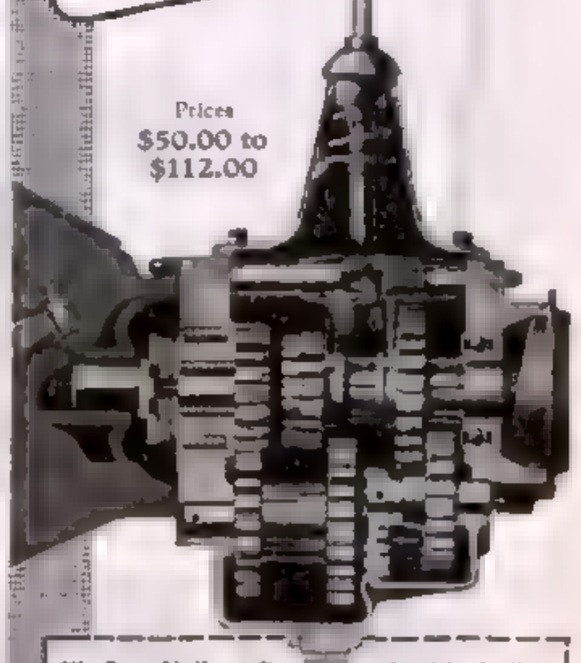

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flung her loathsome arms round my neck. What could I do? I might have uppercut her as she bored in, but, short of that, there wasn't any way of stopping her."

A look of shocked sympathy came into Kay's face.

"It's monstrous," she said, "that you should be going about at the mercy of every female novelist who takes it into her head to insult you. You need somebody to look after you, to protect you ——"

Sam's dignity, never a very durable article, collapsed.

"You're quite right," he said. "Well then ——"

Kay shook her head.

"No, I'm not going to volunteer. Whatever your friend Cordelia Blair may say in her stories, girls don't marry men they've only seen twice in their lives."

"This is the fourth time you've seen me."

"Or even four times."

"I knew a man in America who met a girl at a party one night and married her next morning."

"And they were divorced the week after, I should think. No, Mr. Shotter ——"

"You may call me Sam."

"I suppose I ought to after this. No, Sam, I will not marry you. Thanks ever so much for asking me, of course."

"Not at all."

"I don't know you well enough."

"I feel as if I had known you all my life."

"Do you?"

"I feel as if we had been destined for each other from the beginning of time."

"Perhaps you were a king in Babylon and I was a Christian slave."

"I shouldn't wonder. And what is more, I'll tell you something. When I was in America, before I had ever dreamed of coming over to England, a palmist told me that I was shortly about to take a long journey, at the end of which I should meet a fair girl."

"You can't believe what those palmists say."

"Ah, but everything else that this one told me was absolutely true."

"Yes?"

"Yes. She said I had a rare spiritual nature and a sterling character and was beloved by all; but that people meeting me for the first time sometimes failed to appreciate me ——"

"I certainly did."

"—— because I had such hidden depths."

"Oh, was that the reason?"

"Well, that shows you."

"Did she tell you anything else?"

"Something about bewaring of a dark man, but nothing of importance. Still, I don't call it a bad fifty cents' worth."

"Did she say that you were going to marry this girl?"

"She did —explicitly."

"Then the idea, as I understand it, is that you want me to marry you so that you won't feel you wasted your fifty cents. Is that it?"

"Not precisely. You are overlooking the fact that I love you." He looked at her reproachfully. "Don't laugh."

"Was I laughing?"

"You were."

"I'm sorry. I oughtn't to mock a strong man's love, ought I?"

"You oughtn't to mock anybody's love. Love's a very wonderful thing. It even made Hash look almost beautiful for a moment, and that's going some."

"When is it going to make you look beautiful?"

"Hasn't it?"

"Not yet."

"You must be patient."

"I'll try to be, and in the meantime let us face this situation. Do you know what a girl in a Cordelia Blair story would do if she were in my place?"

"Something darned silly, I expect."

"Not at all. She would do something very pretty and touching. She would look at the man and smile tremulously and say, 'I'm sorry, Roland -or Edgar—so sorry. You have paid me the greatest compliment a man can pay a woman. But it cannot be. So shall we be pals—just real pals?'"

"And he would redden and go to Africa, I suppose?"

"No. I should think he would just hang about and hope that some day she might change her mind. Girls often do, you know."

She smiled and put out her hand. Sam, with a cold glance at the head waiter, whom he considered to be standing much too near and looking much too paternal, took it. He did more—he squeezed it. And an elderly gentleman of Napoleonic presence, who had been lunching with a cabinet minister in the main dining room and was now walking through the court on his way back to his office, saw the proceedings through the large window and halted, spellbound.

For a long instant he stood there, gaping. He saw Kay smile. He saw Sam take her hand. He saw Sam smile. He saw Sam hold her hand. And then it seemed to him that he had seen enough. Abandoning his intention of walking down Fleet Street, he hailed a cab.

"There's Lord Tilbury," said Kay, looking out.

"Yes?" said Sam. He was not interested in Lord Tilbury.

"Going back to work, I suppose. Isn't it about time you were?"

"Perhaps it is. You wouldn't care to come along and have a chat with your uncle?"

"I may look in later. Just now I want to go to that messenger-boy office in Northumberland Avenue and send off a note."

"Important?"

"It is, rather," said Kay. "Willoughby Braddock wanted me to do something, and now I find that I shan't be able to."

XXII

ALTHOUGH Lord Tilbury had not seen much of what had passed between Kay and Sam at the luncheon table, he had seen quite enough; and as he drove back to Tilbury House in his cab he was thinking hard and bitter thoughts of the duplicity of the modern girl. Here, he reflected, was one who, encountered at dinner on a given night, had as good as stated in set terms that she thoroughly disliked Sam Shotter. And on the very next afternoon, there she was, lunching with this same Sam Shotter, smiling at this same Sam Shotter and allowing this same Sam Shotter to press her hand. It all looked very black to Lord Tilbury, and the only solution that presented itself to him was that the girl's apparent dislike of Sam on the previous night had been caused by a lovers' quarrel. He knew all about lovers' quarrels, for his papers were full of stories, both short and in serial form, that dealt with nothing else. Oh, woman, woman! about summed up Lord Tilbury's view of the affair.

He was, he perceived, in an extraordinarily difficult position. As he had explained to his sister Frances on the occasion of Sam's first visit to the Mammoth Publishing Company, a certain tactfulness and diplomacy in the handling of that disturbing young man were essential. He had not been able, during his visit to America, to ascertain exactly how Sam stood in the estimation of his uncle. The impression Lord Tilbury had got was that Mr. Pynsent was fond of him. If, therefore, any unpleasantness should occur which might lead to a breach between Sam and the Mammoth Publishing Company, Mr. Pynsent might be expected to take his nephew's side, and this would be disastrous. Any steps, accordingly, which were to be taken in connection with foiling the young man's love affair must be taken subtly and with stealth.

That such steps were necessary it never occurred to Lord Tilbury for an instant to doubt. His only standard when it came to judging his fellow creatures was the money standard, and it would have seemed ridiculous to him to suppose that any charm or moral worth that Kay might possess could neutralize the fact that she had not a penny in the world. He took it for granted that

(Continued on Page 98)

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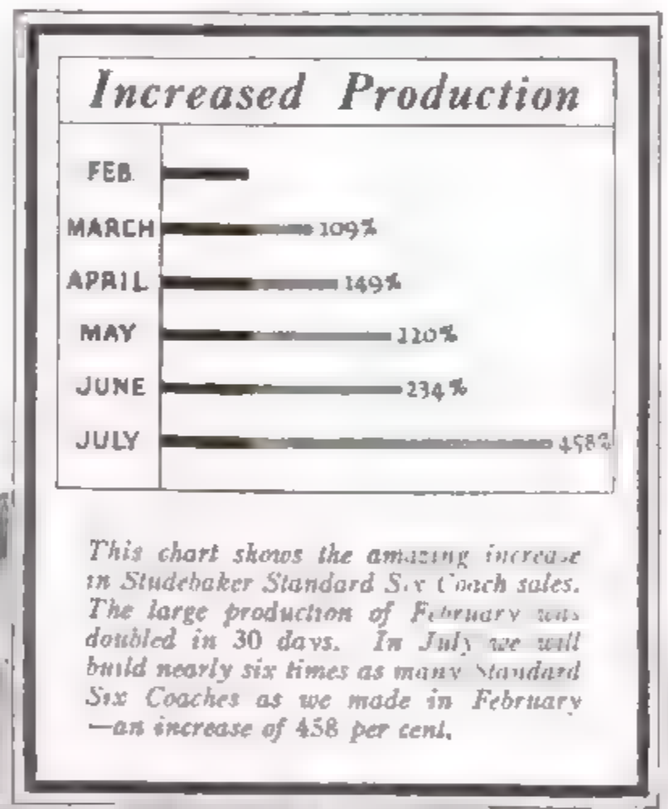

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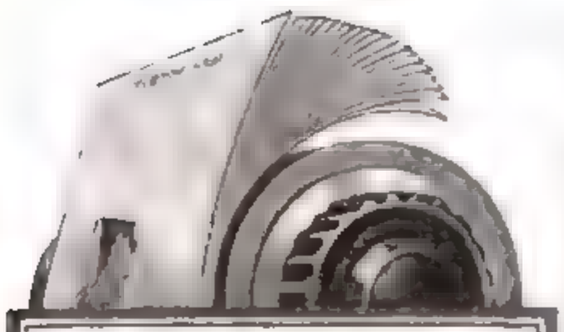

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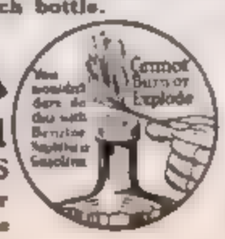

(Continued from Page 96

Mr. Pynsent would see eye to eye with him in this matter.

In these circumstances the helplessness of his position tormented him. He paced the room in an agony of spirit. The very first move in his campaign must obviously be to keep a watchful eye on Sam and note what progress this deplorable affair of his was having. But Sam was in Valley Fields and he was in London. What he required, felt Lord Tilbury, as he plowed to and fro over the carpet, his thumbs tucked into the armholes of his waistcoat, his habit when in thought, was an ally. But what ally?

A secret-service man. But what secret-service man? A properly accredited spy, who, introduced by some means into the young man's house, could look, listen and make daily reports on his behavior.

But what spy?

And then, suddenly, as he continued to perambulate, inspiration came to Lord Tilbury. It seemed to him that the job in hand might have been created to order for young Pilbeam.

Among the numerous publications which had their being in Tilbury House was that popular weekly, Society Spice, a paper devoted to the exploitation of the shadier side of London life and edited by one whom the proprietor of the Mammoth had long looked on as the brightest and most promising of his young men—Percy Pilbeam, to wit, as enterprising a human ferret as ever wrote a Things-We-Want-to-Know-Don't-You-Know paragraph. Young Pilbeam would handle this business as it should be handled.

It was the sort of commission which he had undertaken before and carried through with complete success, reflected Lord Tilbury, recalling how only a few months back Percy Pilbeam, in order to obtain material for his paper, had gone for three weeks as valet to one of the smart set—the happy conclusion of the venture being that admirable Country-House Cesspools series which had done so much for the rural circulation of Society Spice.

His hand was on the buzzer to summon this eager young spirit, when a disturbing thought occurred to him, and instead of sending for Percy Pilbeam, he sent for Sam Shotter.

"Ah, Shotter, I—ah —— Do you happen to know young Pilbeam?" said His Lordship.

"The editor of Society Spice?"

"Exactly."

"I know him by sight."

"You know him by sight, eh? Ah? You know him, eh? Exactly. Quite so. I was only wondering. A charming young fellow. You should cultivate his acquaintance. That is all, Shotter."

Sam, with a passing suspicion that the strain of conducting a great business had been too much for his employer, returned to his work; and Lord Tilbury, walking with bent brows to the window, stood looking out, once more deep in thought.

The fact that Sam was acquainted with Pilbeam was just one of those little accidents which so often upset the brilliantly conceived plans of great generals, and it left His Lordship at something of a loss. Pilbeam was a man he could have trusted in a delicate affair like this, and now that he was ruled out, where else was an adequate agent to be found?

It was at this point in his meditations that his eyes, roving restlessly, were suddenly attracted by a sign on a window immediately opposite:

THE TILBURY DETECTIVE AGENCY, LTD.
J. Sheringham Adair, Mgr.
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Such was the sign, and Lord Tilbury read and reread it with bulging eyes. It thrilled him like a direct answer to prayer.

A moment later he had seized his hat, and without pausing to wait for the lift, was leaping down the stairs like some chamois of the Alps that bounds from crag to crag. He reached the lobby and, at a rate of speed almost dangerous in a man of his build and sedentary habits, whizzed across the street.

XXIII

ALTHOUGH, with the single exception of a woman who had lost her Pekingese dog there had never yet been a client on the premises of the Tilbury Detective Agency, it was Chimp Twist's practice to repair daily to his office and remain there for an hour or two every afternoon. If questioned, he would have replied that he might just as well be there as anywhere; and he felt, moreover, that it looked well for him to be seen going in and out—a theory which was supported by the fact that only a couple of days back the policeman on the beat had touched his helmet to him. To have policemen touching themselves on the helmet instead of him on the shoulder was a novel and agreeable experience to Chimp.

This afternoon he was sitting, as usual, with the solitaire pack laid out on the table before him, but his mind was not on the game. He was musing on Soapy Molloy's story of his failure to persuade Sam to evacuate Mon Repos.

To an extent, this failure had complicated matters; and yet there was a bright side. To have walked in and collected the late Edward Finglass' legacy without let or hindrance would have been agreeable; but, on the other hand, it would have involved sharing with Soapy and his bride; and Chimp was by nature one of those men who, when there is money about, instinctively dislike seeing even a portion of it get away from them. It seemed to him that a man of his admitted ingenuity might very well evolve some scheme by which the Molloy family could be successfully excluded from all participation in the treasure.

It only required a little thought, felt Chimp; and he was still thinking when a confused noise without announced the arrival of Lord Tilbury.

The opening of the door was followed by a silence. Lord Tilbury was not built for speed, and the rapidity with which he had crossed the street and mounted four flights of stairs had left him in a condition where he was able only to sink into a chair and pant like a spent seal. As for Chimp, he was too deeply moved to speak. Even when lying back in a chair and saying "Woof!" Lord Tilbury still retained the unmistakable look of one to whom bank managers grovel, and the sudden apparition of such a man affected him like a miracle. He felt as if he had been fishing idly for minnows and landed a tarpon.

Being, however, a man of resource, he soon recovered himself. Placing a foot on a button beneath the table, he caused a sharp ringing to pervade the office.

"Excuse me," he said, politely but with a busy man's curtness, as he took up the telephone. "Yes? Yes? Yes, this is the Tilbury Detective Agency. . . . Scotland Yard? Right, I'll hold the wire."

He placed a hand over the transmitter and turned to Lord Tilbury.

"Always bothering me," he said.

"Woof!" said Lord Tilbury.

Mr. Twist renewed his attention to the telephone.

"Hullo! . . . Sir John? Good afternoon. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . We are doing our best, Sir John. We are always anxious to oblige headquarters. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Very well, Sir John. Good-by."

He replaced the receiver and was at Lord Tilbury's disposal.

"If the Yard would get rid of their antiquated system and give more scope to men of brains," he said, not bitterly but with a touch of annoyance, "they would not always have to be appealing to us to help them out. Did you know that a man cannot be a detective at Scotland Yard unless he is over a certain height?"

"You surprise me," said Lord Tilbury, who was now feeling better.

"Five-foot-nine, I believe it is. Could there be an absurder regulation?"

"It sounds ridiculous."

"And is," said Chimp severely. "I am five-foot-seven myself. Wilbraham and Donahue, the best men on my staff, are an inch and half an inch shorter. You cannot gauge brains by height."

"No, indeed," said Lord Tilbury, who was five-feet-six. "Look at Napoleon! And Nelson!"

"Exactly," said Chimp. "Battling Nelson. A very good case in point. And Tom Sharkey was a short man too. . . . Well, what was it you wished to consult me about, Mr —— I have not your name."

Lord Tilbury hesitated.

"I take it that I may rely on your complete discretion, Mr. Adair?"

"Nothing that you tell me in this room will go any farther," said Chimp, with dignity.

"I am Lord Tilbury," said His Lordship, looking like a man unveiling a statue of himself.

"The proprietor of the joint across the way?"

"Exactly," said Lord Tilbury a little shortly.

He had expected his name to cause more emotion, and he did not like hearing the Mammoth Publishing Company described as "the joint across the way."

He would have been gratified had he known that his companion had experienced considerable emotion and that it was only by a strong effort that he had contrived to conceal it. He might have been less pleased if he had been aware that Chimp was confidently expecting him to reveal some disgraceful secret which would act as the foundation for future blackmail. For although, in establishing his detective agency, Chimp Twist had been animated chiefly by the desire to conceal his more important movements, he had never lost sight of the fact that there are possibilties in such an institution.

"And what can I do for you, Lord Tilbury?" he asked, putting his finger tips together.

His Lordship bent closer.

"I want a man watched."

Once again his companion was barely able to conceal his elation. This sounded exceptionally promising. Though only an imitation private detective, Chimp Twist had a genuine private detective's soul. He could imagine but one reason why men should want men watched.

"A boy on the staff of Tilbury House."

"Ah!" said Chimp, more convinced than ever. "Good-looking fellow, I suppose?"

Lord Tilbury considered. He had never had occasion to form an opinion of Sam's looks.

"Yes," he said.

"One of these lounge lizards, eh? One of these parlor tarantulas? I know the sort—know 'em well. One of these slithery young-feller-me-lads with educated feet and shiny hair. And when did the dirty work start?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"When did you first suspect this young man of alienating Lady Tilbury's affections?"

"Lady Tilbury? I don't understand you. I am a widower."

"Eh? Then what's this fellow done?" said Chimp, feeling at sea again.

Lord Tilbury coughed.

"I had better tell you the whole position. This boy is the nephew of a business acquaintance of mine in America, with whom I am in the process of conducting some very delicate negotiations. He, the boy, is over here at the moment, working on my staff, and I am, you will understand, practically responsible to his uncle for his behavior. That is to say, should he do anything of which his uncle might disapprove, the blame will fall on me, and these negotiations—these very delicate negotiations—will undoubtedly be broken off. My American acquaintance is a peculiar man, you understand."

"Well?"

"Well, I have just discovered that the boy is conducting a clandestine love affair

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 98)

with a girl of humble circumstances who resides in the suburb."

"A tooting tooti-frooti," translated Chimp, nodding. "I see."

"A what?" asked Lord Tilbury, a little blankly.

"A belle of Balham—Bertha from Brixton."

"She lives at Valley Fields. And this boy Shotter has taken the house next door to her. I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing," said Chimp in a thick voice.

"I thought you spoke."

"No." Chimp swallowed feverishly. "Did you say Shotter?"

"Shotter."

"Taken a house in Valley Fields?"

"Yes. In Burberry Road. Mon Repos is the name."

"Ah!" said Chimp, expelling a deep breath.

"You see the position? All that can be done at present is to institute a close watch on the boy. It may be that I have allowed myself to become unduly alarmed. Possibly he does not contemplate so serious a step as marriage with this young woman. Nevertheless, I should be decidedly relieved if I felt that there was someone in his house watching his movements and making daily reports to me."

"I'll take this case," said Chimp.

"Good! You will put a competent man on it?"

"I wouldn't trust it to one of my staff, not even Wilbraham or Donahue. I'll take it on myself."

"That is very good of you, Mr. Adair."

"A pleasure," said Chimp.

"And now arises a difficult point. How do you propose to make your entry into young Shotter's household?"

"Easy as pie. Odd-job man."

"Odd-job man?"

"They always want odd-job men down in the suburbs. Fellows who'll do the dirty work that the help kick at. Listen here: you tell this young man that I'm a fellow that once worked for you and ask him to engage me as a personal favor. That'll cinch it. He won't like to refuse the boss—what I mean."

"True," said Lord Tilbury. "True. But it will necessitate something in the nature of a change of costume," he went on, looking at the other's shining tweeds.

"Don't you fret about that. I'll dress the part."

"And what name would you suggest taking? Not your own, of course?"

"I've always called myself Twist before."

"Twist? Excellent! Then suppose you come to my office in half an hour's time."

"Sure!"

"I am much obliged, Mr. Adair."

"Not at all," said Chimp handsomely. "Not a-tall! Don't mention it. Only too pleased."

XXIV

SAM, when the summons came for him to go to his employer's office, was reading with no small complacency a little thing of his own in the issue of Pyke's Home Companion which would be on the bookstalls next morning. It was signed Aunt Ysobel, and it gave some most admirable counsel to Worried—Upper Sydenham—who had noticed of late a growing coldness toward her on the part of her betrothed.

He had just finished reading this, marveling, as authors will when they see their work in print, at the purity of his style and the soundness of his reasoning, when the telephone rang and he learned that Lord Tilbury desired his presence. He hastened to the holy of holies and found there not only His Lordship but a little man with a waxed mustache, to which he took an instant dislike.

"Ah, Shotter," said Lord Tilbury.

There was a pause. Lord Tilbury, one hand resting on the back of his chair, the fingers of the other in the fold of his waistcoat, stood looking like a Victorian uncle being photographed. The little man fingered the waxed mustache. And Sam glanced from Lord Tilbury to the mustache inquiringly and with distaste. He had never seen a mustache he disliked more.

"Ah, Shotter," said Lord Tilbury, "this is a man named Twist, who was at one time in my employment."

"Odd-job man," interpolated the waxed-mustached one.

"As odd-job man," said Lord Tilbury.

"Ah?" said Sam.

"He is now out of work."

Sam, looking at Mr. Twist, considered that this spoke well for the rugged good sense of the employers of London.

"I have nothing to offer him myself," continued Lord Tilbury, "so it occurred to me that you might possibly have room for him in your new house."

"Me?" said Sam.

"I should take it as a personal favor to myself if you would engage Twist. I naturally dislike the idea of an old and—er—faithful employe of mine being out of work."

Mr. Twist's foresight was justified. Put in this way, the request was one that Sam found it difficult to refuse.

"Oh, well, in that case ——"

"Excellent! No doubt you will find plenty of little things for him to do about your house and garden."

"He can wash the dog," said Sam, inspired. The question of the bathing of Amy was rapidly thrusting itself into the forefront of the domestic politics of Mon Repos.

"Exactly! And chop wood and run errands and what not."

"There's just one thing," said Sam, who had been eying his new assistant with growing aversion. "That mustache must come off."

"What?" cried Chimp, stricken to the core.

"Right off at the roots," said Sam sternly. "I will not have a thing like that about the place, attracting the moths."

Lord Tilbury sighed. He found this young man's eccentricities increasingly hard to bear. With that sad wistfulness which the Greeks called *pothos* and the Romans *desiderium*, he thought of the happy days, only a few weeks back, when he had been a peaceful, care-free man, ignorant of Sam's very existence. He had had his troubles then, no doubt; but how small and trivial they seemed now.

"I suppose Twist will shave off his mustache if you wish it," he said wearily.

Chancing to catch that eminent private investigator's eye, he was surprised to note its glazed and despairing expression. The man had the air of one who has received a death sentence.

"Shave it?" quavered Chimp, fondling the growth tenderly. "Shave my mustache?"

"Shave it," said Sam firmly. "Hew it down. Raze it to the soil and sow salt upon the foundations."

"Very good, sir," said Chimp lugubriously.

"That is settled then," said Lord Tilbury, relieved. "So you will enter Mr. Shotter's employment immediately, Twist."

Chimp nodded a mournful nod.

"You will find Twist thoroughly satisfactory, I am sure. He is quiet, sober, respectful and hard-working."

"Ah, that's bad," said Sam.

Lord Tilbury heaved another sigh.

XXV

WHEN Chimp Twist left Tilbury House, he turned westward along the Embankment, for he had an appointment to meet his colleagues of the syndicate at the Lyons tea shop in Green Street, Leicester Square. The depression which had swept over him on hearing Sam's dreadful edict had not lasted long. Men of Mr. Twist's mode of life are generally resilient. They have to be.

After all, he felt, it would be churlish of him, in the face of this almost supernatural slice of luck, to grumble at the one crumpled rose leaf. Besides, it would only take him about a couple of days to get away with the treasure of Mon Repos, and then he could go into retirement and grow his mustache again. For there is this about mustaches, as about whiskers—though of these Mr. Twist, to do him justice, had never been guilty—that, like truth, though crushed to earth, they will rise. A little patience and his mustache would rise on stepping-stones of its dead self to higher things. Yes, when the fields were white with daisies it would return. Pondering thus, Chimp Twist walked briskly to the end of the Embankment, turned up Northumberland Avenue, and reaching his destination, found Mr. and Mrs. Molloy waiting for him at a table in a far corner.

It was quiet in the tea shop at this hour, and the tryst had been arranged with that fact in mind. For this was in all essentials a board meeting of the syndicate, and business men and women do not like to have their talk interrupted by noisy strangers clamorous for food. With the exception of a woman in a black silk dress with bugles who, incredible as it may seem, had ordered cocoa and sparkling limado simultaneously and was washing down a meal of Cambridge sausages and pastry with alternate draughts of both liquids, the place was empty.

Soapy and his bride, Chimp perceived, were looking grave, even gloomy; and in the process of crossing the room he forced his own face into an expression in sympathy with theirs. It would not do, he realized, to allow his joyous excitement to become manifest at what was practically a post-mortem. For the meeting had been convened to sit upon the failure of his recent scheme and he suspected the possibility of a vote of censure. He therefore sat down with a heavy seriousness befitting the occasion; and having ordered a cup of coffee, replied to his companions' questioning glances with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"Nothing stirring," he said.

"You haven't doped out another scheme?" said Dolly, bending her shapely brows in a frown.

"Not yet."

"Then," demanded the lady heatedly, "where does this sixty-five-thirty-five stuff come in? That's what I'd like to know."

"Me, too," said Mr. Molloy with spirit. It occurred to Chimp that a little informal discussion must have been indulged in by his colleagues of the board previous to his arrival, for their unanimity was wonderful.

"You threw a lot of bull about being the brains of the concern," said Dolly accusingly, "and said that, being the brains of the concern, you had ought to be paid highest. And now you blow in and admit that you haven't any more ideas than a rabbit."

"Not so many," said Mr. Molloy, who liked rabbits and had kept them as a child.

Chimp stirred his coffee thoughtfully. He was meditating on what a difference a very brief time can make in the fortunes of man. But for that amazing incursion of Lord Tilbury, he would have been approaching this interview in an extremely less happy frame of mind. For it was plain that the temper of the shareholders was stormy.

"You're quite right, Dolly," he said humbly, "quite right. I'm not so good as I thought I was."

This handsome admission should have had the effect proverbially attributed to soft words, but it served only to fan the flame.

"Then where do you get off with this sixty-five-thirty-five?"

"I don't," said Chimp. "I don't, Dolly." The man's humility was touching. "That's all cold. We split fifty-fifty, that's what we do."

Soft words may fail, but figures never. Dolly uttered a cry that caused the woman in the bugles to spill her cocoa, and Mr. Molloy shook as with a palsy.

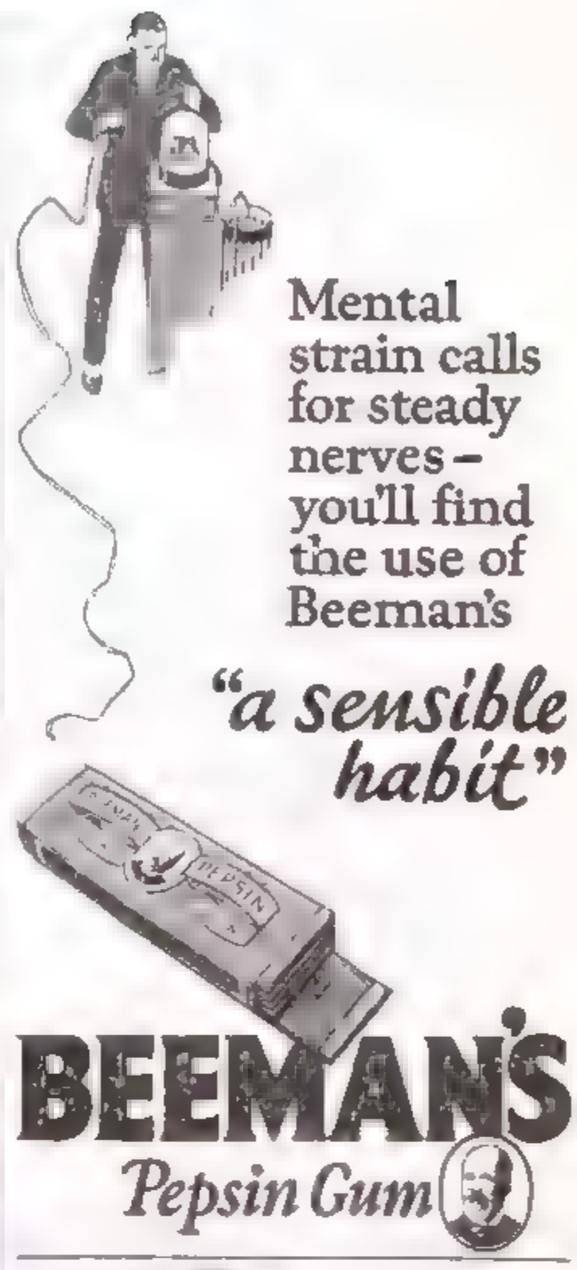
"Now you're talking," said Dolly.

"Now," said Mr. Molloy, "you are talking."

"Well, that's that," said Chimp. "Now let's get down to it and see what we can do."

"I might go to the joint and have another talk with that guy," suggested Mr. Molloy.

"No sense in that," said Chimp, somewhat perturbed. It did not at all suit his



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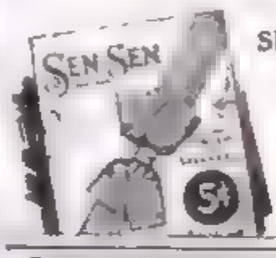

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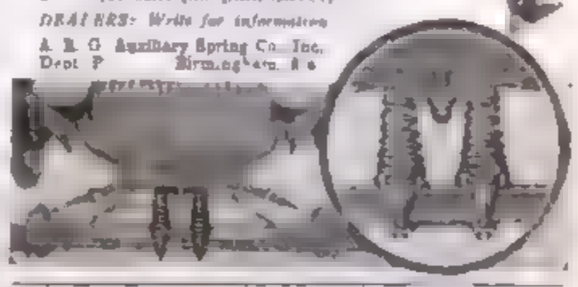

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ONE of the striking new "Zebra" patterns in genuine *Barbourwelt* was selected for this saddle-strap sport shoe.

The brown and white striped *Barbourwelt* adds a lot of style in matching the white buck and tan calfskin of the shoe. More important, however, is the fact that this upstanding rib of *Barbourwelt* construction acts as a retaining wall, reinforcing the inseam and preventing the foot from treading over and distorting the shape of the shoe.

Nunn-Bush is but one of the many manufacturers who are now making fine shoes with genuine *Barbourwelt*.

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Try this test—
In genuine *Barbourwelt* there is no opening or seam below this rib. You can't pry under it.

BARBOURWELT

"STORMWELT" *for winter* • "DRESSWELT" *for summer*

BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY
BROCKTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of High Grade Goodyear Welting for over 30 years

plans to have his old friend roaming about in the neighborhood of Mon Repos while he was in residence.

"I don't know so much," said Mr. Molloy thoughtfully. "I didn't seem to get going quite good that last time. The fellow had me out on the sidewalk before I could pull a real spiel. If I tried again ——"

"It wouldn't be any use," said Chimp. "This guy Shotter told you himself he had a special reason for staying on."

"You don't think he's wise to the stuff being there?" said Dolly, alarmed.

"No, no," said Chimp. "Nothing like that. There's a dame next door he's kind of stuck on."

"How do you know?"

Chimp gulped. He felt like a man who discovers himself on the brink of a precipice

"I—I was snooping around down there and I saw 'em," he said.

"What were you doing down there?" asked Dolly suspiciously

"Just looking around, Dolly, just looking around."

"Oh!"

The silence which followed was so embarrassing to a sensitive man that Chimp swallowed his coffee hastily and rose.

"Going?" said Mr. Molloy coldly.

"Just remembered I've got a date."

"When do we meet again?"

"No sense in meeting for the next day or two."

"Why not?"

"Well, a fellow wants time to think. I'll give you a ring."

"You'll be at your office tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow."

"Day after?"

"Maybe not the day after. I'm moving around some."

"Where?"

"Oh, all around."

"Doing what?"

Chimp's self-control gave way.

"Say, what's eating you?" he demanded. "Where do you get this stuff of prying and poking into a man's affairs? Can't a fellow have a little privacy sometimes?"

"Sure!" said Mr. Molloy. "Sure!"

"Sure!" said Mrs. Molloy. "Sure!"

"Well, good-by," said Chimp.

"Good-by," said Mr. Molloy.

"God bless you," said Mrs. Molloy, with a little click of her teeth

Chimp left the tea shop. It was not a dignified exit, and he was aware of it with every step that he took. He was also aware of the eyes of his two colleagues boring into his retreating back. Still, what did it matter, argued Chimp Twist, even if that stiff, Soapy, and his wife had suspicions of him? They could not know. And all he needed was a clear day or two and they could suspect all they pleased. Nevertheless, he regretted that unfortunate slip.

The door had hardly closed behind him when Dolly put her suspicions into words.

"Soapy!"

"Yes, petty?"

"That bird is aiming to double-cross us."

"You said it!"

"I wondered why he switched to that fifty-fifty proposition so smooth. And when he let it out that he'd been snooping around down there, I knew. He's got some little game of his own on, that's what he's got. He's planning to try and scoop that stuff by himself and leave us flat."

"The low hound!" said Mr. Molloy virtuously.

"We got to get action, Soapy, or we'll be left. To think of that little Chimp doing us dirt just goes against my better nature. How would it be if you was to go down tonight and do some more porch climbing? Once you were in you could get the stuff easy. It wouldn't be a case of hunting around same as last time."

"Well, sweetie," said Mr. Molloy frankly, "I'll tell you. I'm not so strong for that burgling stuff. It's not my line and I don't like it. It's awful dark and lonesome in that joint at three o'clock in the morning. All the time I was there I kep' looking over my shoulder, expecting old Finky's ghost to sneak up on me and breathe down the back of my neck."

"Be a man, honey!"

"I'm a man all right, petty, but I'm temperamental."

"Well, then ——" said Dolly, and breaking off abruptly, plunged into thought.

Mr. Molloy watched her fondly and hopefully. He had a great respect for her woman's resourcefulness, and it seemed to him from the occasional gleam in her vivid eyes that something was doing.

"I've got it!"

"You have?"

"Yes, sir!"

"There is none like her; no, not one," Mr. Molloy's glistening eye seemed to say. "Give us an earful, baby," he begged emotionally.

Dolly bent closer and lowered her voice to a whisper. The woman in the bugles, torpid with much limado, was out of earshot, but a waitress was hovering not far away.

"Listen! We got to wait till the guy Shotter is out of the house."

"But he's got a man. You told me that yourself."

"Sure he's got a man, but if you'll only listen I'll tell you. We wait till this fellow Shotter is out ——"

"How do we know he's out?"

"We ask at the front door, of course. Say, listen, Soapy, for the love of Pete don't keep interrupting! We go to the house. You go round to the back door."

"Why?"

"I'll soak you one in a minute," exclaimed Dolly despairingly.

"All right, sweetness. Sorry. Didn't mean to butt in. Keep talking. You have the floor."

"You go round to the back door and wait, keeping your eye on the front steps, where I'll be. I ring the bell and the hired man comes. I say, 'Is Mr. Shotter at home?' If he says yes, I'll go in and make some sort of spiel about something. But if he's not, I'll give you the high sign and you slip in at the back door; and then when the man comes down into the kitchen again you're waiting and you bean him one with a sandbag. Then you tie him up and come along to the front door and let me in and we go up and grab that stuff. How about it?"

"I bean him one?" said Mr. Molloy doubtfully

"Cert'nly you bean him one."

"I couldn't do it, petty," said Mr. Molloy. "I've never beaned anyone in my life."

Dolly exhibited all the impatience which all wives, from Lady Macbeth downward through the ages, have felt when their schemes appear in danger of being thwarted by the pusillanimity of a husband.

The words, "Infirm of purpose, give me the sandbag!" seemed to be trembling on her lips.

"You poor cake eater!" she cried with justifiable vigor. "You talk as if it needed a college education to lean a stuffed eelskin on a guy's head. Of course you can do it. You're behind the kitchen door, see?—and he comes in, see?—and you sim'ly bust him one, see? A feller with one arm and no legs could do it. And say, if you want something to brace you up, think of all that money lying in the cistern, just waiting for us to come and dip for it!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Molloy, brightening.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AS pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses. —*Lambert Pharmacal Company.*

The drawing at the left was made from an authentic X-ray photograph supplied by a leading New York X-ray laboratory which serves many dental surgeons in their study and treatment of diseased teeth—WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE YOUR X-RAY WOULD SHOW?

Hidden wells of poison

Back of beauty may lurk dread disease

It's a fact: back of many a lovely smile and even gleaming teeth may be hidden wells of poison—tooth abscesses. And often unknown to the person so afflicted.

Meanwhile, these poison pockets at the base of the teeth may be gradually undermining the health.

They seep their deadly bacteria through the entire system and bring on any one of many serious and oftimes fatal illnesses.

According to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: usually they do not know it themselves and very often such abscesses directly or indirectly cause many dread diseases.

Diseases that result

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There *is* a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

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WE HAVE A CLIENT WHO

You may write details in confidence to The P. Wallis Armstrong Company, "Dept. P.," Philadelphia

POWERS OF DARKNESS

(Continued from Page 13)

"Why," said Plum, "do you enter a room as if you were going to steal somebody's pet flea? Speak out! What have we done?"

This gruff attack, like thunder, cleared the air.

"Nothing at all," King sighed. "A morbid suspicion. It has gone. But all my ways are morbid now."

He sighed again. The two sat parallel, exchanging never a glance, their backs against the wall and one forearm of each on the table between them. Little Plum inhaled tobacco smoke dreamily from a pipe of the white copper that resembled a thin, high, burnished silver teapot, hung with green and lilac tassels. He looked far away and pretended to leave the subject.

"Our friend the judge's ears," he began, "are swelling bigger than conch shells and curling out backward with the effort to hear your wisdom behind. From what he says in court, their funnels must be clogged by ——"

"No, no," King broke in pettishly. "I have no mind for affairs any more. A prophet has foretold my death."

Little Plum drank another mouthful of smoke.

"Indeed?" said he, mild and affable. "What prophet?"

"A true one, who knows all." The lawyer swung round, leaned toward his companion a twitching, haggard face and gave him the story of many consultations by the courtyard gate. "He knows all, past, present—every word true—and to come —— Well, I die before the next year of my age."

Little Plum slid his gorgeous tobacco pot out of their way, across the mottled pink stone of the table.

"That weasel-nosed fraud?" He laughed. "My dear brother, you, if any man, ought to remember how secret information may be gathered. Let your mind reject him, spit him aside. Forget the liar and the lies."

With a groan Mr. King left his chair.

"Thank you, thank you for hearing, but they are no lies. Even to you I could not explain more, my own, sacred —— Oh, it is devilish!"

And without good-by, the poor fellow ran limping from the room, hounded by furies.

"Ah!"

Chubby Little Plum reached for his pipe, drew one interminable whiff and sat like a graven image of obesity.

Not long after this meeting, within a fortnight, he and other friends received invitations. Mr. King bade them to dine with him, not at a public restaurant but in his own house. About four o'clock of a wretched evening supernaturally dark in a mizzle of rain, the chairs that bore the guests arrived, some two dozen mysterious hooded boxes, their long yellow poles creaking, swaying, glistening wet, their lanterns bobbing, already lighted; and of these more than one pair muffled to a glowworm radiance which hinted of an official person with name covered up, traveling the streets incognito.

For chair coolies, for lantern carriers, and for any little tail of footmen trudging silently after the great, it was a dismal nightfall, chill to the bone.

Indoors, however, the company met gorgeous welcome, an air of festival, the brightness of many lamps, flowers, tables dressed fanwise, each in scarlet hanging embroidered with gold lions or birds or blossoms. Four to a table, when every manservant had handed in the red card and taken station behind his master, down sat the guests for tea and talk. Dinner, as it came on, proved an amazing banquet. The melon soup had not only mushrooms in it, ham, giblets of pigeon, scallops, water-lily seeds, but things more subtle and rare; while the melons containing it were whole, not halved, their tops ingeniously cut off as lids or covers and their stems adorned with gilt-paper leaves.

"Beautiful!" sighed the prefect. "Delicious!"

He sat at the chief table with Mr. King and two more, of whom one was Little Plum, the other a serene elderly gentleman with bright eyes in a face distinguished by humor, sadness and authority.

"Delicious!" repeated the prefect. "These melons alone, now, are ten years old if a day. One dollar for every year on the shelf is, I believe, the mode of reckoning." He glanced about the room in appraisement. "Four and twenty melons, at ten years each, make a total of two hundred and forty dollars!"

The elderly gentleman with the bright eyes appeared to enjoy his vegetable cask of soup extremely.

"Your visual organ," said Little Plum, "is no less infallible, sir, than your judgment. We are, indeed, quaffing pearl broth from golden urns."

The next course outdid this wonder, and was outdone by the next, and so on; the glory of the feast mounted with great drinking of health and loosening of tongue. All turned hilarious, jokes flew.

Then, as flowers and wit seemed to multiply, the room to swell, grow warm and ring with conviviality, came a shock. It lost no force by coming as it were gradually through the noise, an accident.

"—— and say farewell. So that I thank you ——"

Half risen, leaning across flowers while he drank toward some friend at another table, their host King was heard to speak. Before his face the lifted cup wavered, like his eyes, like his whole aspect. A flush upon him, an uncertain look, a reeling motion, gave the effect of some influence graver and more powerful than wine.

" so that I thank you, my friend." He became aware of listeners, put down his cup and stared before him. Over a thin glossy black silk gown he wore a sleeveless jacket of black brocade, on which his fingers went distressfully plucking the floral design. "I thank you, friends all, who have come to bid me good-by. This is my last night on earth."

There was a rustle of other black silks as the men stirred.

"Tomorrow is my birthday, but I shall not live to see it. A true prophecy has warned me this is the evening of my supreme day, when I must die."

Consternation, doubt, embarrassment, ran peeping from neighbor to neighbor, until someone forced a laugh; then all broke out as though relieved, exclaiming, talking at once, demanding the point of this waggery, or protesting.

Under cover of their confusion, Little Plum bent quickly toward the senior with the bright eyes.

"Excellency," he whispered, "quick, and drink his health! Start it round. This is delusion. Make him forget till midnight." The fat joker, deadly serious, touched with great meaning the edge of his china cup. "Whimsies in the brain have killed men before now. Start it round and round. Fuddle him. Humor him till midnight."

The other voices contended in a storm.

"Nonsense! Why, what folly! Come, tell us the whole jest! Your birthday? Congratulations! The happy hour! May you outlive us all! What? Who ever heard ——"

Meanwhile King lay back, drooping, in his chair, eyed them with profound melancholy and shook his head. The elder gentleman beside him, turning, spoke:

"My dear sir, my good friend"—the room grew silent, for this gentleman was the governor—"we all acknowledge," said he, with bland voice and charming smile, "two motives that, after a dinner like yours, might well persuade any man to leave the earth—bliss of perfect satiety or despair of tasting such viands again—yet we all hope you will yield to neither. We all drink to your prosperity in both worlds, of course; but first, now, to your health and long life in this."

So ending, the governor lifted his china thimble. Though dazed and forlorn, King could not choose but lift his own, which he had no sooner drunk out than a second cup challenged him.

"Your good health," said Little Plum gruffly; "and go or stay, good luck!"

Our prefect, to whom the fat man's elbow gave a nudge, followed his example; and thus, with due time, words and ceremony, King's health went round. The awkward moment was well slurred over, the festivity begun as from a new start. Once more the governor drank with his host. Once more King found the obligation flying in a circle.

Few men may drink more than two score cups, however small, of good warm toddy without undergoing change; and King was not one of those few. His dejection passed. He became gay, loquacious, then mellow, then dignified as an owl. In trying at last to chirp a line of poetry and fill the bosom of his coat with flowers, he dropped his chin on them, hung forward and snored.

"Ah"—the governor smiled—"somebody's bedtime."

A pair of serving men raised the sleeper and took him away through a dark passage. When presently they returned without him and had closed the door, talk was livelier than ever, the company laughing.

"Admirable!" said the governor. "An admirable thought of yours, a quick device. He will open one eye very late tomorrow, quite cured of his imaginings. But what a singular delusion!"

Chubby Little Plum did not laugh with them. He had perhaps taken a jarful more than anyone else, but that iron head of his remained cold sober.

"Good enough thus far," he grumbled. "Not midnight yet."

"Why, the poor fellow can't do himself harm now, asleep!"

"No," admitted Plum, not raising the cloud on his big round face; "no, he can't do that."

The prefect, who, like many pompous men, grew doleful in his cups, almost gave a secret away.

"How terrible, had it been true!" he moaned. "King? I could not get along if I lost King."

Half an hour had flown by; they sat drinking, laughing, gossiping, when a sound froze every man to his chair.

Within, from one of the closed rooms, a scream pierced the house. It rang with mortal fear, mortal agony. Then came a rush of garments, the door which the two servants had closed burst open, and in the shadow of its frame stood a thing that yelled, the likeness of a fiend with a scarlet face gnashing at them.

"Death!" Whatever words the choked voice might seem to rave, their meaning was hideous. "Death!"

Forward into lamplight the thing darted, brandishing a knife, howling. As the banqueters all sprang up, the dread of it parted them asunder. This apparition had no face, only a mask of running blood from forehead to throat; but while it slashed the air and whirled by, they saw bedabbled flowers hang and drop from a short jacket of brocade. It was no midnight devil, but something worse, their friend King, who leaped through the room, out of his house, into the dark.

"Stop him! Catch him!"

The front door stood wide open. His choking yell sounded more and more distant.

"Catch him!"

It was Chubby Little Plum who first found breath and got outdoors.

Cold air, a transitory mist of frightened yellow faces above lanterns, people crying out as they jumped aside, then pitch blackness down a street, were the dreamlike elements through which Plum began his

(Continued on Page 106)

A Fourth of July Oration

Fellow countrymen—

"The finest symbol of freedom in this sweet land of liberty is the Ford. On this great and glorious day, therefore, let us reject the serfdom of stuffy office, of noisy work shop, of dreary housework and strike for the open! (*Applause*)

"Let us pack our Ford with family, friends and fried chicken, and celebrate our country's freedom.

"To make this celebration complete a new declaration is in order. Declare that power is an inalienable right,—not alone more purchasing power for every dollar,—(*Cheers*) but—

"—full power in the power plant of your Ford! Power response to the throttle, power under your foot, at every 'get-away,' at every hill, at every stretch of heavy going.

"Fellow citizens, that power is yours if you will but reach forth and get it. (*More applause*)

"Drain your crankcase; and fill up with Havoline—the power oil!

"Power in oil? Yes—a scientific fact discovered by the Wasson Motor Check, that marvelous invention which tells what goes on inside a running motor. By measuring horsepower at the rear wheels, by measuring the wasted power that slips past the pistons, it has laid bare for you the one vital difference in motor oils:—the wrong oil kills your power, the right oil builds it up and holds it. (*Cheers!*)

"Throughout the length and breadth of this nation this scientific apparatus has been proving the power of Havoline before the eyes of hundreds of thousands of car owners, and in the cars of the owners themselves. (*Cheers!*)

"Havoline has opened their eyes to the hidden power that lies under the hood. It has given voice to engines that have been dumb under the lash of cheap oil. Engines that have groaned, my friends, under the deadly drag of old oil in a dirty crankcase; engines that have suffered in noisy silence, I say, while the heavy oil villain has thieved their power away. (*Cheers and groans*)

"One clear voice at last, that everyone in this great audience can understand. 'Judge oil by power and nothing else.'

"Would you have lubrication—buy power! Would you have economy—buy power! Would you have long engine life—buy power!

"Would you have power—buy *Havoline!*"

(*Cheers: Horns: Firecrackers*)

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, Inc., Lawrenceville, Ill.

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and for Fords, HAVOLINE F the power oil

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You are not experimenting when you use Boyce-ite. Its sateness and efficacy have been proved by countless laboratory and road tests and the experience of critical car owners everywhere.
But Boyce-ite must be used regularly to obtain results. I would rather you never used a single drop of it than to use it in a lukewarm, half hearted fashion.
So certain is the action of Boyce-ite when used properly that my company backs it unconditionally with the astounding guarantee shown below. Go now—today—to your dealer and start acquiring the Boyce-ite habit.
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(Continued from Page 104)

pursuit, following by ear a thud of feet and a diabolic voice. When his eyesight recovered from the plunge he saw again; for no more rain fell, the murk had brightened and clouds drenched by a lost moon spread gray wilderness of light above housetops. Below, a gap shone where the street ended at the river. Toward the gap a lonely shadow flitted, wailing.

On this night of wonders, it may be the greatest wonder was a fat man's pace. Plum ran like a ball downhill. Behind him galloped a crowd, but no one overtook him.

"Stop!"

He gained on the shadow, could see it plainly, reached out a hand to grasp, when it bounded up on the stone embankment, flung its knife away and itself headforemost into the river.

While the crowd came Little Plum sat on the stone bank and heaved like a lizard or a dying frog. Beyond him the water swept, gurgled, faded in a breadth of sallow moonlight, which turned black as the lanterns arrived.

"No use," he wheezed. "All over now. Drowned, jumped in. But hurry, search! Woe, I am burst in three!"

II

GREAT shouting down the river bank, argument without end, and some futile poking of bamboo poles into water, brought no one to the surface either alive or dead. Besides, the river god already seemed angry enough; let him alone, let his mud-swollen current roll away the victim appointed by Fate; so reasoning, men left off their search and turned homeward.

Among the first went Little Plum, staggering and blowing red-hot. He hired a fellow with a lantern, which he ordered to be swung carefully back and forth over the flagstones of the way.

"I dropped something," he explained, "while we ran."

Whatever it was, he did not find.

"Let be," he grunted at last. "Gone. A trifle."

Even when cooled off and able to breathe without whistling, Plum kept a silence remarkable in one so loud, forever talkative. He met the governor and the prefect with an air of gloom, and only shook his head.

"This is a dreadful blow to me," sighed the prefect; "a tremendous loss. Tomorrow we must arrest that fortune teller. Our poor friend, my good and able counselor! There was devil work here, a dark agency. It preyed upon him, destroying his mind until the devil's whisper prevailed to cut his throat and drown. That is the one credible explanation."

The governor said nothing. Little Plum growled a rude answer.

"Credible to the credulous —— And first," he added, "overtake your dark agent. Find a raindrop on the sea!"

Next morning, indeed, there was no fortune teller by the gate, nor any on the second morning, the third, nor ever again. A stranger, his name unknown, he had vanished, table and all.

"Quite natural," said the governor one day to Little Plum, "that he should disappear. Any man might who has terrified another into killing himself. But yet ——"

In the speaker's bright old eyes waited a question.

"I feel that, excellency—but yet—and moreover ——"

"Yes. We look into a deep, where powers of darkness may lie at bottom. If we begin to see a little by and by, shall we exchange views?"

"With all my heart," agreed Plum. "You honor me."

"It may be an idle playing with doubt. But I am not satisfied."

"Nor I."

"It is—ah—intangible."

"True." The fat stoic suddenly grimaced with anger. "It is, excellency, very hard to grasp, as the dog said when he bit the turtle."

They dropped the subject there and for a while chatted of things indifferent. After Plum had gone, the governor sat smiling; for he liked this globe, this butter-barrel person, and liked him now the more having seen spirit flash through a puffy mask of discretion.

Weeks went by before they met again, a month, another month. Out in the country on a farm there lived a young woman who as a girl, being generously plump and bright in face, had borne the name of Summer Cloud. Though a farmer's wife, she was town-born and town-bred. Her father, poorest of the poor, had no choice but to let her go when eight years old as a maidservant, and to take for her wage a lump sum in advance. Thirteen years, housekeeping, she worked out her father's debt.

The house had been that of Mr. King, who treated her with perfect kindness, and when the time was up, saw her well married to an honest man.

This man walked home one evening. Rain had fallen, but now hung only as a threat, one vast blue-black oppression overhead. Rice fields checkered the flat earth, pool after pool of ink stuffed with green bristles. The farmer had been weeding his own rice all day, bending into muddy water, groping, uprooting, till his hands grew parboiled and his eyesight drifted in a dance of colorless motes.

He was not a visionary, but a hard worker whose mind revolved more than one fact while his body kept on plodding

"It seemed very dark," he told his wife later. "I squinted on the path, for the rain made it slippery. No; I never expected him or any man. I was considering our other little field off yonder, how it would do to plant string beans there at the lucky season."

Of what followed, many persons believe all, many believe a part, many believe not a word, according to their nature; but what Summer Cloud's husband saw or thought he saw on the gloom before him was her old master, a form in black silk, the Counselor King.

"Not clearly. It was no more than a look up, and those gray dots, after stooping, floated all between. I said at once, 'Well met, Your Honor! Why do you not come to see us this long time?'"

There was no answer, nobody within miles, nothing but a blur and a pang of sorrow dispersed on air. The sun, darting momentary under a slit, poured from the horizon a low ray that fired land and water with purple. A rainbow curved above rice ponds, the moon translucent like a slice of pearl beneath its arch. Night closed again, showering.

"That was all," said the farmer. "I have dreamed, awake."

His wife, who had strong character, gave him a bowl of thoroughwort tea, piping hot, and wrapped him in bed.

"I do not like your dream," she observed next morning. "You are well again? Good; then let me go. My dear master was an angel. He gave us my dowry, my wedding clothes and all our kitchen furniture. Let me go to the city."

She had her will; trudging through rain and mire she came that afternoon to King's house, looked in and called aloud. The doorkeeper, a woman who sat among shadows, knew her voice and got up quickly.

"Summer Cloud! Why, people grow thinner on farms! How is your health, my child? Excellent, I perceive. Your cheeks are browner than a dried duck."

The caller greeted this friend with courtesy, then went straight to the point.

"How is our master?"

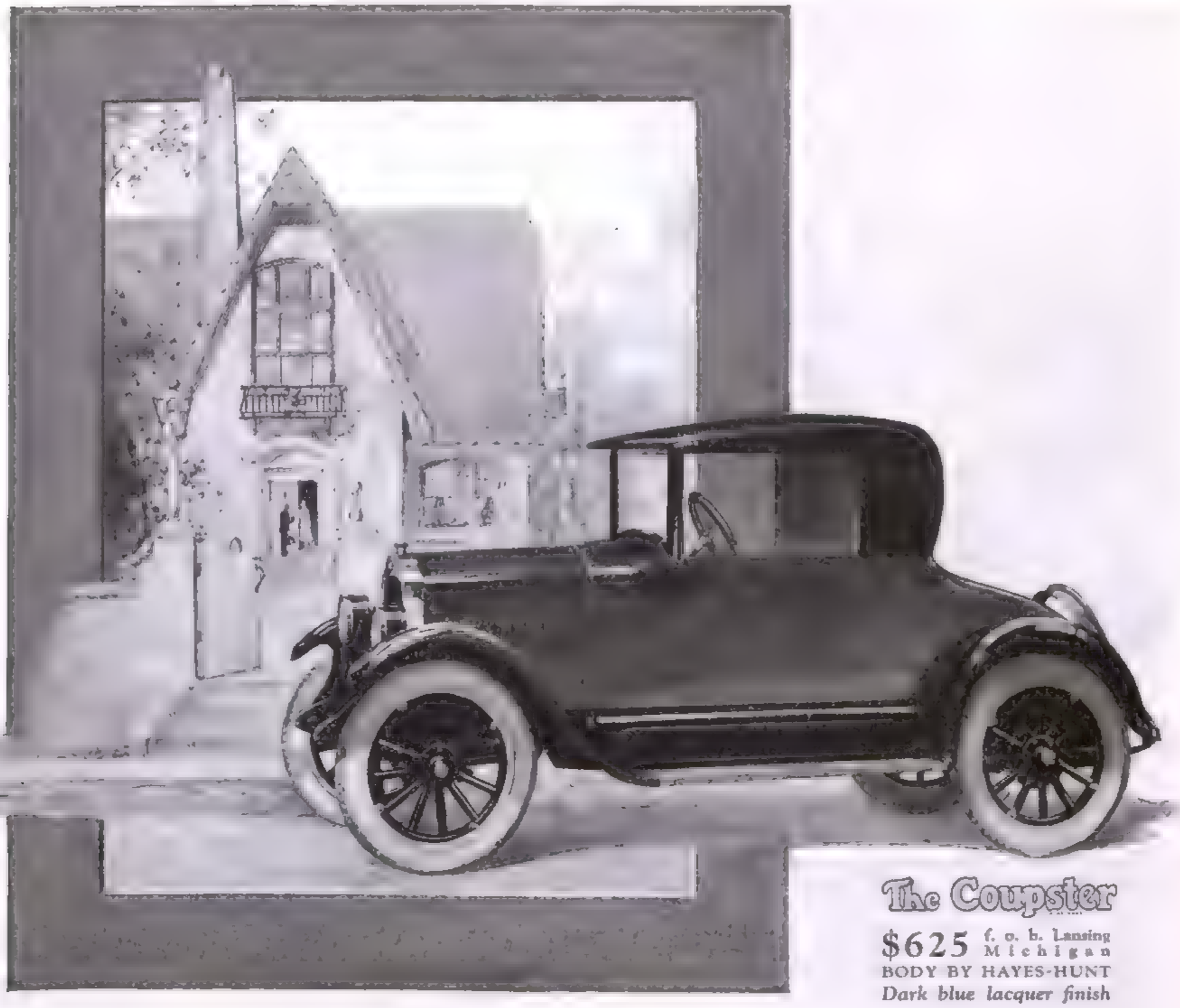
"What? You do not know? Bad news, a black evil gone so tardy through the land? He is dead."

"Ah! Yes, I came fearing so."

The women looked on each other in dusk. White hairs lined the smoothness of the doorkeeper's head; white hairs which the farmer's wife, even as her eyes brimmed, saw through a blur and felt were new. Change had met her on the threshold.

"But how?"

(Continued on Page 108)



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(Continued from Page 108)

"By steel, then by water. He killed himself. A devil enticed him into frenzy."

At that, Summer Cloud lifted her hand in anger and dashed the tears away.

"Nonsense! Never!"

"I wish it were," said her old fellow servant bitterly, "and could be proved so. Roar at me if you like, but do not roar at our mistress. Come in."

"Will she see me? I would pay respect."

"Yes; why not? Have done, come in. What matters now?"

As they went farther into the dusk, Summer Cloud could only think, "The heart is gone from this house."

The mistress of it, King's widow, sat in a twilight room with rich things about her, alone, beautiful as ever, as ever sweet-spoken, a figure of melancholy grace. But here, too, Summer Cloud felt an absence, while her own words of pity and sorrow that left her trembling were chilled as by an echo among bare walls. What she could say—badly enough, in a manner grown awkward, no doubt, and countrified—she said with all the honest love in her being. It seemed to go wrong and fail.

"You are a good creature," sighed her mistress; "a good girl. You always were. . . . Yes, it is true. I could not hold him that night. He screamed, and hurt himself with a knife. I could not hold him. He ran out. I tried to hold him. I was frightened. I could not; I tried, I could not ——"

A parrot might speak so, without warning, by rote, and stop thus. The farmer's wife drew back, wishing that she had never taken her journey.

"You must not heed me." The face before her grew calm again, white as a phantom of young loveliness, with drooping eyes. "Grief does not know what it tells. You were very kind to come. How is your husband? You will spend the night here of course."

Though spent in her familiar bed, it was to Summer Cloud a dreadful night of dreams and wakings, all broken yet snarled together, a confusion in which the darkness or the rain whispered, "Not sorrow under this roof; not mourning, but fear."

She rose early, to find little comfort even by day. Nothing was right. Her master's baby, whom she had never seen and longed to welcome, shrank from her, hiding his face, crying.

"Poor mite!" said the nurse who held him. "Always afraid of strangers."

With a heavy heart Summer Cloud went from room to room, looking about the house, taking farewell. She would never come into it again. The old known things keeping their old places, the permanence of the lifeless, mocked her. On a row of pegs in a dark corner where King had been used to hang up his garments, there still remained his cap, an umbrella and a black silk hair ribbon. As the farmer's wife paused near them, considering times gone by, she became aware of a discovery. The unseen leaped into form before her eyes. It was a horror.

"Not ——"

She turned quickly and found her mistress there, saying, "Yes. I never had courage to take them down."

The pale girlish face, delicately smooth as eggshell, betrayed nothing new or different under a sad composure. Only the eyes were changed, their wide-pointed luster hardening, glancing with doubt or alarm.

"That is but natural." Summer Cloud spoke evenly, for thirteen years of service had made her quick to regain control. Her own face, broad and sunburned, could no more be read than a slab of teak. "The good heart, Su Nai, clings to what is left."

Soon afterward, in due form of words and behavior, she took her leave; but outdoors, going alone through rain, she could no longer act a part.

"Not his! Oh, my poor master!" She leaned against a wall, covered her face and wept. "Not his! Not his!"

A man suddenly called her by name.

"What is the destination of your umbrella, that you don't hoist it?" he said. "You have slept in your old house again, I hear. Let us hope you found all well."

She looked. Before her swam the gross, kindly features of one who was no stranger.

"I did not sleep, nor was anything well there."

"The compassionate suffer," quoth Chubby Little Plum. "Be consoled. Unburden all to an old friend of his."

"I dare not." The woman shook her head. "I dare neither tell nor keep it."

The astucious Plum gave ground, appearing not to urge her.

"Well, we soak here in a drip," said he. "Let us walk. Up with your umbrella. So. How is the best of husbands, and how the farm?" He moved on with her, wagging a loud yet persuasive tongue, and at the right moment added, "You have known me since your childhood; but a man won't do, all the same. If any dangerous matter stifles your heart, the cure is a talk between women. . . . Oh, by the bye, right here in your way! At hand lives a good and wise woman who will comfort you like a mother."

In her daze, before she knew how it happened, Summer Cloud passed with him through a magnificent colored gateway, a courtyard and a vast door. Little Plum buzzed in the ear of a manservant, who nodded, beckoning her. After many corridors and much bewilderment, she found herself in a room where a lady sat alone. It was the governor's wife, so great a lady as to frighten her; but so gentle of word, so winning, so perfect in humanity, that speech became a consolation.

"My husband had a dream, or met a devil," said Summer Cloud, and told all. "But worse remains, Tai-tai; for this morning under her roof, on the pegs where he hung his clothing when alive, I beheld the awe, the corruption, the bane of the house. Always my master braided in his queue a threefold black cord no longer than my arm, each strand about half the thickness of a chopstick, and at the end frayed like a tiny tassel or whiplash. Never any other kind. But the hair ribbon hanging there today was longer, thicker; and it broadened into three flat tails, of the width of a man's thumb. That is what I saw. It was not his, Tai-tai. Not his!"

The governor's wife reflected.

"You have done well," she said. "Come within and rest you."

Before noon Little Plum and the governor, with papers before them, sat closeted.

"We look now farther down the pit?"

"To bottom, excellency."

"May I have your view?"

The fat man took a little fresh ink, painted another column on a sheet of characters and handed it across to his friend.

"STEPS IN THE DARK

"1. Mr. King was an excellent son. I wrote to his family, who so reported. Therefore, unless mad, he would never soil or mutilate the body given him by his father and mother.

"2. Not mad, for his cups left him poetical, then sleepy, content. A good nature, manifest.

"3. The rain had stopped. Between house and river I found no blood. That which covered the howler's face with red was therefore not flowing from a cut.

"4. It ran with King's limp, but not when I came near to overtaking it.

"5. Fortune teller gone for good. Why? Because well paid, well scared, nothing more to gain."

In the left-hand column stood the new entry:

"ARRIVAL TOWARD LIGHT

"1. He who smeared his face, and dived into the river and swam off underneath, now hangs his hair ribbon where it should not be.

"2. Our devils therefore were twain, and worked inside."

The governor's bright eyes looked up from reading. They were for a moment sad.

(Continued on Page 110)

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(Continued from Page 108)

"A dreadful document," he observed. "But your view enlarges my own." He sighed, then gave a chuckle of admiration. "Oh, pinguid one, you are never so far asleep as you act! Come tell me, how shall we catch him?"

"Him? There is no name written. Who?"

"The subtle thing at bottom of this."

Little Plum heaved himself in a chair that twisted, groaning, while he looked with immense calm roundabout through all quarters of the room. Then he bent forward and spoke.

"What?" The governor, listening hard, opened his mouth to gasp. "Why, no, I should become the grand old fool of ten thousand years!"

"If it failed," said Chubby Little Plum. "It will not fail. Your wisdom is part of our annals now. Consider the nature of man."

They considered it with a vengeance. Late afternoon saw placards flaming on every blank wall about the town; placards that filled street after street with uproar.

"Have you heard?" men shouted to one another, laughing. "Have you read it? Our governor has lost his mind!"

The flame-colored strips declared that, on the third day following, a high court would inquire into the death of the Counselor King and try his bed for murder.

"His bed? A bed on trial? Your eyes are bleary. No—yes. Read for yourself, my friend. See? There. His bed—for murder. Why, it's midsummer moonshine! They will put his bed on trial? How can it speak?"

Not since the day, a century and more ago, when the three men of brass were found holding hands in mud under the river, had such a marvel rocked the city. Here came a new event, cried the populace—ignorant Orientals who had never heard of Zadig and the stone of Horeb; but let us not be too hard on them, brethren, as the curate said of the Twelve Apostles—here was coming into the world a folly brand new, its like unknown.

"Let business go hang," agreed mankind. "I shall be in court to hear what the bed says."

On the third morning, rain sprinkled a multitude who jammed one way together, packed an acre with animal heat, smoking, and crushed all early comers to the door, where guards, already worn out, admitted them five at a time. No one could hear himself for talk.

Yet among the first fifteen or so, Little Plum bawled in his next neighbor's ear, "Our chance! Go ahead! Let me in with you!"

The neighbor was a youth who, nobly attired and supercilious, gave a shrug when the door closed after them. A rich man's son, he bore the nickname of Hwa-Hwa, or Fa-Fa Gung Ju, the Flower-Sniffing Waster, and had a flat nose in a too-polished face.

"You also?" he laughed, as the noise died without. "You coming to hear this unreason, this gallimawfry? How curious people are, sir. We all have grown childish today."

"Very," agreed Little Plum, out of breath. "Human nature—alike."

A street barber, a ragged cripple, and the shroff of a bank completed their five. They waited in a vestibule where an ebony screen glittered with mother-of-pearl inlay. Feet slowly departing scuffed on stone. A child whimpered.

"Come!" A lictor peered round one edge of the screen to call the nearest man. "Your turn!"

The barber grinned, and obeying him, dodged from sight. A murmur drifted back. Then, shrill and high, rose the wail of a frightened baby.

"Next!" Again the lictor's head popped into view. "Come!"

The shroff stepped forward with dignity and was gone. The wailing burst out afresh.

"Now, next man!"

When the cripple had stumped off on his bamboo stick, the baby's cry came louder and more piercing.

"You, sir, next."

Fa-Fa Gung Ju rounded the screen; but not alone, for Little Plum, without waiting to be summoned, came at the young man's heels.

The vestibule, deep and gloomy, contained midway down its length a bed, on which sat crying a poor mite, King's baby son, all forlorn. The governor stood against the wall near by with his attendants, like a group of dark figures painted there.

"To gain admission beyond," said the lictor, "you must take up the child and hold him for a moment."

The youth gave a notable start. Then, smiling as to humor the day's game, he jauntily advanced, leaned over the couch and lifted the babe in his arms. It clung round his neck and sobbed with relief.

"He knows you." The governor quietly stepped forward and plucked Fa-Fa Gung Ju by the sleeve. "Set him down again. He knows you too well. You, his playmate in secret, you who sip every flower, tell me." The speaker's voice broke out, hard as the crack of doom. "Tell me, you who destroyed his mother's soul, where did you hide his father's body?"

The Flower-Sniffing Waster dropped upon his knees.

"No torture?" he whined. "No torture?"

The governor turned away.

"Carry him off. Give the child to its nurse."

With that, the great man began pacing up and down the hall. He made a sign for Little Plum to join him.

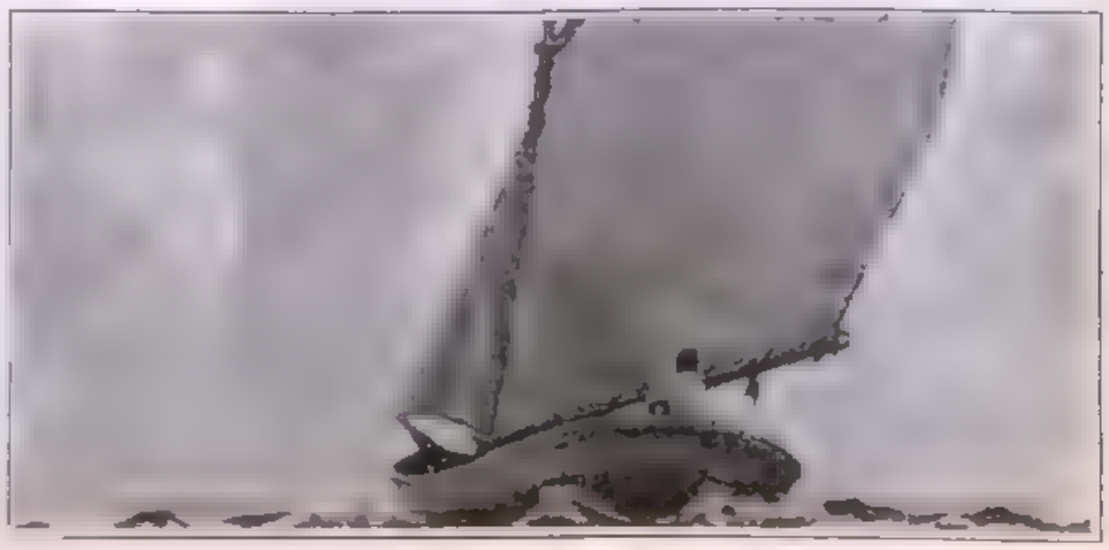
"Your prudence has been wonderful," said he. "It is not right that I should take the credit."

"You ran the risk," Plum answered. "Yours be the fame. Prudence, no. I feared an error of prejudice, having always loathed the fellow. Pah! He showed the nostrils in front, like a roast pig's ready for the paper blossoms at New Year."

They continued walking back and forth together.

"Powers of Darkness. That pair, they remind me, excellency, of Miss Li's profound saying in the Liao Chai: 'The companionship of two devils gives joy to neither.'"

"True." The governor's bright eyes had a weary look, though smiling. "Do you know, in my work I often think of it?"



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DEFY WATER AND WEAR

FATHER'S DAY

(Continued from Page 15)

of Patty's stains remained beatific. "It's not a thing to laugh about," Doug said. "That was bad of you."

The smile had guttered just as he opened his lips, and before his speech was over Patty's lower lip was trembling terribly. As he stopped she gave the first heartbroken, indrawn sob. Doug's sternness endured exactly two of them.

"Never mind, Pats," he begged her. "Never mind."

But Patty did mind. The sobs went on, and tears began to dilute the ink on her cheeks.

"Oh, never mind, baby!"

Doug took her in his arms while Katherine the Small warned him, "You'll get yourself dirty."

"Oh, murder!" Sarah said in the doorway. "Oh, murder!"

The outrage in her tone seemed entirely disproportionate to Doug.

"Get the cleaning things," he directed.

It was shortly after ten before Doug got to the factory.

"Oh, you've brought the kiddies," the slightly too golden Miss Gyngell said. "Isn't that lovely? I just love kiddies. Want to w'ite on the funny 'ittle type-w'iter?"

She jangled a few keys of her machine.

"May I?" Katherine the Small asked, as though to rebuke the excessive juvenility of Miss Gyngell's diction.

"Oh, isn't she cuit?" Miss Gyngell cried. "Can she really write?"

"She thinks she can," Doug said quietly. "How are you getting on with that report?"

"Just fine."

"Can you manage them while I go over my mail?"

"I should say I could! We'll have lots of fun, won't we, kiddies? Isn't the baby darling? You don't want to worry about that little mark on her face, Mr. Calder. My sister had one a lot worse than that, and she outgrew it so you'd hardly notice it."

"I don't worry about it," Doug replied. "It's some ink I couldn't quite get off."

He went into his private office. Miss Gyngell was going to be a real help. Lighting his pipe with a strange feeling of luxury, he read his letters. Then, as the sounds from the outer office were entirely happy, he took up his newspaper, thinking, between paragraphs, that much as Katherine the Great might laugh at the too golden and too anxious to please Miss Gyngell, Miss Gyngell had something. Any woman who could take care of those two children with one hand and check over that report with the other —— Some man was missing a darned good wife in Miss Gyngell, and after a year or so of happy home life she could probably be persuaded to give up her peroxide.

Doug had rarely read a paper so thoroughly. When he was through with it there was still calm in the outer office, but to make sure, he thrust his head out.

"Everything going all right?"

"Just fine," Miss Gyngell caroled, lifting her eyes from her desk. The children were sitting on the floor.

"She's a miracle girl!" Doug said to himself, and he employed his unexpected leisure in writing a letter in longhand to Tom Scudder. That brought him to 11:30, and as the children dined at twelve, he rose.

Both babies were hanging over Miss Gyngell's shoulder and she was drawing pictures. They were draped in necklaces and bracelets and earrings which Miss Gyngell had woven them from paper clips. Miss Gyngell rather fancied the tableau they must present and she looked up with a very Queen-of-the-Kewpies smile.

"Great Scott!" Doug exclaimed admiringly. "Do you mean to say you've got that report off already?"

He could not have framed a less tactful salutation to a lady expecting commendation of a talent newly discovered in herself Miss Gyngell looked at him. He was beginning to know Miss Gyngell, and from that proud look he gathered that she was not only hurt but angry.

"Got off that report?" she echoed. "Of course I haven't. When have I had any time this morning to check it up?"

She paused. Doug was afraid for a moment that she was going to say something about its not being her job to play nursemaid.

"Of course you haven't," he agreed hastily.

"I should say I haven't!"

Among all the moods of Miss Gyngell's which he had observed, none had been one-half so sinister. Her very knee action snapped indignation. She put on her hat.

"I'll get after it right after lunch, I suppose."

"You've been great about the children."

"Oh, that's all right."

"Say 'Thank you, Miss Gyngell.'"

Two utterly perfunctory "Thank you, Miss Gyngells," were singsonged, and before Miss Gyngell was out of hearing Katherine the Small began, "Why was that funny lady so cross?"

It was at their noonday meal that the children began to realize what a really good thing they had in their father.

Patty blazed the way by saying in her luscious fat little voice, "I don't like my hot mulk."

She said it every day, and the answer was, "Well, drink it whether you like it or not, dear." Whereupon Patty proceeded to drain her cup without further comment.

Doug remembered how once, when Patty was convalescent and Katherine the Great had been slavishly trying to keep her happy, weak cocoa had been substituted for the milk.

"Would you rather have cocoa?" he asked.

"Yes," Patty answered, putting down the cup, which she was just raising to her lips.

"So would I," Katherine the Small clamored, "and I don't like plain bread. Can I have sandwiches?"

"All right," Doug answered, and took down the milk pitcher and the bread plate, and told Sarah, who was in one of her silent rages. Sarah took them, turned down the corners of her mouth and flounced away.

Patty was pleased with the substitution; but Katherine, after one bite from one of the sandwiches, opened her mouth and began to roar as though it had been filled with iodine.

"What's the matter?" Doug asked.

"But I don't want just bread and butter."

"What do you want?"

"I want what Pats calls lamb cheese."

"What's that?"

Katherine the Small, at four and a half, hated being juvenile.

"What Pats calls lamb cheese," she repeated, and Doug saw it would be agony for her to be pressed further.

He made the trip downstairs with the bread plate again.

"What does Patty call lamb cheese?" he asked, thinking to mollify Sarah.

"Pot cheese," Sarah pronounced.

"They want it in their sandwiches."

"Well, I couldn't know that," Sarah said, and made pot-cheese sandwiches.

"And can we have animal crackers?" Katherine asked at dessert, when her father put the plates of blancmange on the table.

"Does your mother let you have them?"

"Yes," she pealed the golden bell of her hair back and forth in affirmation.

It was true. They were allowed them on great occasions; and if this weren't a great occasion, how was Katherine the Small to recognize one?

Doug thought it a strange thing that Sarah forgot the way she did. He descended, intending to reprove her, but one glimpse of her back modified his idea to a query as to where the animal crackers were kept.

"On the second shelf," Sarah replied, not bothering to turn, but pointing with her thumb.

"Why Katherine puts up with that old harridan!" Doug mumbled to himself as he climbed the stairs.

The children made parades of the animal crackers all around their plates. It was getting past Doug's luncheon hour.

"Don't play," he adjured his daughters.

"But mummy lets us."

Finally the last pale, humpy tiger disappeared.

"Now for your naps." Doug tried to speak convincingly.

"But the candy!" Patty's big eyes positively protruded with horror.

"The candy!" Katherine the Small echoed her.

"What candy?"

"Mummy always lets us have candy."

Doug doubted. "I'll ask Sarah."

"But it's in there." Katherine pointed to the toy closet.

"I'll ask Sarah," Doug repeated, and went downstairs again.

"Do the children get candy, Sarah?"

"Yes."

"I'll be down for luncheon in two seconds."

"Ain't they in bed yet?"

Sarah had neglected to say that each child got one minute piece.

Doug got the glass jar from the shelf and passed it; both helped themselves generously and sucked their spoil with miserly slowness. At last it was gone, and their teeth brushed, under Katherine the Small's leadership.

"Now into your beds," Doug tried again.

"But I want to say my prayers," Patty wailed.

Katherine the Small began to giggle that Pats should have mistaken noon for night; then she saw that it was going to work.

"All right," Doug said defeatedly; "say 'em."

"In mummy's room," Patty elaborated on her whimsey, looking like a coquettish goblin.

Doug picked her up to carry her.

"But I want to walk."

"Hurry up then."

In the bedroom Doug asked, "Where do I sit?"

He saw that there was a good deal of form about these matters.

"In that chair," Katherine the Small directed, pointing to the winged one by the fireplace. "No, in that one." She changed to her mother's chaise longue.

Then Patty gave the game away. She was standing by the window looking out.

"I would like," she pronounced in her most luscious tones, "to say my little prayers in the garden."

"You go to bed," Doug said with real finality, and he picked them both up and carried them to the nursery.

They were very gay about their defeat until he dumped them into their cribs, when their wails rose again.

"But we haven't any toys!"

"What toys do you want?"

"Mummy lets us pick out."

Doug held them to the shelves one by one. Katherine chose a lambskin kitten named Peanuts, but Patty insisted on a doll's stove. Their mother's custom was to put the toys they chose on a chair by their beds, but when they observed that their father was going to let them sleep with them they neglected to correct him.

It was a quarter of two when Doug sat at the table and the hash had dried to a gritty mass. He'd counted on a minute or two of quiet afterward, and was thinking that forty winks wouldn't be unpleasant; but the children were jabbering away when he went upstairs. The toys in bed had done away with any possibility of sleep. They were playing a mysterious game

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called moving pictures, which consisted in Patty's letting her quilt over the side of her crib, shouting "Moving Pictures!" and joining in Katherine the Small's peals of laughter.

"What will we do now?" Katherine asked Doug, beaming with anticipation.

"We'll go down to the factory and you'll play quietly in one corner of my office while I do some work."

"With the funny lady?"

"No, by yourselves. Now I'll dress you first."

Katherine the Small was very helpful about explaining small underclothes, but when Doug lifted the dress he had taken off for her nap she gave another of her Comanche shrieks.

"No! No! No!"

"What's the matter?"

"That's a morning dress."

"Well, you can wear it in the afternoon. I don't know where the others are."

"No!"

Doug was really afraid she'd burst a blood vessel.

"Well, if you can find one," he weakened.

Katherine the Small went to the clothes closet all smiles.

"I want this. This is my prettiest dress."

Doug had some qualms as he clumsily fastened the wisp of net and ribbons, but he was darned if he would argue the matter.

Patty's choice was as frivolous, but with her costume she insisted on wearing a pair of absurdly sturdy brown boots which she called "my golf shoes."

Doug was protesting a little about these, when Sarah lumbered up with the information that he was wanted on the telephone.

"Finish dressing them," he directed, and withdrew.

It was Miss Gyngell. Miss Gyngell had apparently regained her poise.

"Oh, Mr. Calder, you haven't forgotten that this is the day you had that appointment to go over to the Midford Pulp Company, have you?"

"Great guns, I had! Call them up and tell Mr. Parmenter I can't come—that I've got an important conference."

"All right."

"Wait a minute. I will go, after all. That'll be fine."

The children liked to ride and it would be a bully solution of the afternoon.

The Midford Pulp Company had recently tremendously increased its equipment; and Mr. Parmenter, who owned most of it, had been urging Doug to come over and see his installations. He knew Doug was stocked with paperboard for the time being, but he hoped for orders in the future. It would be a pleasant excursion. People hoping for big orders in the future always saw to it that one's visits were.

"Well, young ladies," Doug informed his daughters, "we're going for a long ride. How will you like that?"

They both drew down their mouths and said simultaneously, "But I want to go to your office!"

"Nonsense! Maybe you can go there when we get back."

It was a bright dream shattered, however, and they both cried a little as Doug got them into their coats and hats. Doug was becoming somewhat professional in his attitude toward their gentler manifestations of grief. By the time he lifted them into the sedan they had reconciled themselves. He locked the doors, charged Katherine to look after Patty, and started.

It was twenty miles to Midford and the trip was almost a complete success; that is, Patty fell off the seat once and bumped her head only and had to have the car stopped while Doug comforted her.

One could see the Midford Pulp Company's plant from a considerable distance. Katherine the Small was interested in the conveyancer, which rose above its gigantic log pile like a viaduct leading nowhere.

"What's that, daddy?"

"That's where we're going."

"It looks like a big snake, doesn't it?"

It did, a long flat head lifted from the ground and drooling immense logs.

Mr. Parmenter, a small, jolly, lame man, was waiting for them on the steps of the office building. Mr. Parmenter liked life, and particularly his own possessions, a trait which kept him blessedly free from pathos. One felt that he regarded his own crippled foot with a happy pride in its unusualness.

"Hello!" Doug greeted him. "I brought some young ladies to inspect your shop too. Have you got a stenog or someone who can chaperon them?"

"Better than that," Mr. Parmenter beamed. "Hello there, little girls. Will you shake hands with me? I've got the best nurse right here you ever had."

Then Mr. Parmenter whistled and, in response, from behind the building there darted a gray and golden police dog, so big she could kiss Mr. Parmenter's face by hardly jumping at all.

"Isn't she a beauty? Shake hands, Lassie."

For one moment Patty's lip quivered. Patty didn't particularly like dogs, but the uplifted paw soothed her.

"He won't bite me," she murmured to herself reassuringly. "He won't bite me."

"I should say she wouldn't!" Mr. Parmenter laughed, and he explained to Doug about her name. "I always used to have Scotch collies and I got kind of used to Lassies and Lads."

"Some conveyancer you've got there." Doug set about the business of the day.

"Isn't it a beauty? Best one in the state. Ever see one work, little girls? There's a chain in the bottom of that long trough with hooks in it that catch the logs and it pulls them up to the top."

"How high is it?" Doug asked.

"About eighty feet. It doesn't look as high as that because the log pile is over forty just now. Let's take the kids over and show them the trough. They'll be crazy about it."

They sauntered past a freight car from which logs were being flung into the conveyancer, going slowly in deference to Mr. Parmenter's limp. Mr. Parmenter held up Katherine the Small and Doug held up Patty so they could see the single file of logs as the chain pulled them along to a corner, where another chain caught and tugged them up the slope to open chutes through which they dropped to the log pile.

"Like a little train of cars, aren't they?" Mr. Parmenter said to Katherine the Small.

She answered "Yes," in her very small, shy voice; and Patty said, "Like a dolly pouf-pouf!"

"Why don't we fix up a place where they can sit with Lassie and watch it while I show you around?" Mr. Parmenter asked.

"I don't want to make you trouble."

"You couldn't make too much trouble to suit me," Mr. Parmenter answered, with that honest glow which only a true lover or a born salesman can put into his tones.

He called one of the men who were throwing logs, and empty packing cases were arranged in a platform overlooking the wooden stream and Lassie and the children ensconced upon it.

"Take care of them, Lassie," Mr. Parmenter directed, and Lassie cocked her ears and looked preternaturally intelligent and gave a short bark.

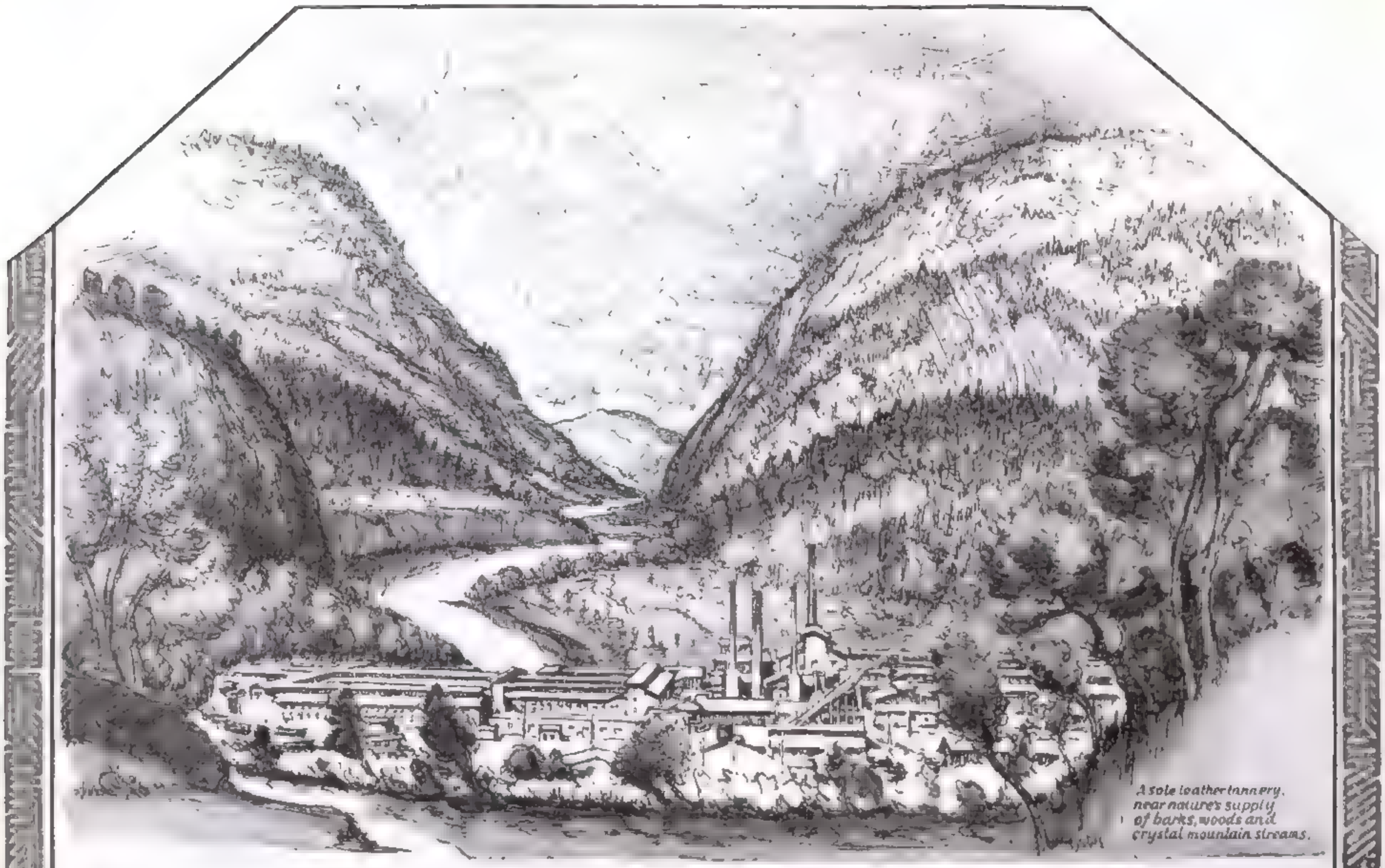
"You don't have to give those kids another thought," Mr. Parmenter expatiated as he walked Doug away. "Those dogs are the humanest things on earth. You ought to get one. It would save you and the wife a world of trouble. You tell one of those dogs to watch a coat and he'll stay there three days, without eating, to do it."

"Where did you get her?" Doug asked.

You'd have thought that the idea of a dog would have occurred to Katherine the Great, who had a darned good head. Here she had this problem before her three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and he'd been on it less than eight hours and already had a good suggestion. That was just the difference between men and women.

Mr. Parmenter led him about exultingly, letting him peer into subterranean chambers where the logs swirled in driven waters

(Continued on Page 117)



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(Continued from Page 114)

until they were needed, showing him the gigantic molars which chewed them soft. It took a long time, but it was all to the accompaniment of extremely interesting shop talk and didn't seem long to Doug.

"Now I want to show you my transformer station where the juice pours in," Mr. Parmenter said at last.

At the foot of some steps, wiggling her rubbery nose, and looking a little injured and very ingenuous, stood Lassie. Doug was more embarrassed for her than her owner was.

"What are you doing here, old girl?" Mr. Parmenter laughed, and in explanation to Doug: "She's just a pup still. Wait till I've had her a year more. Wanted to see your father, didn't you, old girl?"

For one moment Doug hesitated with the idea of hurrying back to see that the children were all right, then he thought to himself, "I'm just as bad as the women. Those youngsters would yell loud enough if anything was wrong, and what could happen to them, anyway?"

He did wish, however, that walking with Mr. Parmenter needn't be quite so slow.

The transformers were in a high wire inclosure like a garden of monstrous, drab, futuristic flowers.

"One hundred and ten thousand volts to each bank," Mr. Parmenter gloated.

"I imagine you keep that gate shut most of the time," Doug commented.

"Well, we haven't given any school picnics here yet."

"Daddy!" Doug heard behind him.

"Look who's here!" Mr. Parmenter remarked, glancing back at Katherine the Small, who stood outside the inclosure. Then he started on: "You see, we get alternating current ——"

"Daddy!" Katherine the Small called again.

Of course, Mr. Parmenter had the same logical attitude toward children, Doug realized, and one should be casual about them. Still, Katherine the Small was used to attention, so he made a gesture of apology and turned back to her.

"What is it, sweetheart?"

"Pats went for a ride."

"With whom?"

"She went for a ride and got frightened. She's crying."

"Where is she now?"

"On the stick of wood. She couldn't get off."

"You mean one of the logs you were watching?"

"Yes," Katherine the Small said. "On the dolly train."

For an instant horror completely paralyzed Doug. A picture of the great sticks dropping through the chute forty feet to the long pile gripped his mind like an agony. Then he realized that he was standing still, and with a tearing groan he raced in the direction of the conveyancer. Mr. Parmenter yelled something after him, but he didn't know what it was until he found himself faced with a nine-foot wire fence. Then the words came back: "You can't go that way!"

He ran along the fence, yelling at the top of his lungs. When he came to the place where the conveyancer swerved to its final rise he heard terrified cries, and caught a glimpse of Patty's little figure being carried up the incline.

She was gone! She was lost! There wasn't a chance!

He ran on. There was a gate at last. He pushed it open and cut across miry ground. The log pile, with the conveyancer rearing above it, was before him. He saw a log drop through a chute.

Patty might be on the next one!

Doug went stark, animal mad. The anguish of which paternity is capable has been rather underemphasized in literature. In his tortured mind there was a flash of Katherine the Great and how she would feel, a flash of self-detestation for his carelessness; but all the rest was sheer aching love of that baby who was going to be so terribly hurt.

Doug started to climb the log pile, driven by an idea that by some superhuman possibility he could catch her as she fell, could at least break the crash of the log.

A log appeared at the chute, dropped. Its impact on those on which he was standing knocked Doug down, but he'd marked the spot where it struck. That was where he must reach. He got up and started climbing there. It was slippery, treacherous going. He kept his eyes on the chute. Another log was nosing in now. Doug waited for it, shaking with a terror of which he was wholly unconscious.

"You can't go that way!" Mr. Parmenter called again, and he repeated it, following Doug's swift course as fast as he could drag his foot; not that the circuitous route around the factory would have been any more hopeful for Doug to take, but because there was nothing else to do.

Lassie raced ahead of him, looking back and jumping with delight.

Mr. Parmenter knew that he himself was utterly useless in the situation and at that hour there'd be no one near the conveyancer except the men pitching logs from the freight car far back, or possibly old deaf Ed Wiggin, who sometimes sneaked out to the far end of the conveyancer for a surreptitious smoke, and whom no amount of shouting, even at close range, could rouse.

Maybe the kid was wrong, he kept praying as he hobbled; maybe she was only fooling. Then he reached the spot in the fence closest the conveyancer and saw the little figure clinging to the log. It was halfway up. As he watched, the log slipped back a few cogs. The sweat of anguished helplessness poured from Mr. Parmenter's forehead. Lassie came and shook her throat against him.

He couldn't have done anything, even granted a good foot, not unless he had wings or could jump ——

"Lassie, old girl"—that thought made him turn to the puppy intelligence beside him—"jump over the fence and get the baby. Do you understand?"

Lassie was glad to be noticed; she bounded and barked.

"Shut up!" he groaned. "Listen! Do you see the baby on that log? Go get her!"

Lassie looked puzzled.

"Over the fence!" he said, with the gesture which usually made her jump.

For an instant Lassie gaped, then she ran back, took a run and jumped. It wasn't quite good enough. She held the top of the fence with her elbows for a clawing second, then slid down.

"Try it again!" Mr. Parmenter begged. "Try it again!"

Lassie ran back for a longer start, rushed and made it. On the other side, she stood and looked for approval.

"Good girl!" Mr. Parmenter sobbed. "Now the baby! The little girl! Go get her!"

For one instant it seemed as though Lassie thought he was imploring her to jump back; she appeared to prepare.

"No!" Mr. Parmenter shouted. "Don't be a fool, old girl! The baby! Up there! Go get her!"

Lassie turned and rushed up the stairs which flanked the conveyancer, and just as she started, the log carrying Patty reached the top of the incline and passed out of sight. It had perhaps fifteen feet to go before it reached an open chute.

Mr. Parmenter had done all he could. He clutched at the fence to keep standing.

Lassie topped the steps and disappeared. An eternity went by, then she came into view again, carrying nothing.

"The baby!" Mr. Parmenter shouted again, though he knew it was too late.

Lassie lifted her ears, alert, intelligent.

"Go back! Go back!"

She turned, but it wouldn't do any good now.

Then Mr. Parmenter saw, behind her, old Ed Wiggin, with a wailing pink burden in his arms. And it was only then that Mr. Parmenter succumbed to active nausea.

What happened on the summit of the conveyancer was never quite clear. Patty

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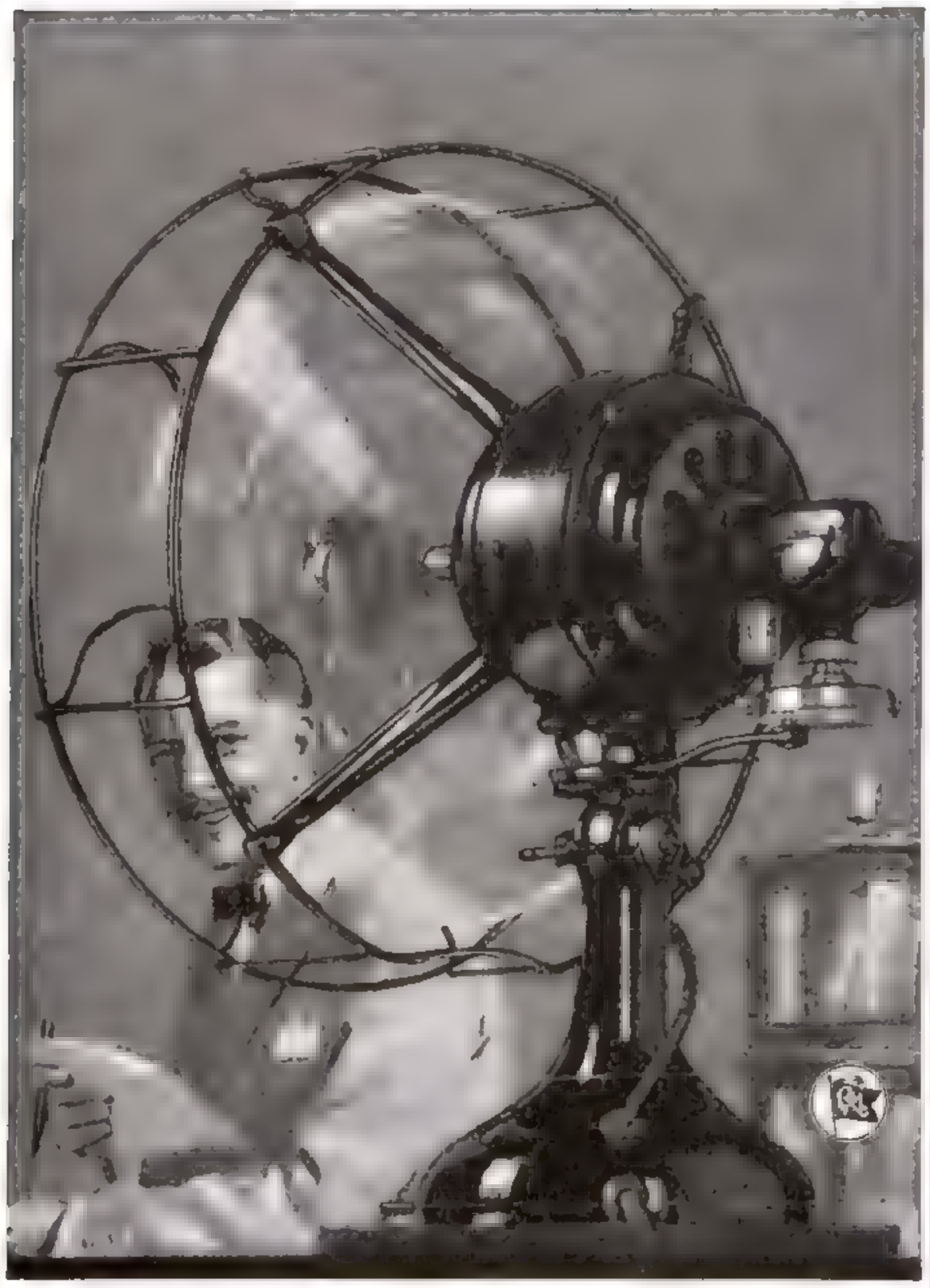

always said "The doggy came," but old Ed Wiggin, gluttonous of heroism, gave a version which, at its most effective, practically amounted to his having reached through the chute hole and snatched her from the log in descent.

Mr. Parmenter had been too absorbed in watching for Lassie to note, and old Ed Wiggin's never too robust credibility was further shaken by his failure to mention that the mechanism of the conveyancer had been stopped just about as Lassie dashed up the stairs.

One of the men pitching logs had heard Patty's cries, looked out, seen her and run to the seat of power. He had, however, acted too late for Doug Calder's safety. The log Doug had been watching fell. It didn't hit him, but this time the shivering blow to the log pile threw him such a distance that it took a doctor forty minutes to convince himself that no bones were broken.

Doug did not drive home. Mr. Parmenter took him in his big limousine, Doug stretched on the rear seat and his two delighted daughters playing nurse and vying as to which could pay him the more professional attentions, in a rivalry which twice reached the point of fisticuffs.

Mr. Parmenter had left word with his secretary to prepare Mrs. Calder by telephone, so Katherine the Great stepped from Mary Pynchon's car to find Sarah, radiant for the first time in the period of her employment, telephoning for the fifth local physician and holding her thumb nail ominously against the number of the leading undertaker.

Katherine the Great, though frightened almost out of her wits by the vague report, had the sense to dismiss all the medical faculty but the family physician and summon Lena.

"Daddy's sick! Daddy's sick!" the babies exulted.

Doug, while he said, "I am not, not a bit. What in the deuce are you doing here, you old pill peddler?" looked a sickly yellow, and when he reached the living-room couch sat on it heavily and let his feet be lifted up, and didn't grumble except faintly at the ice pack Katherine the Great suggested when the doctor couldn't think of anything to prescribe.

"Couldn't you get a little sleep, darling?" Katherine the Great asked, when she placed it on his forehead.

"No," Doug answered, and he looked out from under it very sheepishly. "Well, gloat!" he commanded.

"Oh, darling, darling, you were wonderful!"

Katherine the Great's sense of humor always evaporated blessedly when anyone was hurt, even a little.

"Rats!" Doug replied.

"But I ought never to have left you. I knew just what a terrible thing I was doing. It's all my fault."

"I wish you'd gloat," Doug insisted. "It would make me feel lots better. Have you seen the ink spot in our room?"

"Oh, what does it matter? It won't cost more than five dollars to have the rug cleaned."

"Then there's a contract I may have lost because Miss Gyngell looked after the children instead of getting off a report, and I guess the Midford Pulp Company is about wrecked. I heard something being said about the man who turned off the power getting the wrong switch and completely jamming things. And my car's over there and we'll have to send over for it tomorrow."

"Don't talk, darling," Katherine the Great begged him, "and please try to get some sleep."

"All right," Doug sighed, but when he'd tried for a few minutes he opened his eyes; and whether he was perfectly conscious of what he was doing or not, what he said frightened Katherine the Great rather thoroughly.

"Do something for me, will you, dear?"

"Of course, Doug. What?"

"Go to the top middle drawer of my bureau and get the white jeweler's box."

Katherine the Great went. It was when she saw what was in the box that she gave one great gulping sob. Doug's Croix de Guerre! He wanted it pinned on his breast, she knew.

"You don't think you're dying, darling?" she implored when she brought it to him. "Doctor Hanson said you weren't. He swore you couldn't be."

"I know it," Doug answered; then he seemed to wander a little. "Lena's with the children, isn't she?"

"Yes, darling."

"She takes care of them most of the day every day, doesn't she?"

"Oh, don't worry about them," Katherine the Great sobbed. "Don't!"

Doug opened the little box.

"Will you go and pin this on Lena?" he requested. "And tell her it will have to do her until I can write to my representative. I'm going to try to get her a Congressional Medal."

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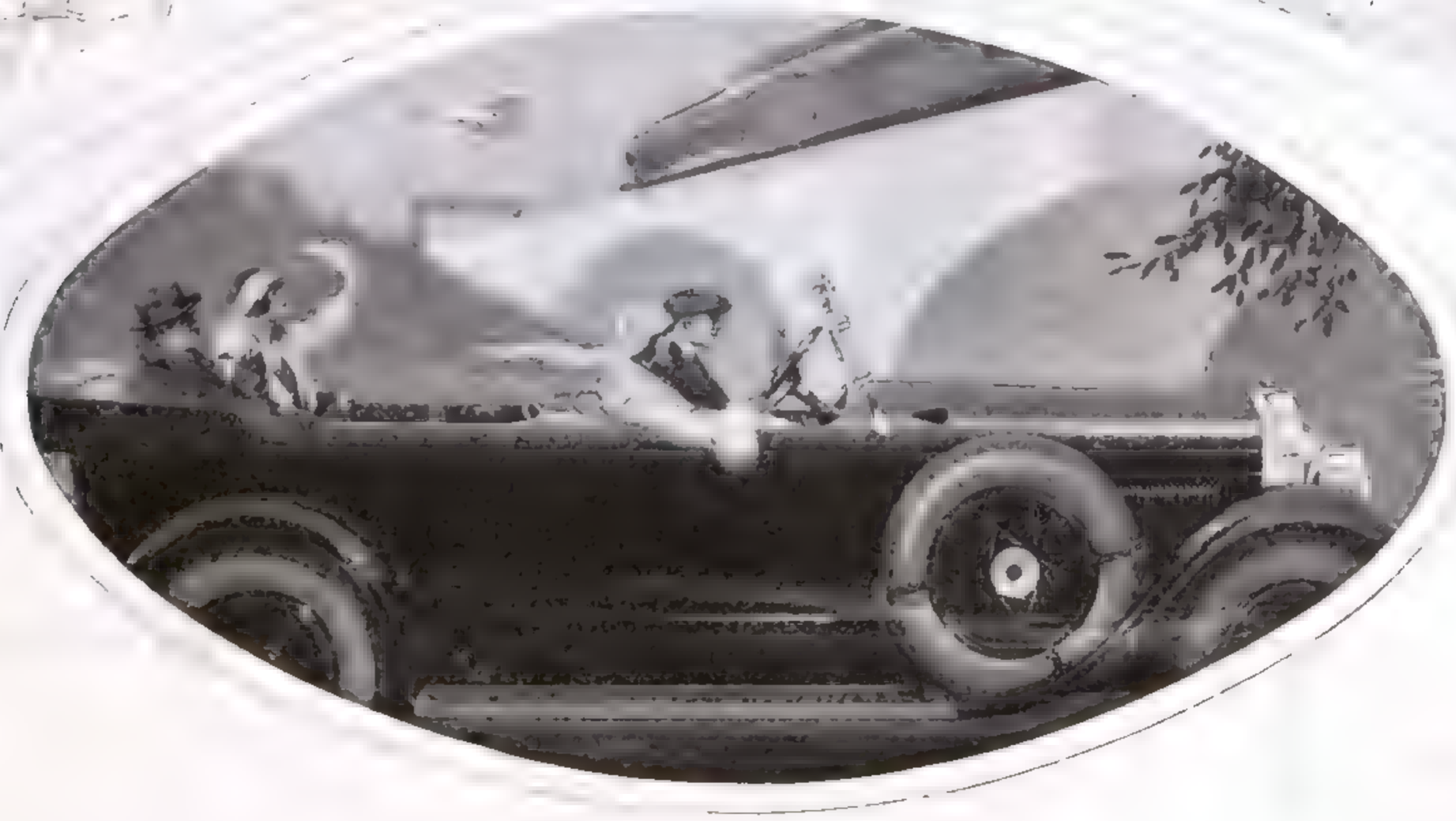

THE driver at the wheel of a Lincoln commands a reserve of power that he scarcely ever uses to the limit, even in emergencies.

When great power is needed in a car, the need is usually imperative. The Lincoln never fails its owner in such emergencies.

The car actually sustains the power developed by the motor indefinitely. Motoring speed, as it is popularly known, is within the ordinary power range of the Lincoln, and extremely high speed can be maintained over long distances without taxing the Lincoln engine.

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This remarkable power has been attained in the Lincoln 60° V-type motor, because of the inherently splendid design, the perfection of balance, and the amazing precision with which each part is built.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
Division of Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

LINCOLN

OUR JUMBLE OF INHERITANCE-TAX LAWS

Continued from Page 23

such wealth is so designed that the heir must come into court and obtain a clearance by paying the taxes before he can enjoy his legacy.

Quite the opposite is true with regard to other forms of taxation; the state has to go out and find the property. All that expense falls upon the state. Therefore to say that the expense of collecting a personal tax is so much and the expense of collecting an inheritance tax is a great deal less becomes ridiculous. The actual total cost of collecting inheritance taxes is so high that there is more argument against them based on this ground than upon the charge that the rates are excessive. This situation recalls the ancient vaudeville wheeze about the two men who held joint ownership of a cow. One owned the rear half of the cow and got all the milk; so the other man who owned the front end of the cow and had to feed it decided to kill his half. He reported, however, that when he killed his half of the cow his partner's half died.

It very often happens with regard to an estate that after the Federal and state governments have lopped off only the head and horns in the form of a 20 per cent levy the rest of the estate dies. To say such mortality is not a part of the cost of collection is sticking too close to the letter and ignoring the facts.

There is scarcely any probability at all that the states will abandon inheritance taxes, nor is there any organized propaganda to bring about such a result. The rising costs of government seem to make these taxes absolutely essential. But there is now a strong propaganda against the Federal Government's continuing in this field any longer than may be considered absolutely necessary. Much of the force of that argument would decline, however, if the rates were to be materially reduced or duplication of state taxes abolished. As for the states and their duplication of levies through taxation of nonresidents, some progress is already being made toward straightening out the jumble; indeed if the broad powers of discretion usually lodged in the various state officials were always exercised tyrannically this duplication would be utterly intolerable, but most officials and the states themselves through their laws are now trying to reduce the present large number of obvious absurdities.

The Argument Pro and Con

The argument in favor of the Federal Government's abandoning this field of taxation—as it has done three times previously—may be summarized as follows:

1. The historic use of the inheritance tax as a war measure only.
2. Since the states have exclusive jurisdiction over the passing of property to new owners at death only, the states should tax such transfers.
3. The Federal tax invades a field long occupied by the states and interferes with their enjoyment of it.
4. The tax is difficult and costly to administer.
5. The tax is levied upon capital.

The principal arguments for retaining the Federal tax may be summarized as follows:

1. The Government needs the revenue, has an undeniable legal right to use this form of taxation, and there are centuries of precedent for it.
2. Many of the greatest authorities on taxation maintain that death duties are a necessary corollary and supplement to the income tax, since—so they say—in no other way can the inequalities of the income tax finally be corrected.
3. Without death duties the holders of tax-exempt securities would evade taxation entirely.
4. It would be unwise for the Federal Government to admit a limitation of its powers to invade any field of taxation not denied to it by the Constitution.

These nine propositions will cover nearly all the argument. They are, for the most part, however, broad generalizations, and leave out of account the numerous annoying expenses and delays that confront the heirs of an estate. Examples of these are available in such profusion that it is difficult to choose a few and say they are typical. In fact, one had best avoid even the suggestion that any one of them is typical because there are so many different state laws, without mentioning the court decisions interpreting them. But let us, nevertheless, consider just a few. We will assume that a man dies in New York, leaving an estate valued at $10,000,000. Among his possessions are shares in a New Jersey corporation valued at $10,000. In order to clear up his estate it will be necessary to submit to the New Jersey authorities a copy of his will and the inventory of the whole estate.

A Tax Deadlock

Now if his only property outside of New York happened to be the few shares of the New Jersey corporation, that would not be a serious matter; but more probably he will have to file these papers and perhaps several others besides with fifteen or twenty states. It also happens very often that out of the fifteen states, seven or eight administer their nonresident taxation in such a way that each of them finds it almost necessary to make the last collection. To be specific, one state will say, "Your tax here cannot be computed accurately until you have paid Ohio and Wisconsin." Now if it happens that Ohio and Wisconsin also find it necessary to be last, a deadlock is reached. The tax itself may not be high, but if the estate is suffering while all these negotiations are in progress, then the cost of collection from the point of view of the heirs is far from low.

Nearly all the states have different rates for different classifications of heirs. For instance, the administrator cannot say, "I must pay 6 per cent in New York, 8 per cent in Wisconsin, 4 per cent in West Virginia, and so on." Far from it. Let us take some of those rates and see just what confronts the administrator dealing with a large and scattered estate. In Colorado, for instance, the tax on $105,000 bequeathed to the widow is 4 per cent; the same sum bequeathed to a sister pays 7 per cent; to an aunt, 10 per cent; to a more remote relative or one who is not a relative, 12 per cent. But the wife will have an exemption of $20,000, while a child's exemption is only $10,000. The sister's exemption would be only $2000. The aunt's exemption would be $500, and a person who was not a relative would have the same exemption. Naturally this matter of exemptions changes in effect the rate, or at least the amount to be paid.

Now that is Colorado. Suppose we take Arkansas next. The same $105,000 left to a widow or a child would pay 7 per cent, with an exemption of $3000; the sister would have an exemption of $1000, and would pay 14 per cent; all the others enumerated in the case of Colorado would pay 28 per cent and have an exemption of only $500.

Nearly all the states levy an inheritance tax upon shares of stock in corporations domiciled within their borders, no matter where the owner of the stock is domiciled. Some states levy a tax even when the corporation itself is also foreign, provided it owns property within their borders. This has led to so much confusion that two methods are now being tried to bring about something closer to easy administration. One is a flat rate on the properties of nonresidents, so that once the value is determined the rate can be supplied instantly. The other is reciprocity between the states

You can get genuine Palm Beach Suits in all the handsome new colors and patterns—in both light and dark shades—that you see in the finest imported woolens and worsteds; also the famous tan and other light colors individual to Palm Beach.

SNAPSHOTS

These are actual photographs of well tailored Palm Beach Suits—just as they look on regular men

Good sense and good form in summer styles for 1925

LOOK at the men's clothes in the snapshots.

Smartness in every line of them—spruce, well-groomed-looking clothes—the kind one takes pride in wearing.

They look even better in real life, for there are many patterns and colorings—all the latest shades and mixtures as well as the old favorites that run from year to year.

But looks are only part of the story. These suits are cool—the coolest good-looking suits ever made!

And they are beautifully tailored and finished.

Furthermore, they'll outlast ordinary clothes by many months.

1925 has nothing better to offer in summer suit values.

These suits are made from Palm Beach Cloth, the smartest of summer fabrics.

Clothing stores offer Palm Beach Suits at prices that usually range about $12.50, $15.00, $16.50, and $18.50. Some styles and makes sell for more.

Why do prices vary? Please remember this:

Genuine Palm Beach Cloth is all of one standard quality, but the suits made from Palm Beach vary in price. Workmanship and patterns vary. The more you pay, the more you should get in cut, tailoring and finish.

Go to your clothier and pay a good price for Palm Beach and you'll get the smartest, coolest summer suit you ever owned.

Take another look at the photographs—they ought to help you to decide on a summer wardrobe.

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"Dependability first" was his ideal for the Johnson Outboard Motor. Absolute dependability—and nothing short of it.

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Johnson succeeded because he approached the outboard motor from the marine engineering viewpoint.

The simple, sturdy construction of the Johnson Motor is a triumph of marine engineering.

Portability was a natural result of simplification and correct design. Unceasing research in the field of scientific metallurgy enabled Johnson to produce his ideal motor and still keep the weight down to

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The Johnson drives rowboats from 7 to 9 miles per hour, canoes from 9 to 12.

Owing to the combination of construction and light weight, the owner of a Johnson has a real advantage in attaching to all types of boats, particularly double-pointed canoes.

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The 1925 Johnson is 25-30% more powerful than previous models.

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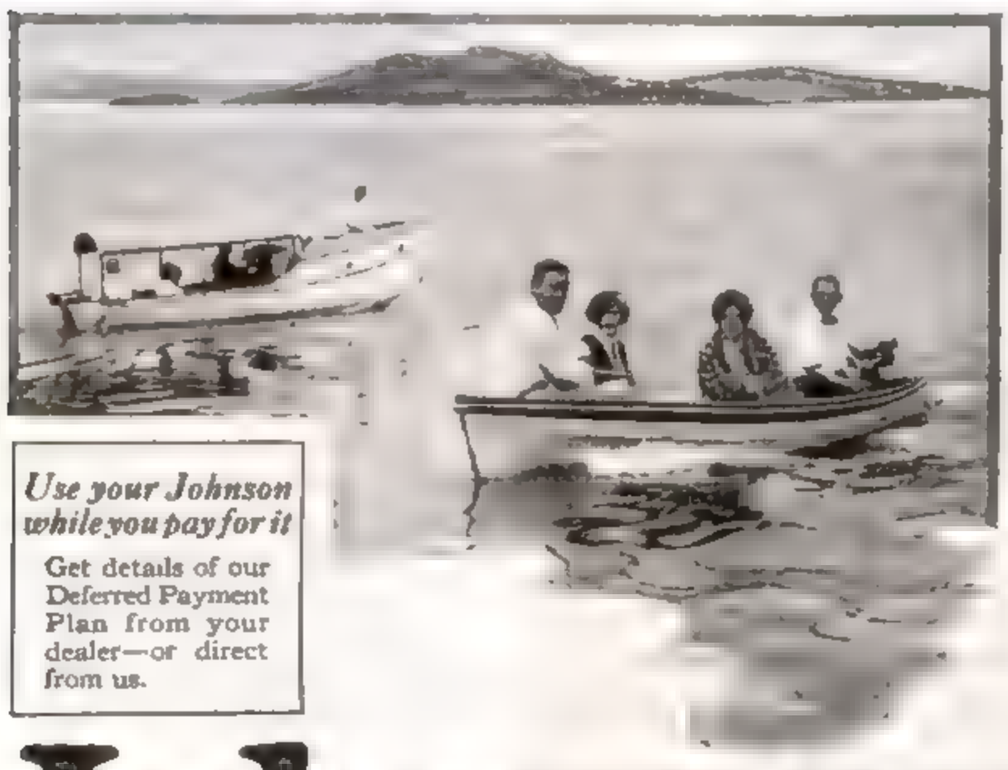

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City . . . . . State . . . . . .

to the general effect that "if you don't tax our citizens we won't tax yours." New York and Pennsylvania were among the leaders in that movement. Thus Pennsylvania would not levy against the estate of a resident of New York nor vice versa. By a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in computing its tax upon the estate of the late Henry C. Frick, was compelled to deduct from the gross value of the estate the value of personal property which had its situs in other states. Judging from the brief newspaper abstracts of the opinion, it would appear that the enforcement of this principle would have the effect of doing away with these reciprocal arrangements.

The desire to tax nonresidents leads inevitably to duplication between anywhere from two to twenty states as well as the Federal Government. Next, all the rates are different. But along with all these complications one has to deal with different methods of computing the value of estates, and even of computing the taxes themselves after values are fixed. It would be almost impossible in an article of this nature to summarize these methods. To begin with I have not even been able to find out how many different methods are in use for computing the taxes of nonresidents. Roy C. Osgood, vice president of the First Trust & Savings Bank of Chicago, has summarized six methods of computing the taxes in the cases of residents alone. It seems to me that nearly anyone would assume that in the case of an exemption of, let us say, $5000 on a legacy of $10,000, the rate would apply to the remaining $5000; but that is far from being true. I quote Mr. Osgood verbatim on what he calls the third method in his list of six: "This involves principally the manner of granting exemptions, and is somewhat complicated. If the share exceeds the exemption, the tax is computed on the entire share without allowance for the exemption. The tax, however, may not reduce the share below the exemption. For instance, if a brother's share is $1010 and the tax at 3 per cent is $30.30, the brother's net share, but for this plan, would be $979.70. But the exemption is $1000, so that the tax can be $10 only." Most persons with only an ordinary acquaintance with arithmetic and the English language would, I think, compute the tax at thirty cents. They would allow the brother his exemption of $1000 and levy the 3 per cent on the $10.

An Astounding Computation

But there is another method of computation even more astounding, although it is used by only two states. The official whose duty it is to name the amount of the tax first makes all the deductions for exemptions. Then he searches through the list for the highest rate applicable to any one of the beneficiaries, and this maximum rate he applies to all of them. Why he does this, no one seems to know.

It sometimes happens that a man who has warning that death is imminent disposes of his estate by gift before he dies. This has led to a whole library of laws covering "gifts in contemplation of death." One state imposes a higher tax on these than on bequests.

Another state tried to do this and there resulted some interesting court proceedings growing out of a question as to whether the rates of taxation in force at the time of the gift or at the time of the death of the giver applied. The courts held that the rates at the time of death applied. It may not have had any bearing on the case, but the rates at the time of death were much higher than at the time of giving.

The courts have quite generally held that the tax accrues at the time of death and that subsequent events have nothing to do with the case, all of which sounds reasonable enough except for the fact that an estate is not always cleared of its tax liens promptly. Title rests in the heirs immediately after death, but the state or states and the Federal Government still have strings attached. Nevertheless, what happens subsequently is the gain or loss of the beneficiaries. Where an estate suffers severe depreciation between the time of death and the time of distribution there are interesting developments. This situation has led to so much hardship that one state has changed its statutes so that the valuation upon which the tax is collected must be that of the date of distribution, while another state has decided that the valuation date must be one year subsequent to the date of death. It is very difficult to clear up a large estate under present conditions in less than one year. A shining example of this was a very large estate in Rhode Island; the death duties amounted to $10,000,000, and in order to raise such a large amount it finally became necessary for the legislature to pass a special law permitting the executors to borrow money with which to pay the taxes.

On the matter of appraising an estate some idea of the different opinions will be given by simply listing the terms used in different state laws. Here they are: "Market value," "true value," "full and fair value," and "fair cash value." Court interpretations were necessary.

When Taxes Consume an Estate

All these terms sound well enough, but what shall a reasonable man say is the reasonable value of a sound 5 per cent stock at a time when a bear raid is in progress on a narrow market and prices are being forced down artificially? If the property happens to be goods, shall the wholesale or the retail price rule? It often happens that the appraiser fixes a value which can be defended very ably on paper but not in the market place. Suppose, then, that the heirs wish to wait and argue the matter. The estate becomes subject to penalties. At first these are not very high, but later they usually increase to 1 per cent a month, which is not far from a pawnbroker's rate and ends the argument.

However, the matter of when the values shall be fixed is more important than how they shall be fixed, because in the long run the native honesty and common sense of appraisers can be depended upon, while the changes in value that take place in the course of four or five months or a year are dictated by fate and it becomes necessary to establish an arbitrary rule based on common sense and experience.

Theoretically it is now quite possible for a combination of Federal and state inheritance taxes to exceed the total value of an estate.

Not many of these cases actually happen, but the real argument to be made on this subject is that you don't have to take 100 per cent of an estate to kill it any more than you have to run over a man with a steam roller to wound him mortally; a rifle bullet no larger than a quinine capsule will suffice if it hits between the eyes.

I quote from an address delivered by W. B. Belknap at a conference on inheritance and estate taxation held in St. Louis, September 15, 1924:

"I sent out letters asking various persons if they had run onto any cases where actually all of an estate had been taken in death taxes, and none of the persons knew of such cases; several of them said it was not possible. I want to say that it is possible. I know of one case in my own home town, Louisville, Kentucky, where the whole estate has been taken or at least the whole estate was to be taken in taxes. Whether any way out of it has been found I do not know. That estate was mixed up between several states in this country, the Federal Government and the French Government. It was not all under the Stars and Stripes, but death taxes can and do take a very large portion of an occasional estate.

"I know of another estate in Philadelphia. Here are the circumstances: The people lived in New Jersey; they kept the securities in Pennsylvania; the property

(Continued on Page 125)

If garters were worn around the neck you'd change them frequently

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"B.V.D." Union Suits come in "regular", "stout", "long", "long-stout", "short-stout" and "youths'" sizes—over sixty in all.

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If you or the retailer are in any doubt as to your size, write The B.V.D. Service Bureau, 350 Broadway, New York City, giving your waist, chest and trunk measurements, and your problem will receive immediate attention.

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Men's $1.50 the suit
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Men's "B.V.D." Underwear in fancy materials at various prices

The B.V.D. Company, Inc., New York

Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear

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(Continued from Page 122

was in West Virginia; and for all I know it may have been incorporated in New York. It was a fairly large piece of property and a friend of the family said that the whole of the estate had been taken in death taxes. I doubt that; but undoubtedly a very large part of the estate was taken in death taxes, because they would have four full taxes—New Jersey, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and the Federal—to pay, so it is not fair to say this cannot happen. It can happen. Other people have written to say that this happens so seldom that it does not make any difference. Yes, it does. There is where death taxes vary, to my notion, from most of the other taxes with which we deal. If any annual tax takes all of a man's income for one year, that man has still a chance to save what property he has accumulated during his lifetime; he has some comeback. But if an inheritance tax works an injustice, that injustice falls upon the capital of the man's property, and it is worked for good and all. It is levied only once. If a mistake is made, there is no correcting, and the seriousness of it, due to the size of the tax, is very, very great.

"An attorney who is experienced in probate work told me it had cost $20,000 to get the waivers and what little litigation there was in connection with a $700,000 estate settled up; the taxes collected by the states amounted to $30,000. There you have another distinct phase of the problem. Jim Jones' widow down in Simpson, Indiana, does not even know that there is an inheritance-tax law; she does not know where to send the papers or what papers to send. To a lawyer the problem is very simple, but we have one hundred and ten millions of people confronted with a tax that falls only very occasionally, a tax about which they know approximately nothing, and to get it settled they have to turn it over to attorneys and pay attorneys' fees.

"And then there is the continual changing of these laws. Thirty-five states have changed their laws since 1917. I do not mean little amendments; I mean changes. More than twenty states have made changes since 1920. Idaho is the only state I recall which has not changed its inheritance-tax laws in fairly recent times."

The Safety-Deposit-Box Ruling

I quote from another address before the same conference: "We—meaning the trust company of which the speaker is an officer—have had an interesting experience in getting a waiver from another state in order to transfer one share of stock for an estate that was very small. It took us more than a year to comply with the requirements of the state and get the waiver in question. As I recall it, the expense was a little more than forty dollars, and finally it was determined that the estate had no tax to pay.

"There is usually the requirement for a copy of the will, the complete assets and liabilities, all the voluminous records that go with a large estate, a report of the directors' meeting, if any, and I could go on with this enumeration indefinitely.

"Another difficulty that is becoming more frequent is the requirement of some states for taxation of bank deposits to the credit of nonresidents. This absolutely ties up the liquid part of an estate and works hardship due to the fact that prompt payment of taxes is impossible. Instead of discounts the estate encounters penalties. It ought to be possible for a trust company to guarantee these taxes or pay them in excess pending settlement and thus free the liquid assets for immediate use."

Along with the difficulties imposed by execution of the inheritance-tax laws there have grown up rules and regulations of an astounding nature to protect the state from concealment of assets. These regulations are so numerous that only one will be cited here as an example. Incidentally it is probably the most drastic of them all. This regulation, which is in force in several states, provides that a court order is necessary to open a safety-deposit box in the event of the death of any person having access to it. Now many persons with estates grant their attorneys, their agents, men holding power of attorney for specific duties, and others access to their safety-deposit boxes. Under this law it not only can happen but frequently does happen that a man finds his deposits of securities tied up in legal tape simply because his attorney, who didn't own a thing in the box to which he had access, has died.

One of the most hopeful phases of our inheritance-tax jumble lies in the fact that many public officials have declined to make political issues of their differences of opinion. This is particularly true of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon. In his addresses on the subject of taxation he has repeatedly quoted his predecessors in office, Secretaries Glass and Houston, to show that men of different political affiliations when familiar with the problem at first-hand realize that tax rates can go high enough to reach the point of diminishing returns. Discussing tax rates in general and the inheritance tax in particular, Secretary Mellon said in an address delivered March seventeenth of this year in Richmond, Virginia:

Overlapping Tax Systems

"In its failure to reduce the maximum surtax below 40 per cent and in its increase of estate taxes to a maximum of 40 per cent, the Revenue Act violated certain principles of taxation which I feel to be fundamental to any sound reform of the tax system. This may be tax reduction. It is not tax reform. This may impose high rates on large incomes and estates. It does not insure continuation of large revenue to the Government. This may seem to make wealth pay. It only overburdens industry and initiative.

"We are still faced, then, with the necessity of establishing economically sound rates of tax. But we are in a better position today to make the reform comprehensive than we were in 1923. At that time there were a number of different taxes to reduce or abolish, each contributing its share in the loss of revenue. Now we approach a fiscal year with an estimated surplus of $374,000,000. This, mind you, is after we have absorbed the losses of revenue brought about by the 1924 act. Furthermore, we are in a better position to approach tax reform, because the country at large better understands the questions involved and is able to assess more nearly at their true value the various proposals for dealing with these questions. In other words, tax reform is now an issue which holds the public interest and demands an early and honest attempt at settlement.

"As the cost of government, particularly that of the states and municipalities, has mounted in the past few years, there has arisen the necessity for an apportionment of the fields of taxation between state and Federal governments. At a meeting attended by state taxing authorities in Washington last month, at which the President spoke, the desirability of having the Federal Government leave to the states the particular field of inheritance taxes was strongly urged, and a nation-wide committee will consider this subject during the coming months. This return to the doctrine of the sovereignty of the states can be well appreciated here in Virginia. The efforts of two governments to tap the same source of revenue in inheritance taxes have resulted in overlapping systems which impose undue burdens upon the taxpayer and a consequent destruction of the very sources of revenue which mean comparatively little to the Federal treasury, but much to the state.

"I know of no better justification for our democratic form of government, in which I and all of us here so firmly believe, than the way in which the people of this country have come to an appreciation of what taxation is, of the principles underlying a sound tax system, and of the harmful effects which the wrong system can have upon the daily life of every citizen. Here is a subject

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NEW AID

Aqua Velva **is our newest triumph—*a scientific* after-shaving preparation**
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highly technical, presumably theoretical, and one which, under ordinary circumstances, would seem to have no popular appeal to the crowd. Yet it has assumed importance and now holds the interest of the public mind.

"An unintelligent use of the taxing power may have disastrous consequences. It is for this reason that we must come to some understanding, particularly as regards high surtaxes and in the field of inheritance taxes, by which overlapping and unfair taxes shall be eliminated and the future welfare and prosperity of the country shall be assured. This, I am confident, can be done."

To the man with a small income and almost no capital at all it often seems unimportant that an estate of $1,000,000 is reduced by death taxes to less than 50 per cent of its former value. Certainly, he argues, the beneficiaries are still far better off than I am.

And so they are. But large estates are never a matter of cash; they are going concerns of one sort or another. To strike them down hits at the nation's industrial development.

Moreover, if a man knows that beyond a certain point he will have to make four or five dollars for the Government in order to have one or two for himself or his heirs, the effort and risk are not worth while and initiative crumbles.

Again, judged strictly from a governmental point of view, or more strictly a money-raising point of view, it is a mathematical certainty that death taxes which amount to more than the normal average accretion of an estate in a normal generation will eventually destroy that source of revenue. To be specific, if an estate of a certain size will ordinarily increase 25 per cent in a generation and the death taxes will average 30 per cent it is only a matter of time until that estate will not be paying any taxes.

Living Off the Capital

President Coolidge called attention to this phase of the problem in an address delivered in Washington, February 25, 1925, before the National Tax Association conference on inheritance taxes. He said: "To take an excessive proportion of estates in this way for the costs of government can only mean that the Government will be living off the capital of the community. This we should seek to avoid. Therefore I suggested that it might be better if the field of inheritance taxation could be left to the states.

"I do not believe that the Government should seek social legislation in the guise of taxation. We should approach the questions directly where the arguments for and against the proposed legislation may be clearly presented and universally understood. If we are to adopt socialism, it should be presented to the people of this country as socialism, and not under the guise of a law to collect revenue. The people are quite able to determine for themselves the desirability of a particular public policy and do not ask to have such policies forced upon them by indirection. Personally I do not feel that large fortunes properly managed are necessarily a menace to our institutions, and therefore ought to be destroyed. On the contrary, they have been and can be of great value for our development. Differing from income taxes, which are deductions from what a taxpayer makes each year and payment of which presumably can be made without hardship, inheritance and estate taxes are capital taxes; they take a part of the accumulated capital of the nation. This capital is not usually represented by cash or readily marketable securities, but it may be a business built up by the decedent through his lifetime, or property long held, for which there is no immediate market. In consequence, to pay inheritance and estate taxes in cash, executors must sell the property which comes into their hands at what is equivalent to a forced sale with the usual consequence of loss in value. I venture to say that for executors to pay a 40 per cent tax they would have to realize in cash, in the ordinary large estate, probably 60 per cent of the appraised value of the estate."

The Present Status

After calling attention to the fact that inheritance taxes provided only a little more than $100,000,000 out of the total of $2,700,000,000 internal revenue taxes received during the last fiscal year, President Coolidge concluded: "While we may not be able to absorb so great a loss of revenue in one year we could provide for gradual retirement from the field as our government expenses decrease."

The point of view disclosed by President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon in the addresses from which I have quoted is held by many congressmen and senators, but it is also strenuously opposed. Summarizing the present status of inheritance-tax legislation one finds the following outstanding facts:

1. The Federal Government's higher rates are widely assailed as confiscatory and unsound.

2. The Federal Government eventually will probably reduce these rates or retire from this field of taxation.

3. The rates imposed by the states are not generally regarded as confiscatory except when two or more overlap.

4. The difficulties incident to interpreting the numerous state laws, especially due to frequent changes in them, are more burdensome than the taxation imposed.

5. The fact that the public is unfamiliar with the details of these laws adds greatly to the difficulty and expense.

6. Both state and Federal officials are sincerely endeavoring to profit by experience and smooth the administration of these laws in order to decrease absurdities and actual confiscations.

7. Apparently the most feasible, immediate step in that direction is to eliminate taxation of nonresidents as far as possible, and in the other cases to establish flat rates that are low and easily computed.

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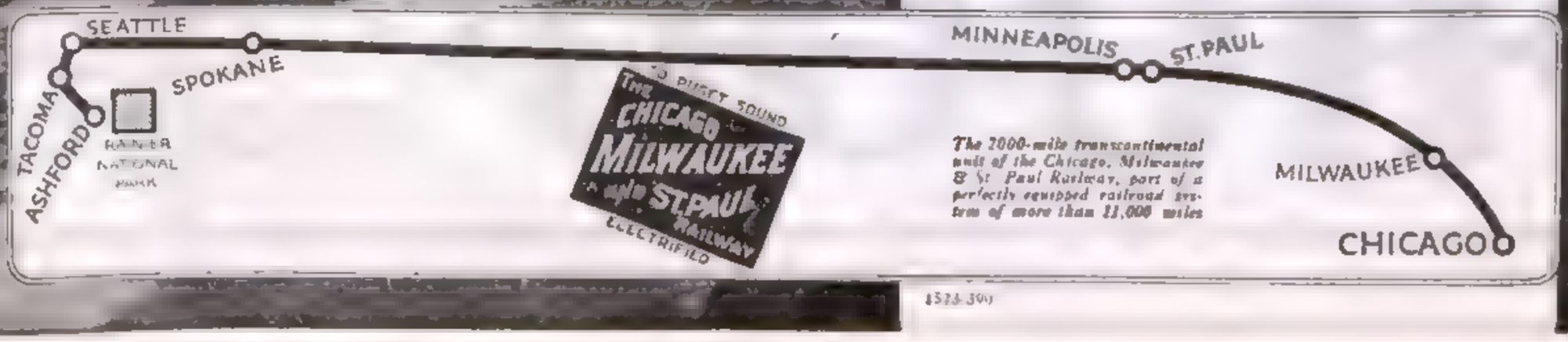

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TOO MUCH EXERCISE

(Continued from Page 11)

in conserving our hearts when exercising, or doing anything else, for that matter, instead of drawing recklessly and thoughtlessly on those hearts in incidental and, mostly, inconsequential enterprises, I now pass on to the consideration of the game of golf. The reason for this is that golf is the most popular form of exercise among the men I am writing to—men of fifty and on up. Golf is more widely played than any other game by these men. Indeed it is almost the only form of open-air exercise they do take. Few are walkers. Few, comparatively, ride horseback. And, happily, fewer still persist at tennis or polo or handball or squash or the more violent exercises.

The manifestations of the human intellect, considered in the mass, get few enough credits for rational exemplifications. Most of the entries in the Book of Life are in the red. But there is a credit coming because men of fifty and more rarely continue at tennis and polo, and so on. Some men do, of course, and are not injured. Every generation has its physical phenomena. But most of those who stick at these violent games are beyond redemption. The vain imagining that they are as good as ever they were, spurs them on, and presently they die of a heart attack or of some other disease wherein the normal and unabused heart would have helped them through. Of all the vanity-induced delusions of mankind, that of a man of fifty that he can do what he could when he was thirty, is the most pathetic. And the most dangerous.

We come to golf, for the reasons aforesaid. Golf came to us in the eighties as a popular sport, and by the nineties was getting under way toward its present great vogue. It is now a game of wide practice and appeal. There are several million golfers in this country. Every community of any pretensions has a golf course. There are scores of them in and about each of the great cities. I do not know how many courses there are in the country, all told, but the number is large.

The Greatest Golf Myth

Every golf club, and every golf course, has its quota of men who began to play golf in its early days, in the nineties, say, and some before that. These men are now, mostly, over fifty. In addition to this, the number of men who have taken up golf in the last ten or fifteen years, men of middle age, verging on middle age, and on past middle age, makes up a considerable proportion of those who play the game. Some of these play the game moderately. Many do not. Some of them, because of exceptional physical equipment, are entitled to play as much golf as they want to play—every day, or twice a day, and be none the worse for it. Many of these others play too much golf. Many should not play golf at all, because every round of eighteen holes, no matter how conservatively played or how husbanded as to effort, takes a toll from them that will, one day, count against their continuing to have any further interest in golf or any other mundane matter.

Intrinsically, golf is a good game. It is played out-of-doors. It has the element of competition. It has the requirement of skill. It has the impossibility of complete mastery. It vexes, exalts, disappoints, elates, depresses, teases, cajoles, scorns, flatters, lures and repels every player. In this country it is crassly commercialized, fantastically ceremonialized, deliriously difficult for any but the most expert players because of grotesque penalizing by artificial hazards in the shape of traps and bunkers, and so on, and absurd lengthening of courses; extremely and, in many instances, almost prohibitively expensive, often ridiculously snobbish, loaded down with rites and preachments, battened on by professionals, merchants, salesmen, explainers and practitioners, and generally exploited financially, commercially, sartorially and socially beyond its deserts in the truly American manner. But it has its points. And its myths.

The greatest of the golf myths is that it is an old man's game. That is silly to any person who knows anything about golf. If there ever was a game that is a young man's game, golf is that game, so far as good golf is concerned. Of course any person with sufficient vitality and determination to totter from tee to green and swing a club can play golf, or play at it. But no person who does not begin to play golf, who does not start to learn golf, when young—and the younger the better—will ever be anything but a mediocre golfer. Speaking in terms of the possibility of old men playing something that resembles golf, even oldish men, it is an old man's game, but in terms of real golf it is a young man's game.

Who Should Play Golf

However, there are plenty of old and oldish men in this country who persist in thinking that golf is an old man's game because they can scramble around eighteen holes without falling on their faces, and right here is where I bear down on the statement that a great many of these would be better off and live longer if they quit playing golf—a great many. So enormous is the vanity of man, heretofore alluded to, that this statement will meet with a storm of indignant protest. "Who," I can hear them shouting, "is this person who says that we are not fit to play our golf? Where does he get off with this admonition and advice and general wise-cracking about our exercise being too much for us? What will we do for exercise if we can't play golf?" And so on.

Fair enough. I am not advising any man, whether he is fifty or a hundred, or anywhere between, to quit golf, or let down on his golf and do less of it, if he is sure his continued golf is doing him good. Sure! If he knows his heart is all right and the strain of walking three miles and a half or four miles, part of the distance often up and down hilly places, chasing a golf ball, swinging at it with a club and hitting it, or not, as the case may be, is not fostering an adverse heart situation that will some day play eternal hob with him, let him go to it. But with this proviso: Do it with knowledge and not with assumption. Do it with certainty and not because of vanity. Do it with full assessment and appraisal of the truth that every man's arteries harden to some extent as he gets along in life, and that his own arteries are not excepted in the general working of the rule. Do it with grateful appreciation of the fact that his heart has been a faithful servant thus far, and deserves and requires all the aid that can be given for the final pull when time has the downhill drag.

What does the average layman of middle age know about his heart except that for all his years it has efficiently, uncomplainingly and steadily done its work, or seemed to? What does he know of what nicotine or liquor or heavy exercise or worry or indigestion or nerves or some hidden toxic weakener or some obscure focus of infection may have done to it or have done to some other organ that, in its collapsing turn, may throw an extra and insuperable burden on an impaired heart? Nothing, unless there has been some warning protest that sent him scurrying to the doctor; and often the heart gives no warning, but simply lays down its tools and walks out when it has had enough. The situation doesn't admit of argument. It is mere common sense. If you, speaking individually to any critical middle-aged customer, are sure you are all right, proceed. But if you have any doubt, find out. If you do not know, find out. And if you find anything out—quit.

This isn't as harsh as it seems. No man of fifty or over need fear that because golf or his other exercises tire him too much and

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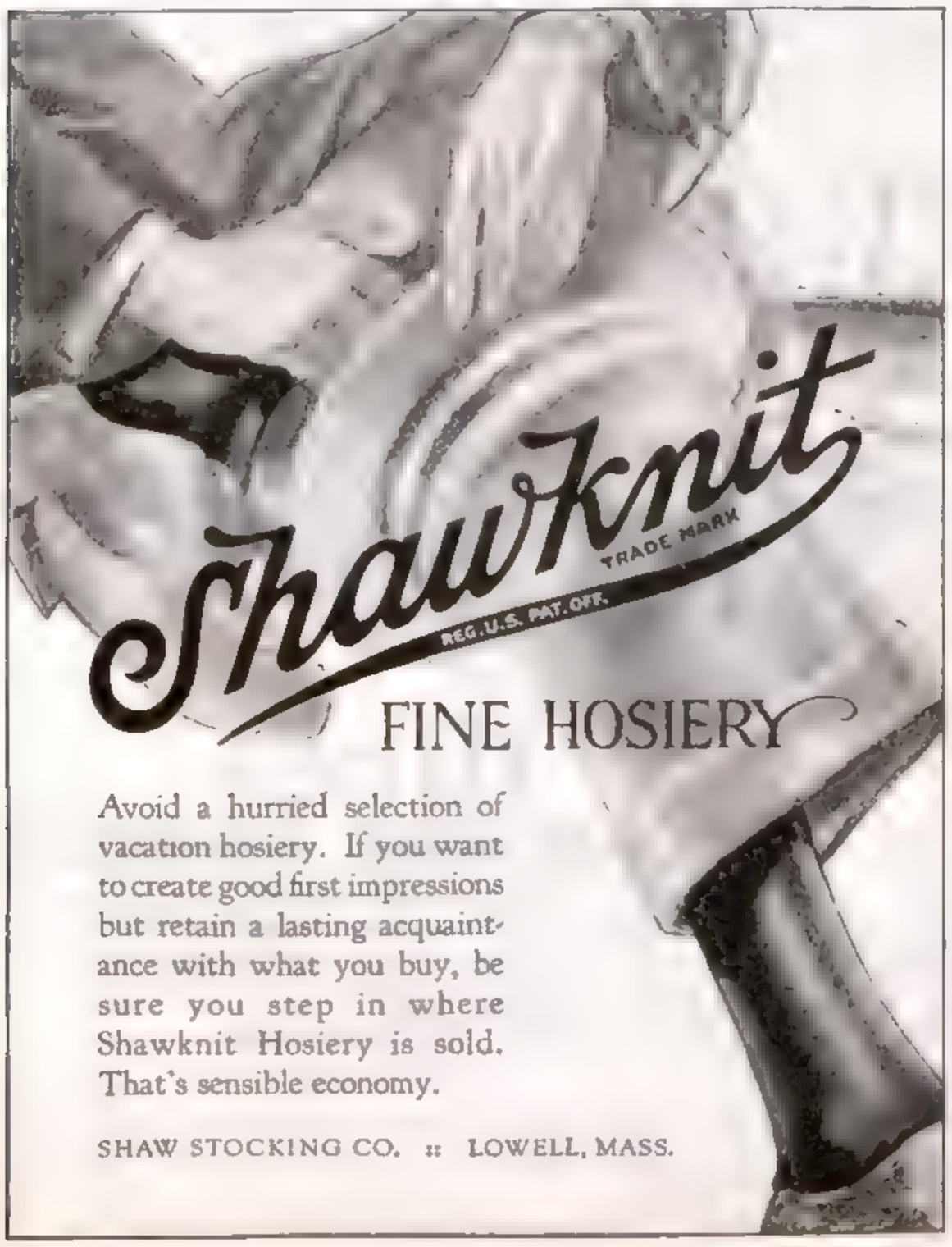

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thus do him more harm than good, he must be deprived of outdoor enjoyments. There is a haven for the oldsters, a pleasant port for their flagging energies, a game that is older than golf, a game that requires a high degree of skill, that furnishes a keen competitive feature, that is not expensive. It is eminently fitted to supply, without undue excess of effort, all needed entertainment, exercise, diversion, and utilize every faculty that inhibited exercises utilize. That game is here proposed as a medium for outdoor exercise and entertainment for men and women of middle age and over who need a milder form of such diversion than is usually obtainable. It is the game of bowls—the game of lawn bowling.

Bowls is at least seven hundred years old, older than any other outdoor game save archery. There is a manuscript in the Royal Library at Windsor, England, dating from the twelfth or thirteenth century, that has a picture showing two men playing at a form of bowls. Manuscripts of the fourteenth century show similar drawings, and bowls became so popular in England that both Edward III and Richard II prohibited the playing of it because the English were so taken with this sport that it was feared they would neglect the practice of archery, which was the main attack and defense of the English armies. Later, under an act passed in 1541, bowls was prohibited to laborers, apprentices and the proletariat in general except at Christmas. The lure of it was so great the English workers neglected their work to play at it.

Building a Bowling Green

There is a story, fairly well authenticated, and in any event a pleasant legend, that Sir Francis Drake was playing at bowls on Plymouth Hoe when he was told that the Spanish Armada was approaching in its terrible might. Sir Francis, the story goes, was at the moment engaged in a particularly close and exciting contest. He heard the news, but before he set sail to destroy the Armada he finished his game. There is no record of whether he won or lost, but to this day they show you the green on which he bowled at Plymouth Hoe.

All classes of people in England came under the spell of the game. The clergy, the nobility and the commoners all played it. When John Knox visited Calvin at Geneva he found that austere preacher playing bowls. Pepys speaks of bowls frequently, as do the other diarists and commentators on English customs of those days. Late in the 1600's the game fell somewhat into disrepute because of its pothouse affiliations. The innkeepers built bowling greens and attracted rowdy custom therewith. Scotland appropriated the game in the sixteenth century, and during that century the great improvement was made in the game. The biased ball was introduced. Since then bowls, save for various changes in the rules, has remained the same practically. The Southampton Town Bowling Club bowls yet on greens built in 1299. The Bowling Green of New York is so named because it was just that in the early days of the metropolis—a bowling green.

Bowls is played on a grass green, similar in construction to a golf putting green. A space thirty feet wide, say, and one hundred feet long is large enough for play, but the ordinary green is about forty yards square. On a green of this size rinks, or playing spaces, are ordinarily from eighteen to twenty-one feet wide, and several teams can play at the same time. Without going into detail as to the construction of the greens it may be said that any level bit of land can be made into a bowling green for home or small club purposes and at not large expense. An excavation of from eighteen inches to two feet in depth is made on the spot where the green is to be placed, and the green is then built up with layers of gravel, cinders, molds, sands, and topped with a turf about two inches thick.

We know about turf in this country now. Countless greens committees at golf courses have learned about grass. The processes of growing a turf on a putting green, in all probability, are about the same as the processes required for making a good turf for bowls. This is offhand opinion, not based on any specific knowledge, but bowls need good turf and so do putting greens, and the difficulties of laying down a bowling green, so far as Americans are concerned, would seem composed largely by our nation-wide experience in laying out putting greens.

Greens are either level or crowned. A crowned green, of course, is more difficult than a level green, and not so popular. There is no set size for a green. A man with a strip of turf in his yard of sufficient size to admit of the draw of the balls, and long enough so the jacks will be at least twenty-five yards apart can have a bowling green. A golf club can build one easily, for the ideal dimensions are forty-two yards square. The building of the greens entails some knowledge, of course, and the pleasure of the game depends on the perfection of the greens. The green is surrounded by a ditch, made according to certain specifications, which are not hard or expensive to follow.

The game is played with lignum-vitæ balls, which weigh just over three pounds. It bears slight relation to the bowling of the bowling alleys. In bowling, a heavy ball is used to knock down pins on an especially constructed alley. In bowls a light ball is used to roll along the turf. These balls are turned with a bias, so it is impossible to roll them directly at the jack. Formerly they were weighted with lead on one side, which gave them the draw in the game, but now they are turned with one side slightly larger than the other.

In addition to these balls the only paraphernalia required is two jacks, or white china balls, two and a half inches in diameter, and two mats, one of which is placed at each end of the green and on which one foot of the player must rest while he is delivering his ball. The object of the game is to roll the ball so it will come as close as possible to the jack, which must be at least seventy-five feet from the player, and usually is about one hundred feet away. The jack is placed at one end of the green and the players take their places at the opposite end.

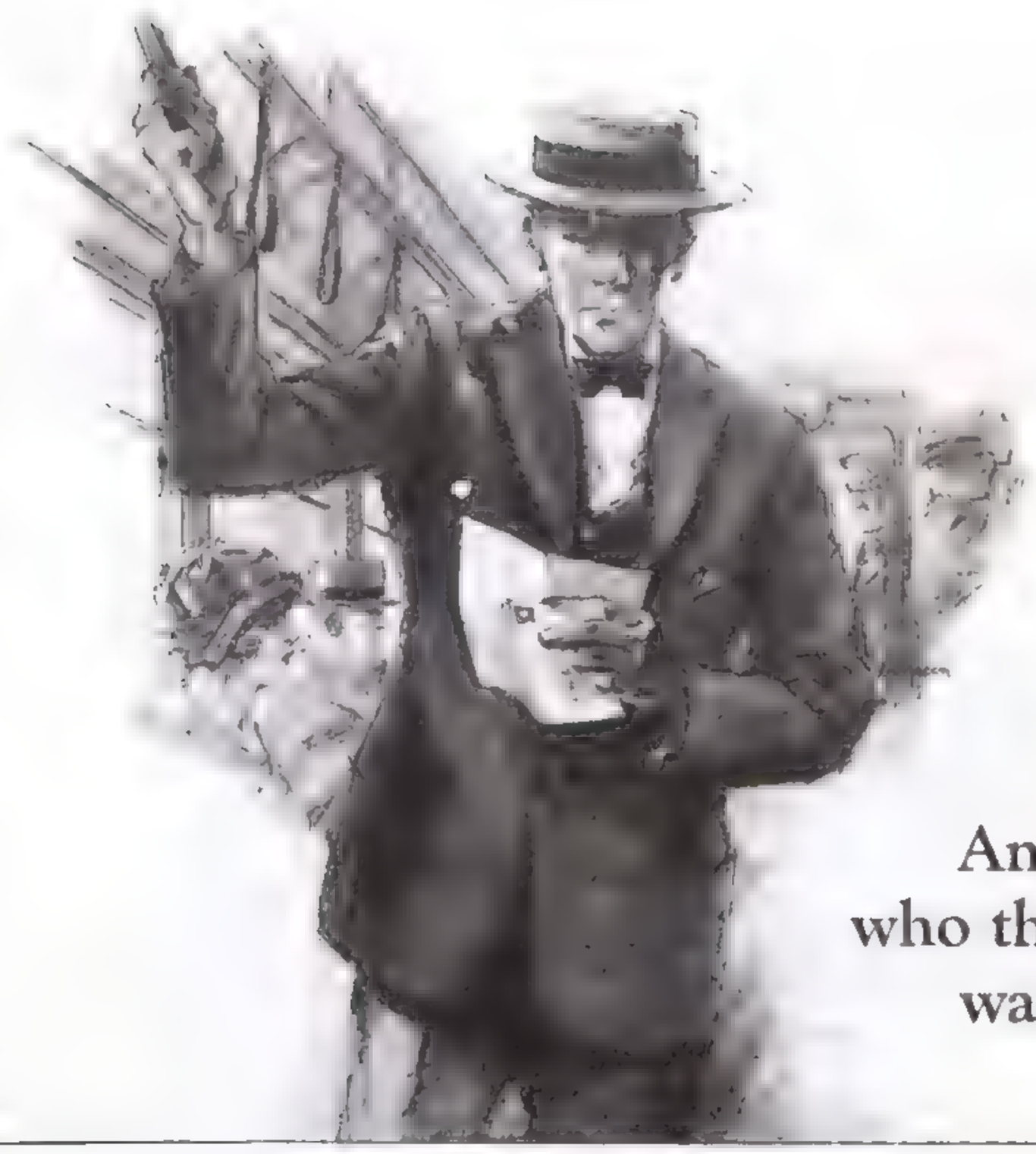
The Game for Oldsters

There is no knocking down pins to be done and there are no heavy balls to be handled. All that is required is for the player to roll his bowl so expertly that it will come to rest close to the jack. That seems simple, but it is in reality an enterprise requiring the greatest skill, judgment and practice before expertness is attained. The balls seem to be round, but, as has been explained, they are not round. One side is turned so the ball is not a perfect sphere. The consequence is that when the ball begins to lose its initial speed, after it is rolled by the player, it turns on the flattened or biased half and begins to curve. Inasmuch as it is impossible to roll the ball directly at the jack, because of this bias, the test is to start the ball off more or less down the side of the rink and at such a rate of speed that when it begins to curve it will curve in toward the jack and come to rest as close as possible to the little white china ball.

The theory of the game has three fundamentals. The task of the player is either to roll his ball until it comes close to the jack; or to roll his ball to protect a well-placed bowl of a partner or of his own so the opposing player cannot knock the good ball away; or to knock away the well-placed bowl of an opponent.

Basicly, that is all there is to the game; but if you think it is a simple, childish recreation, requiring no skill and affording little interest, you are mistaken. Bowls is a game that demands extraordinary skill, judgment and finesse. It is extremely difficult to make a good shot. The divagations of

(Continued on Page 133)



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Pennsylvania is not the name of a *brand*, but of a superior grade (or kind) of oil found only in the Appalachian Field (Western New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Southeastern Ohio). The men who produce, refine and market it have created the emblem shown above. Find the man near you who displays this emblem. It is your guarantee that the oil he sells is 100% pure Pennsylvania oil. Then, drain your crank-case. Fill up with pure Pennsylvania. And listen to your motor purr for a thousand of the sweetest miles you've ever driven.

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WITH the Lorain Oven Method, the material to be canned is packed cold in ordinary glass jars, which are then filled with boiling water or syrup, and placed in the oven for a given period of time at an exact temperature. (Chart giving exact time and temperature for various fruits, etc., sent free, see coupon.)

The Lorain Oven Canning Method is Easy Because It Does Not Require

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—Lifting of hot, filled jars from boiling water
—Lifting of large, heavy, hot utensils
—Watching of gas flame to maintain correct steam pressure, or correct boiling-point of water-bath. (The Lorain Oven Heat Regulator watches the fire for you.)

Is Economical, Requires No

—Investment for expensive canning-equipment
—Wasting of gas
—Wasting of fruit in kettles—it's all kept in the jars.

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—No steam in house
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—And—Fruits and Tomatoes canned by the Lorain Oven Method *keep* their color, form and flavor.

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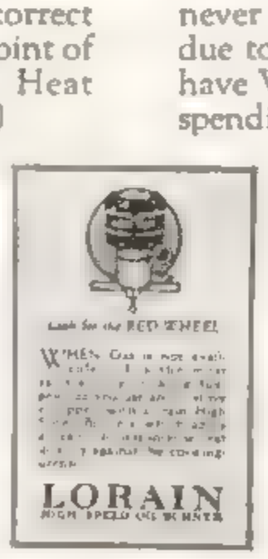
With a Lorain-equipped Gas Range you need never again experience discouraging failures due to over- or under-cooking. And you can have Whole Meals cooking in the oven while spending the afternoon away from home.



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LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

(Continued from Page 130)

the biased ball are often perplexing and humiliating. The amount of speed to impart to the ball to get it close to the jack after it begins to curve is a matter for long practice and close study. A good game of bowls, with four players on a side, is as exciting, as highly competitive, and as interesting as any golf foursome that ever stepped off a first tee, and though it affords plenty of gentle exercise it is not tiring.

The ball nearest the jack counts for one point, and twenty-one points usually is a game. In a match game as played in this country there are four players on a side, and each player uses two balls. Thus there are sixteen balls used for each end, or inning. That, if one team placed all its balls within the balls of the opposing team, nearer to the jack, would give a score of eight points, but this rarely happens. The ordinary score for an inning is one or two, because the opposing players use balls to protect well-played balls and to dislodge the balls of their opponents.

Two persons can play at bowls, opposing each other, or two on a side, using as many balls as they want to use. In team play there are four well-defined positions and plays. After the toss for first ball, one man leads with a ball. His opponent then rolls his first ball, and the first man sends down his second ball, followed by the second ball of his opponent. Then the two second men bowl their two balls, and next the third men. That makes twelve balls that have been bowled. The last bowler is the skip, or captain, usually the most expert of the team. The skips are at the jack end of the green, directing the play of their teammates. Then the six who have bowled walk to the jack, and the two skips go to the other end, where their teammates have been bowling, and use their two balls in an endeavor to get a point.

Twelve balls are at or about the jack. One or two of them may be in a counting position. It is the job of the skips to get their balls in closer to the jack than the balls of the other side, and to prevent their opponents from scoring off them. A great deal of skill may have been used by the first six players, but the outcome of the game rests with the skips, and in a tight game there is a cumulative interest and a spirit of competition that makes the game fascinating. Also, there is an expertness to be developed, without tiring effort, that imparts an extraordinary interest.

Easy on the Pocketbook

This gives a superficial view of lawn bowling. The fascination of it, the skill required, the gentle exercise afforded can be learned only by actual participation in the game. It is an ideal recreation for all those who need outdoor exercise of a gentle and stimulating kind. It is a haven of refuge for those whose physical condition forbids the strains and stresses of golf and other vigorous and semi-vigorous sports. It can be played by men and women of any age. Several members of the St. Petersburg Lawn Bowling Club are more than eighty years old, and they all curve a wicked bowl.

An important feature of lawn bowling is the comparatively small cost of it. It doesn't take much money, speaking in terms of golf expenditures in this country, to build a green. Nor much land. A golf course spreads over many acres. It has eighteen putting greens, each built at great expense. It has fairways, traps, hazards that run into important money even when built as economically as possible. The cost of some of the golf courses in this country, with the upkeep of them, is enormous. All that is required for a bowling green is a bit of land, and a small expenditure for building the green. Then, with a supply of balls and some jacks and mats, the sport is equipped and financed indefinitely.

Consider golf. The golfer is under constant expense for balls, to mention but one item. Any sort of ball costs at least fifty cents, and some of them cost a dollar each. Clubs are very expensive. Caddies cost money. And so on. But in lawn bowling you can get a set of balls for about twenty dollars, and those balls will last as long as you live. There is no slicing of a ball into the rough, there to repose until some caddie retrieves it for resale to some other player. There is no dropping of balls into water hazards, no breaking of clubs, no added and continuing expense as in golf. There is no replenishing of balls and rackets as in tennis. The paraphernalia of bowls is a permanent paraphernalia, and the only upkeep expense is the maintenance of the green, which will not cost any more than the maintenance of two putting greens on a good golf course during a season. Furthermore, bowls can be played in the evening. All that is needed is a few electric lights to illuminate the green.

Public Bowling Greens

Here is a recreation and exercise that is more than seven hundred years old, and by its vitality shows its value. It has maintained a seven-century popularity in England, Scotland and elsewhere. It is played everywhere in Canada. It is now beginning to come into popularity in the United States. Chicago, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Boston, Hartford and some other cities have both public and private bowling greens. In England and Scotland many of the great resort hotels maintain greens for their guests. And there are greens at many of the golf clubs.

A year or so ago Charles G. Blake, of Chicago, one of the active members of the Chicago Lawn Bowling Club, stirred up the South Park Commission in that city, and there is now a fine public bowling green at the Midway and Cottage Grove Avenue, and it is constantly used by Chicagoans who have found for themselves the benefits and fascinations of the game. It has come to great popularity in St. Petersburg, Florida, where the Chamber of Commerce has hung up three thousand dollars for prizes for a national tournament next year.

"Bowling on the green," said Mr. Blake, "is the only outdoor game that can be played by a boy of eighteen or a man of eighty with equal skill and interest. There is no injurious physical strain. It is a man's game without being a man-killing game. I have played most games, including tennis and golf, and this is one of the best of the lot, and the very best for a man of forty-five or more.

"We Americans react in the same way to all innovations in our sports, although the game itself has a history and a continuity running back to the twelfth century. Take the safety bicycle. Thirty-five years ago one of the big sports in Chicago was a bicycle race on Decoration Day from Lincoln Park to Hammond, Indiana, as I remember it, and back to the Lake Forest. Thousands came out to see it. The riders all used the old-style high bicycle.

"One day, just before the race was to start, a man came riding down Michigan Avenue on a safety bicycle, a machine with two wheels of equal size, the sort that is now in common use. The people along the streets hooted and yelled at this strange

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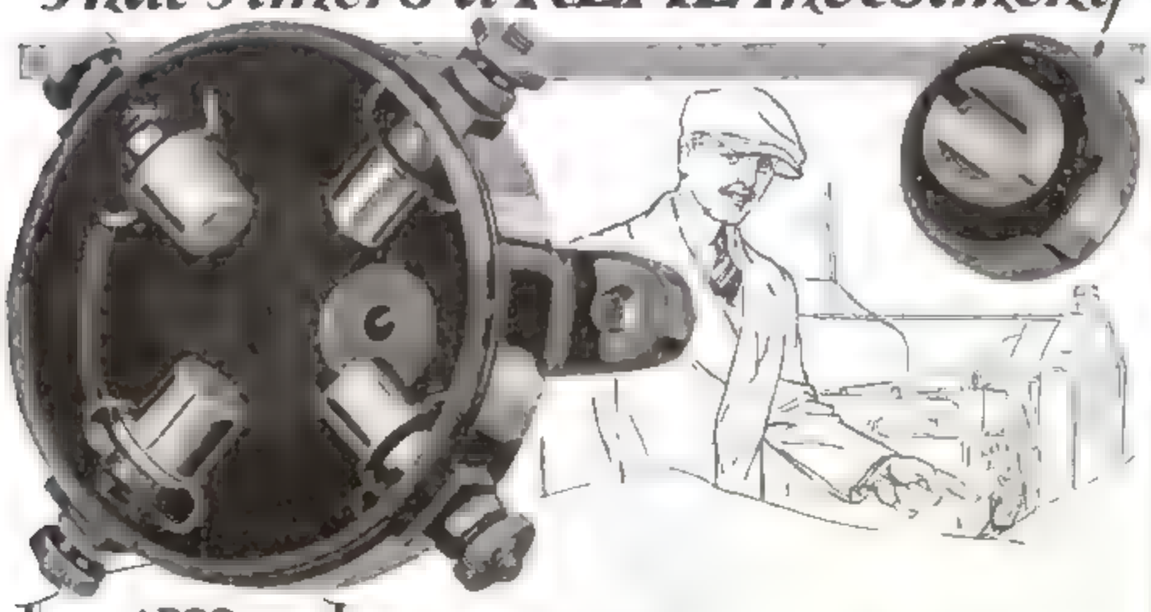

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spectacle, and jeered at him for riding in a baby carriage, and all this and that. The reporters joked about this timid soul in the morning papers, but it wasn't long before the high wheels were obsolete. It was the same with tennis. Forty years ago that strenuous game was held to be the pastime of pink-tea boys and sissies. Thirty years ago we nationally jeered at golf as an old man's game not worthy of the attention of our brawny people.

"It is so with bowling on the green. A year ago, when I advocated the establishment of it in a public sense in Chicago, all the old jokes were brought out, and the same jeering that was done at the safety bicycle, tennis and golf was repeated over lawn bowling—a sissy game. Yet I am certain that before many years it will be common in our public parks, that no golf or country club but will have its bowling green, and most of the big private estates as well."

Hazards of the Links

"Six years ago my uncle dropped dead on the golf links. Since then I have noticed the alarming number of such deaths reported in the newspapers; and not all are reported in the papers, either, nor is anything said about the various disabilities and injuries incurred by men who try to play golf but who shouldn't play it, nor partake in any exercise save that fitted for their physical condition. There is a time in every man's life, come sooner, come later, when he should quit or at least very materially reduce his golf playing, just as twenty or so years ago he was wise in cutting out continuous tennis. Bowling on the green affords, without strain, just enough exercise for the average man over fifty, and it is as interesting—even more so—as golf or tennis."

That is expert testimony introduced to buttress what has been said in this article. I can add my own praise of the game to Mr. Blake's, for I have played at bowls many times, and it is a great game, a game requiring skill, inciting continuing interest, developing keen competition, and furnishing agreeable, gentle and useful exercise.

Overdoing Exercise

Golf is our most popular outdoor sport, save baseball, and only young men can play baseball. Golf has attracted an immense number of American players, and intrinsically it is beneficial and useful as an exercise. Nevertheless, there are many persons playing golf who should not play it, and many playing golf who play too much golf. Most of those who shouldn't play it are men of more than fifty, albeit it is true that many men who are above fifty are qualified physically for the game.

Exercise is a cardinal health virtue, but not any sort of exercise. Only the right sort of exercise as predicated upon the individual status of each participant. Every man should be as watchful of his exercise requirements as he should be of his diet requirements. If every man of fifty and over, needing exercise, as all do, will take the slight pains to discover what his requirements are, and operate in accordance with those requirements, the list of deaths from heart disease will grow shorter. And lawn bowling will grow in favor throughout the country, because that is a game that seems to have been especially contrived for those who are on the downhill side of life.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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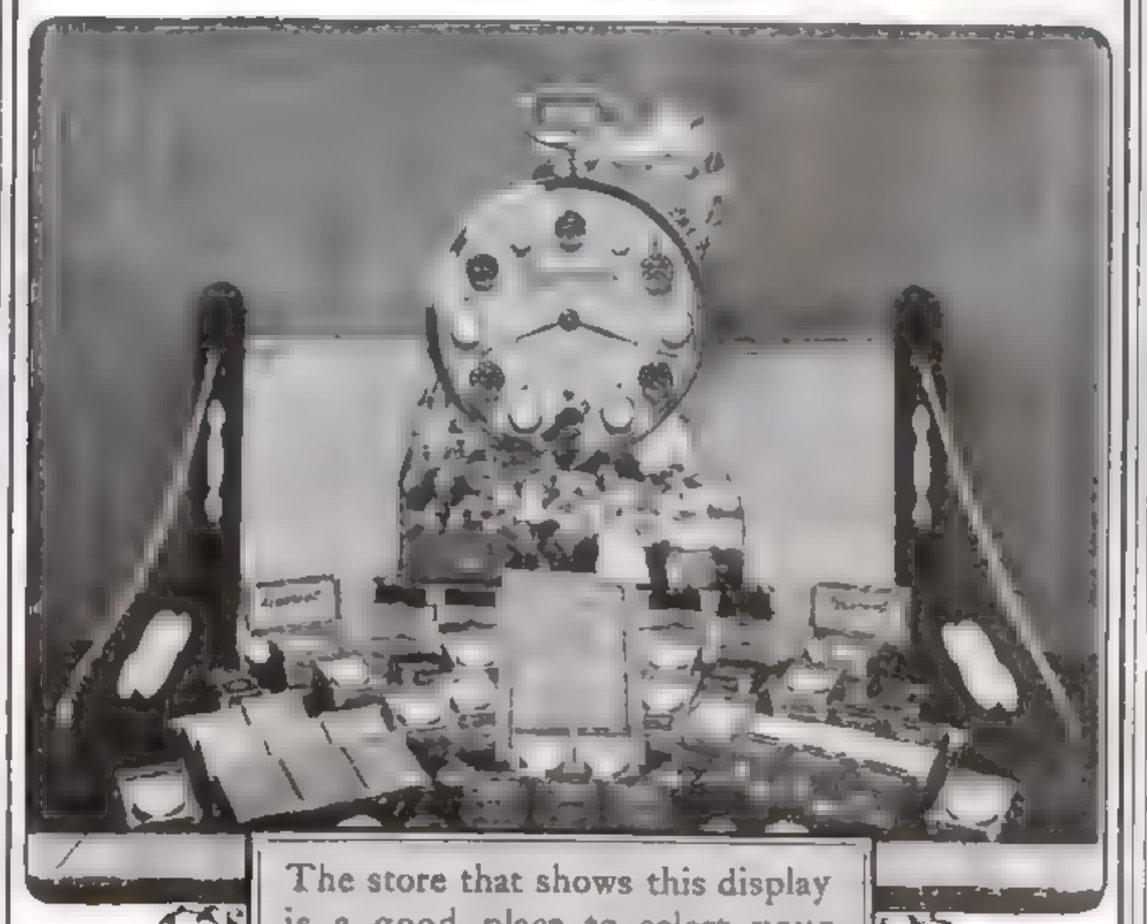

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